

Current Literature

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A Review of the World

"**W**E WONDER," says the *Atlanta Journal*, at the end of an admiring editorial, "what will happen to Heaven when Colonel Roosevelt gets there." The *Chicago Tribune*, also in a tone of wonder and admiration, tells what. It is convinced that when he enters through the pearly gates, "his first impulse will be to exhort those there assembled to the higher, more useful and more satisfactory life." During the past month the dominant theme abroad as well as here at home has been our ex-President. Halley's comet, with its cyanogen tail, has been approaching the earth at the rate of three million miles a day. It has hardly been heeded. The cost of living has continued to rise, but the discussion of it has for a time almost ceased. "Here is an astonishing phenomenon," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (a Democratic paper). "A private citizen is seen to be of more interest to the world than any ruler of any great nation. His mere opinion on present American affairs is held of more importance than anything that may happen in America. . . . America has never before seen such a situation. But, then, America has never before seen such a man!" "No other American," says the *New York Times*, also a Democratic paper and anti-Roosevelt, "ever so greatly interested the people of his time. Not Washington, Jackson, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, or Grant ever absorbed so large a share of attention or held so continuously a place in the public mind."

A PHRASE, "The Roosevelt Peril," has been coined by Mr. Roosevelt's political enemies, much as if he were some great continental force that threatens our institutions. The *Florida Times-Union* gravely assures its readers that it is confident that even if he returns to power the liberty of speech will not be stopped altogether! The *Fort Worth Record* sees fit to remind its Texas readers that

the safety of the nation and the happiness of the people "are not wholly in his keeping." Devotion to great leaders, it observes, is all right, but "it can be carried too far in a republic—so far, indeed, that it casts a shadow of the man on horseback." The *New York World* fears that an effort is being made to idolize him, and it foresees a Republican party reduced to ineptitude by this Roosevelt idolatry in much the same way as the Democratic party has, in its opinion, lost its vitality because of the Bryan idolatry. Henry Watterson, in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, is still more seriously alarmed. He admits that Roosevelt has "captivated the universe," and that every true American heart glows with pride and "exultant admiration" at the way he carries himself. The ex-President is described as "altogether the most startling figure that has appeared in the world since Napoleon Bonaparte."

IF SUCH a man goes back to power, says the veteran *Louisville* journalist, let there be no mistake about the terms of the new commission which he will receive. "If the government of the United States, under our written constitution of checks and balances, be a failure—as many think it—and if there be needed for its executive head a strong man, having the courage to take all the bulls of corruption by the horns and, regardless of obsolete legal restraints, to shake the life out of them, then, indeed, Theodore Roosevelt would seem one fitted by temperament, education and training for the work." If the people, Mr. Watterson goes on to repeat, are sick and tired of the slow process of constitutional procedure, then is Mr. Roosevelt the man for them to choose, "for he comes directly from the family of the kings of men and is a lineal descendant of Caesar and Cromwell." We may be sure that his return to power will be construed by Europe as an admission by Ameri-



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SPOILS OF THE ROOSEVELT CHASE

For more than forty-eight hours, says one despatch, a dozen brawny blacks filed aboard the boat at Gondokoro, bearing upon their heads horns, skins and skeletons of the beasts slain by the mighty hunter.

cans that representative government is a failure and that the only cure for its evils is the one-man power. All these utterances by Mr. Watterson and the rest, that we have been quoting, were made before Mr. Roosevelt had been out of the jungle three weeks. Even before he had emerged, Ray Stannard Baker was writing in *The American Magazine* that nowhere in the country has he found anyone arguing that any obstacle whatever stands in Mr. Roosevelt's way to-day if he desires to become again a candidate for the Presidency. "Five thousand miles distant in the heart of Africa," writes Mr. Baker, "without knowledge of what is going on here at home, without having uttered so much as a word of advice (or command!) for over a year, Roosevelt is to-day the predominant factor in American politics. A sort of absent Caesar listening at the lips of the Sphinx, with distant Rome plotting and counterplotting, awaiting news from the upper Nile!"

THE last thing that Mr. Roosevelt had to say for publication before he plunged into the jungle a year ago was this: "After leaving Africa, I shall probably be for six weeks or two months in Europe. I shall have nothing to say of any kind or sort to any representative of the press during that time; and I shall have nothing to say on politics,

or even remotely touching on politics, to anyone, whether a representative of the press or not." The first thing he had to say for publication on reappearing from the jungle was substantially the same thing—he would have nothing to say about politics of any kind until he returned home. Within two weeks' time, he had made four speeches on Egyptian politics that caused the British authorities to double the guards attending their distinguished guest, that caused a demonstration to be made in protest by several hundreds of young Egyptians before his hotel, that elicited from Sheik Ali Youssef, leader of the National party in Egypt, a manifesto expressing the deep disappointment of his followers, and which aroused a warm partisan controversy in the press of Great Britain. Before three weeks had elapsed after his emergence at Gondokoro, he gave to the press correspondents that statement about the negotiations with the Vatican that shook the topless towers of Latium, so to speak, and filled the palpitant atmosphere of the whole occidental hemisphere with explanations and recriminations and deprecations, the effect of which has reached all the chancelleries of Europe.

WHEN, on September 20, 1870, the Italian soldiers entered Rome through a break in the Aurelian wall near the Porta Pia, a man drawing a cart entered also. The cart was filled with Bibles, so runs the story, and to that incident the Methodists refer when they tell of the genesis of their mission work in Rome. The success of Victor Emmanuel's army brought results that are written large in history. One of them was a decree that religious liberty should thenceforth be a constitutional right in Rome and elsewhere in Italy. The temporal power of the Pope was destroyed, and his sovereignty denied. It was not long afterward that Rev. Leroy M. Vernon, a Methodist minister, started the missionary enterprise that has figured so conspicuously in the annals of the month just past. That enterprise is thus nearly forty years old. It took as its motto the Italianized version of MacMahon's famous epigram: "Ci siamo, e ci resteremo"—Here we are, here we stay. To-day that mission has developed into the center of a propaganda that extends to many points in Italy, and claims about 8,000 adherents. It has in Rome a "college" (the Collegio Metodista), a girls' school (Crandon Hall), a day nursery and kindergarten (the Isabel Crèche), and, quartered in a building valued at \$225,-



EMERGING FROM THE JUNGLE

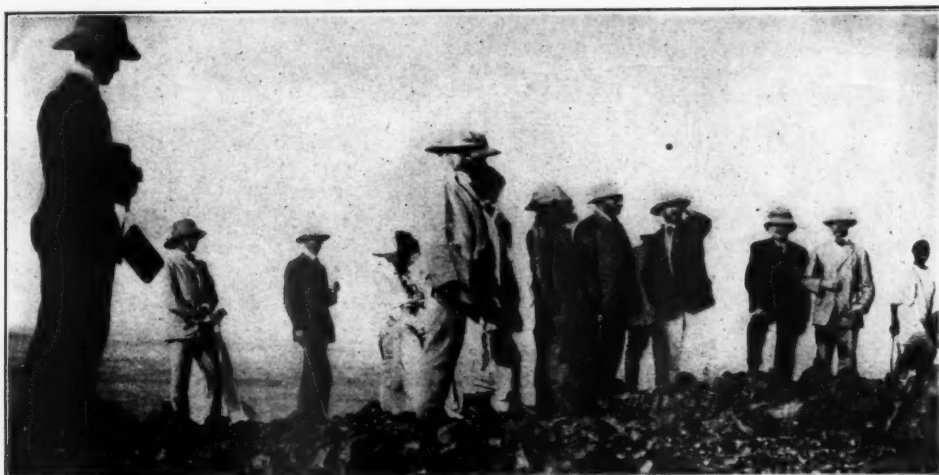
This picture was made at Gondokoro, into which Mr. Roosevelt (and Kermit with his side whiskers) marched to the music of many Indian drums and the clamor of many bugles.

ooo, a publishing house, a chapel, a boys' school, an Epworth League, and a theological school. Back of all these, officially and financially, is the entire Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

FIVE years ago, Seth Low, ex-mayor of New York City and ex-President of Columbia University, visited the Collegio Metodista and made a speech that links itself historically to the recent trouble. The day before, he had been received by the Pope, and, according to a cablegram sent to the American press at that time, the Pope was highly offended that one who had received the honor of an audience at the Vatican should afterward speak before the Methodist College, "the one institution more offensive to him than any other in Rome." The recent affair in which ex-Vice-President Fairbanks figured is still fresh in the public mind. It made something of a stir elsewhere, but in Rome it was regarded as a matter of course. Only one paper there appears to have referred to it at the time. Then came Theodore Roosevelt out of the jungle. He wrote a letter at Gondokoro to the American ambassador at Rome, asking him to arrange an audience with the King of Italy, and expressing a desire also to be presented to the Pope. When nearing Khartoum, five hundred miles farther down the Nile, he first learned of the Fairbanks case. In that case, however, the

trouble was supposed to have been due to the fact that the Vice-President had arranged to speak to the Methodists the *day before* his audience with the Pope was to have been given. Mr. Roosevelt had already informed Ambassador Leishman that he would make no other engagements, beside those with the King and the Pope, until after he reached Rome. Then came the response from Ambassador Leishman, March 28: "The Holy Father will be delighted to grant audience to Mr. Roosevelt on April 5, and hopes nothing will arise to prevent it, such as the much regretted incident which made the reception of Mr. Fairbanks impossible." In transmitting this reply, the Ambassador made comment on it as follows: "Altho fully aware of your intentions to confine your visit to the King and Pope, the covert threat in the Vatican's communication to you is none, the less objectionable, and one side or the other is sure to make capital out of the action you might take. The press is already preparing for the struggle."

ON THE same day, Mr. Roosevelt cabled his reply, expressing "high respect" for the Holy Father, both personally and as "the head of a great church," recognizing fully his right "to receive or not receive whomsoever he chooses for any reason that seems good to him," but asserting that he "must decline to make any stipulations or



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ON THE SUMMIT OF "SURYAM KERRERI"

A brief account of the battle of Omdurman was given to Colonel Roosevelt as he stood beside General Slatin on a knoll overlooking the site. General Slatin is pointing with his left hand and is in front of Theodore Roosevelt. Kermit and his camera are on the extreme left.

submit to any conditions which in any way limit my freedom of conduct," and renewing his expression of hope that he would be received. The reply to this, three days later, was to the effect that His Holiness would be "much pleased" to grant the audience, affirming his "great esteem" for Mr. Roosevelt both personally and as former President of the United States, recognizing his "entire right to freedom of conduct," and then adding: "On the other hand, in view of the circumstances, for which neither His Holiness nor Mr. Roosevelt is responsible, an audience could not occur except on the understanding expressed in the former message." On March 29, the next day, went Mr. Roosevelt's reply, ending the official correspondence: "Proposed presentation is of course now impossible."

WITH Mr. Roosevelt at this time was John Callan O'Loughlin, former Assistant Secretary of State in Washington, a Roman Catholic, now acting as a special correspondent for the *New York Times* and *Chicago Tribune*. Distressed at the turn of affairs, Mr. O'Loughlin, on his own initiative, proceeded at once to Rome, secured audience with the Pope's Secretary of State, Merry del Val, and urged that the conditions imposed on Mr. Roosevelt be removed. The Papal secretary asked if Mr. O'Loughlin would give a personal guarantee that Mr. Roosevelt would not, in fact, visit the Methodists. "I cannot," was the reply. "Indeed, I believe that Mr. Roosevelt is

just the man to go there. He will do as he pleases." Said the Papal secretary: "It is indefensible for any person to ask to be received by a great personage whose feelings he would be unwilling to respect." The cardinal added:

"It is not in any sense a question of religion. Mr. Roosevelt might have gone to an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, or any other church except the Methodist, and delivered an address there, and he would have been received by the Pope even on the same day. But he could not be received when it was suspected that after the audience he intended to go to the Methodist Church in Rome, which is carrying on a most offensive campaign of calumny and detraction against the Pontiff."

Then came a piece of diplomatic finesse. The secretary (according to the semi-official account given out at the Vatican and afterward corroborated by Mr. O'Loughlin) "recognized Mr. Roosevelt's right to claim the privilege of visiting the Methodists the day after the audience on condition that he, Merry del Val, had received private assurances that he would not actually do so." The assurances were not forthcoming. The audience was not given.

WHEN Mr. Roosevelt reached Rome, the O'Loughlin intercession having proved futile, he made public the correspondence that had taken place. "Great surprise," it is reported, was expressed at the Vatican over this publication, as the messages

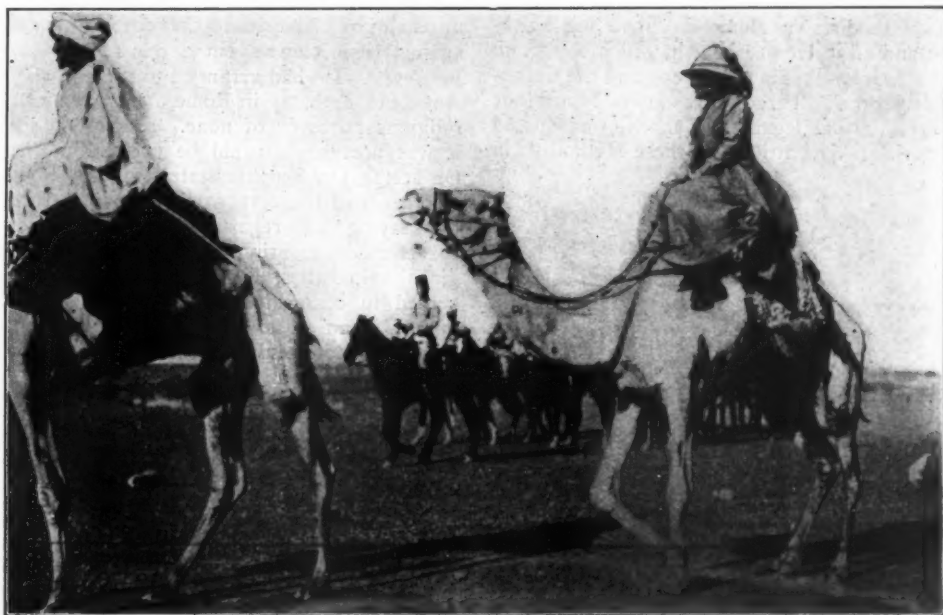
were regarded in the nature of "diplomatic documents." At the same time Mr. Roosevelt cabled to Dr. Abbott, editor of *The Outlook*, a statement to his fellow Americans. He expressed his earnest hope that the incident would be "treated in a matter-of-course way, as merely personal, and, above all, as not warranting the slightest exhibition of rancor or bitterness." He enlarged on this point:

"The important consideration is the avoidance of harsh and bitter comment, such as may excite mistrust and anger between and among good men. The more an American sees of other countries the more profound must be his feelings of gratitude that in his own land there is not merely complete toleration but the heartiest good will and sympathy between sincere and honest men of different faith—good will and sympathy so complete that in the inevitable daily relations of our American life Catholics and Protestants meet together and work together without the thought of difference of creed being even present in their minds. This is a condition so vital to our national well-being that nothing should be permitted to jeopard it. Bitter comment and criticism, acrimonious attack and defense, are not only profitless but harmful, and to seize upon such an incident as this as an occasion for controversy would be wholly indefensible and should be frowned

upon by Catholics and Protestants alike. I very earnestly hope that what I say will appeal to all good Americans."

THIS desire of Mr. Roosevelt's for a dispassionate view of the affair cannot be said to have been entirely realized. Within twenty-four hours, Archbishop Ireland in this country and the Rev. Dr. Tipple, the Methodist pastor in Rome, were expressing views of one another's churches that could not be said to avoid all harsh and bitter comment with conspicuous success. "Of one thing I am certain," said the Archbishop:

"The Methodist propaganda in Rome is so vile, so calumnious in its assaults upon the Catholic faith, so dishonest in its methods to win proselytes, that the Holy Father, the supreme guardian of the faith, is compelled by the vital principles of his high office to avert, at all cost, the slightest movement on his part that might, directly or indirectly, be interpreted as abetting the propaganda, or approving, even by implication, its purposes and tactics. Since the Fairbanks incident, I have received from Rome most reliable data that more than justify any statement I have heretofore made or may at other time be prepared to make, with regard to this Methodist propaganda."



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"MORE EXCITING THAN SHOOTING A LION"

That was Mr. Roosevelt's ejaculation when he rode his first camel. Mrs. Roosevelt, the lady in this picture, agreed with him, tho she never shot a lion. The whole party, escorted by Slatin Pasha, inspected from camel back the historic field of conflict at Omdurman.



CHANTECLER
—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*

The Archbishop proceeded to refer to Dr. Tipple, by name, in uncomplimentary terms. The papal delegate to the United States, Monsignor Falconio, was reported in an interview the same day as criticizing the work of the Methodists in Rome as "insulting agitation and offensive proselytism which constitute a real warfare against the Pope and the Catholic religion." Three days later Monsignor Sbaretto, papal legate to Canada, was quoted as saying: "The attitude of these Methodists in

Rome toward the Vatican, their bitter aggressive antagonism to the Catholic faith and the Holy See, and their misrepresentation and vilification of the Holy Father in order to pervert the poor and simple, have imposed the line of action adopted toward them."

IN THE meantime Rev. Dr. Tipple, in Rome, was hurling language of a similar sort at the Apostolic See. Here is the way in which, in a public statement, he made use of the incident:

"Mr. Roosevelt has struck a blow for twentieth century Christianity. The representatives of two great republics have been the ones to put the Vatican where it belongs. President Loubet refused to accede to stated conditions, and now Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Roosevelt come to maintain the dignity and independence of American manhood in the face of Vatican tyranny. The Vatican is incompatible with republican principles. This is a bitter dose for patriotic Catholics in America to swallow. I wonder how many doses of this sort they will take before they revolt? Is Catholicism in America to be American or Romish? If Romish, then every patriotic American should rise to crush it, for Roman Catholicism is the uncompromising foe of freedom."

The first result of this appeal was not an uprising of American Catholics in revolt against their church, but a rebuke from Mr. Roosevelt. He had arranged to receive, at the American Embassy in Rome, Americans of all religious faiths or of none. The Methodists, it was presumed, would be present in force. On seeing Dr. Tipple's statement, Mr. Roosevelt canceled the arrangements for the reception, saying: "As regards all efforts, by whomsoever made, to bring about and inflame religious animosities, because of what has occurred in connection with the Vatican and myself, I can do no more than to refer to the emphatic statements contained in my open letter to Dr. Lyman Abbott, already published." According to reports in the *Paris Herald*, the *New York Sun* and elsewhere, Mr. Roosevelt, in private conversation, expressed his displeasure over Dr. Tipple's statement with characteristic vehemence.

DESPITE the words of rancor that naturally arise over disputes of this kind, involving as they do the deepest convictions of the human mind, there has been a surprising amount of forbearance and tolerance exhibited on all sides. Dr. Tipple, for instance, who has been in Rome but a short



ME AND ETNA
—Enright in *New York Globe*

time, was doubtless amazed to find that his course in issuing such a statement was promptly repudiated by other Methodist leaders who have been in Rome for many years. According to Walter Wellman's report to the *Chicago Record-Herald*, Mr. Roosevelt quickly received letters from the associates of Dr. Tipple repudiating his statement and denying that his language or methods represented their attitude. Among those who assured Mr. Roosevelt to this effect were Dr. Clarke, general superintendent of the Italian work, and Dr. Spencer, director of the Collegio Metodista. In a pamphlet issued by the latter shortly after the Fairbanks incident, but before the Roosevelt incident, Dr. Spencer asserts that the college "is not here to fight the Roman church," and that those in control of the college have neither the means nor the inclination to make such a fight. "We are doing our work," he claims, "almost without a thought in regard to that institution, altho we are not unconscious of the fact and do not regret that all efficient progress which we make is increased loss to the church." He asserts, even, that some of the teachers in the college are Roman Catholics. Rev. Frederick H. Wright, now of Pittsburgh but for years pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, asserts that the attitude of the Methodist missions in Italy "has never been hostile to Catholicism." "We would not lift a finger," he is reported as saying, "to convert a devout Catholic to Protestantism. We have no quarrel with the good man on the Tiber; we wish him godspeed in all that is for the uplifting of the Italian, and we shall try to help him in the great work even tho our help may not be appreciated." Bishop David H. Moore, in presiding over the New York East Conference, declared that "true Roman Catholicism can never be in conflict with true Methodist Episcopalianism, and vice versa." The New York Conference and many other Methodist conferences promptly passed resolutions commending the stand taken by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Fairbanks, and denying that the Methodists in Rome are carrying on a campaign of detraction against the Pope.

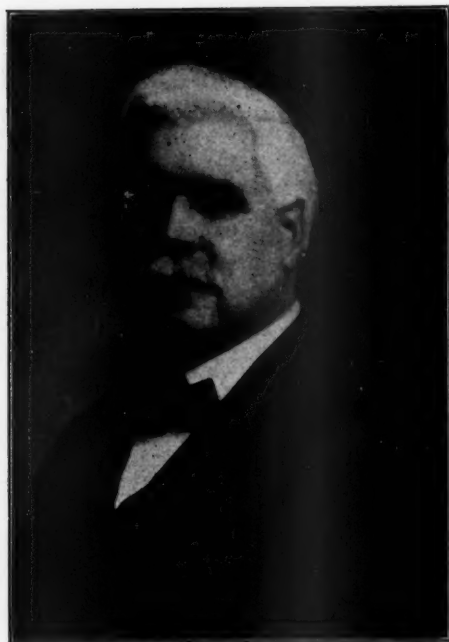
IT DEPENDS largely upon one's point of view as to what is detraction. When Dr. Spencer speaks of "the Roman church" that in itself is considered offensive by a Roman Catholic. When Bishop Burt, presiding over all the Methodist work in Europe, says that that work will "prove a turning-point from the superstitious teaching of the



THE DIPLOMATIST OF THE VATICAN

Responsibility for the course of the negotiations which resulted in the refusal to Theodore Roosevelt of an audience with the Pope Pius X. is placed by many upon the shoulders of the pontifical Secretary of State, Raphael Cardinal Merry del Val, youngest and most conspicuous member of the sacred college.

GETTING READY
—Robert Carter in *New York American*



HEAD OF ALL THE METHODISTS IN EUROPE

For twenty-four years Bishop William Burt has been conducting work in Italy in behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. He has built a number of churches, organized a publishing house in Rome and a number of religious schools whose very existence is regarded by the Vatican as an insult.

Roman Catholic Church to the freedom of Christian thought," that must be considered "detraction" from a Catholic point of view. The literature issued by the Methodists concerning their work in Italy has numerous expressions of hostility to the Roman Catholics. "The nation writhes," it is said in one leaflet, "under the Laocoön grasp of the Jesuits, and the poisonous atmosphere of the Roman Church." Bishop Cranston, in an address in Washington last February on "The Papacy Still Anti-American," indicated pretty clearly that one reason for Protestant missions in papal countries is, in his opinion, to combat the claims of the Vatican. "When individual conscience is denied its function," is one of his remarks, "the moral faculty is inevitably disqualified for discrimination, and that result must ensue if an authority in Rome, accepted as infallible, is to supply ready-made convictions to all the world, to be rejected only on penalty and pain of damnation." The latest report of the Isabel Crèche—the Methodist nursery and kindergarten in Rome—speaks of one little girl whose mother said she must take her daughter away and send her to the

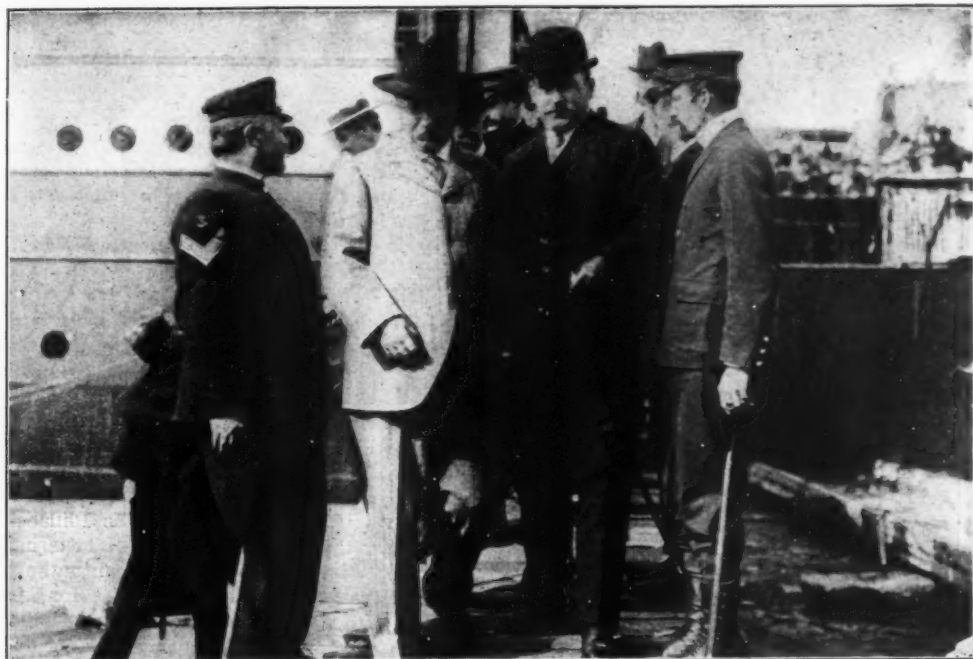
nuns. "We felt that this must not be," runs the report; "we could not have that bright little mind, already filled with some knowledge of Christ, perverted and turned away from the True Fountain of Life." Evidently many of the Methodists, while they would, of course, resent the charge of calumny, readily admit the truth of the statement made by the Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, that the Methodist Church in Rome "is the center of all hostility against the spiritual power of the Supreme Pontiff in his own seat."

IF THERE are Methodists who openly deprecate any display of hostility to the Roman Catholic Church, there are Roman Catholics who have been equally prompt to deplore the attitude taken by the Vatican toward Mr. Roosevelt and to approve the latter's plea for religious tolerance. At least such are the reports to American, British and French papers. According to the Rome correspondent of the Paris *Matin*, the treatment of Mr. Roosevelt "meets with disapproval in the highest and most important ecclesiastical



HE HURLED A BOOMERANG

The statement issued by the Rev. Dr. B. M. Tipple, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, calling on American Catholics to rise in revolt against their church, had its first direct result in the action of Mr. Roosevelt cancelling the reception to American Methodists (and other Americans) in Rome, and the repudiation of the statement by other Methodist leaders.



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ALIGHTING FROM THE STEAMER AT NAPLES

Theodore Roosevelt, in a suit of new "store clothes," is stepping from the gang plank at the side of the United States Ambassador, Mr. Leishman.

circles, including many members of the Sacred College who hold Cardinal Merry del Val, and not the Pope, responsible." The correspondent of the *Figaro* says the same thing. So does that of the *London Post*. "Even Catholics close to the Vatican," says O'Loughlin, the Catholic correspondent of the *New York Times*, "are beginning to understand that his attitude in connection with the audience with the Pope had no relation with them or their religion, but was caused entirely by the effort of Vatican diplomacy to make capital out of his reception." One week after the incident a statement was issued at the Vatican that seems to recognize this division of sentiment in Rome. Abbot Janssens, secretary of the Congregation of the Affair of Religious Orders, a Benedictine monk, called upon Mr. Roosevelt on the evening of his departure from Rome, and left a card on which were written congratulations upon Mr. Roosevelt's "glorious career," expressions of thanks for support given to the Benedictine order and the Catholic church by Mr. Roosevelt while President, and the hope that he would again fill that high office. The Vatican statement was to the effect that the Holy Father "highly

disapproved" of Father Janssens' course, since it "lends itself to an interpretation offensive to the Holy Father," and the following reference to Mr. Roosevelt is added: "It [the Vatican] did not wish Mr. Roosevelt to bracket the Pope with other more or less royal personages he will boast of having hunted in Europe after his African hunt."

SO FAR as the American press is concerned, it has, of course, played up the incident for all it was worth as news, but has treated it editorially as nothing for anybody to get excited over. Mr. Roosevelt's course is generally commended as the only course possible for him to have taken, but opinion on this point is not unanimous. Thus the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* defends the course of the Pope. It says: "There was no possible reason why he should lay down all of his apostolic duties and certain of his personal tastes to meet a private American citizen who happens to be traveling in Italy at this time." The same paper accuses Mr. Roosevelt of "trying to turn the affair in Rome to political account," in his appeal to the American people to treat the incident in a matter-of-fact way. It goes so far,



DELVING INTO THE RECORDS OF GRAFT

The new insurance commissioner of New York State, William H. Hotchkiss, has been conducting an investigation of graft, bringing to light facts that, in the words of Governor Hughes, "have caused every honest citizen to tingle with shame and indignation."

in conclusion, as to call him a "thorobred donkey" for his actions in the matter. The *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, finds Mr. Roosevelt's action in issuing his appeal "preposterous," calls his publication of the correspondence "unjustifiable," and also accuses him of trying to make "a grand gallery play" out of the incident. The *New York World* and *Sun* do not, of course, let the occasion pass unimproved. "We recognize all the familiar tricks of the most versatile of living press agents," says the *World*. "Mr. Roosevelt waited until he was in Rome and the center of attention in the Eternal City. He waited until Sunday, knowing, as he knew when he was President, that Sunday night is the psychological time to make a sensational announcement, because Monday newspapers are usually dull and 'big news' is played up for all it's worth." When all the stage-settings were in place the correspondents were called in, the cablegram was sent to the editor of *The Outlook*, and the civilized world knew that Theodore Roosevelt had resumed

business at the old stand." *The Sun* accuses him of making public "a distorted version of the correspondence without notification to the other party thereto."

THESE press criticisms of Mr. Roosevelt are conspicuous by reason of their rarity. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* finds in the situation "nothing to warrant criticism either of the Pope or of Mr. Roosevelt." Each acted within his rights, and needs to offer no apology. The *Chicago Evening Post* deprecates any attempt to distort or exaggerate the incident "so that the prejudices of sectarianism may be fanned into the flame of open resentment." Mr. Roosevelt, it thinks, by stating the facts in the case "fully and forcibly," before anybody else had a chance to create misunderstandings about them, did his best to save us all from a bitter controversy. The *Philadelphia Press* thinks an error both of taste and judgment was shown by the Vatican authorities and that there was nothing else for Mr. Roosevelt to do than just what he did—that is to say, "refuse to countenance any act and any utterance which limits liberty of action or fetters the free approval of religious freedom always and everywhere." The *New York Times* sees in the conduct of the papal secretary "an ineptitude that it is difficult to account for," and Mr. Roosevelt's reply was "such as any self-respecting gentleman would have sent." The *New York Press* thinks American sentiment must approve Mr. Roosevelt's action, and must join him in the regret that religious rancor has not been banished from the older nations. The *Duluth Herald* thinks that a little study of the situation will show that the result was inevitable and that "there is no occasion for anybody to get excited over it." The *Springfield Republican* thinks that the Pope must be the sole judge of the etiquette he shall decree for himself, but considers it safe to say that those who will get out of the incident the keenest satisfaction will be "the millions of Italian and Catholic supporters of the government of King Victor Emmanuel III." It hopes, also, that some good may come out of it all in the future attitude of American tourists in Rome. "Seeing the Pope," it thinks, "has been overdone. Possibly the world, especially the cock-a-whoop American part of it, needed to be reminded of the conditions to be encountered." Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Fairbanks "had no alternative but to pursue the course they did."



SECURING THE FIRST INDICTMENTS

This is a scene in a court-room in Pittsburg. The gentleman standing with his hand on the railing is Leo Weil, of the Voters' League, to whose persistent and clever work is chiefly due the vigorous prosecution of grafters in Pittsburg, resulting in a long and lugubrious procession to the penitentiary.

GRAFT is a word comparatively new in our language; but the thing it stands for is as old as government itself and as protean as Proteus himself. Its latest manifestations in Pittsburg and Albany, following so closely upon those in San Francisco, St. Louis and Philadelphia, have been giving a bad odor to the atmosphere of the country and causing expressions of deep but by no means hopeless disgust in many quarters. "It is sufficient to say that they have caused every honest citizen to tingle with shame and indignation," says Governor Hughes, speaking of the revelations in the capital of the Empire State. And a distinguished citizen of Pittsburg, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with tears running down his cheeks, it is reported, said of the revelations in that murky town: "Everywhere I go, in glaring letters, I have had to read of Pittsburg's shame, Pittsburg's graft. I have been humiliated and I am sore at heart." But the citizens of other states need not feel smug about these disclosures, says Samuel G. Blythe, for many years a newspaper correspondent in state capitals and in the national capital. "What has happened in the New York State legislature," he goes on to remark in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "during the past seventeen years, while the Republicans have been in power, has happened, or is happening, in every other state legislature in the country. Legislative graft

is as old as legislatures. The same methods are employed and the same results obtained. Broadly speaking, the graft is divided into two forms. The first is the introduction of 'strike' bills and the taking of money to kill them. The second is the taking of money to pass bills that individuals, corporations or combinations are interested in—bills that will work to the financial profit of those interested. There isn't a state capital in the United States where these industries do not flourish and have not flourished for years."

IN ALBANY, this correspondent insists, there are a hundred "strike" bills introduced every session. No general attention is paid to them because they affect usually some particular corporation or individual rather than the general public. "There is no public clamor. If the corporation or the individual cries out it will be found, usually, that the bill has for its actuating basis something that is for the good of the people at large and is intended to mulct the protestor." The grafters usually know their victims, and know that they are as crooked as themselves. "A crooked man demands and a crooked man pays. The ordinary business man, being afraid of trouble, pays when he might escape if he would protest." And yet this somewhat cynical observer admits that he does not think that more than ten per cent. of the members



A MAD ELEPHANT

—Triggs in New York Press

of any given legislature could be bribed. The great majority are honest. But the ten per cent. are usually in control of legislation, and to prove a case of graft usually requires heroic efforts. We quote Mr. Blythe again:

"I venture to say there are, of the men familiar with affairs at Albany and not grafters fifty—yes, a hundred—who know, absolutely, of specific cases where money has been paid for the promotion or suppression of legislation, know how much was paid, who paid it and who took it. And, if put to it, they could not prove one side of it."

THE Albany cases that have caused such a recent sensation were, for the most part, cases of "strike" legislation. Year after year, for instance, legislation was introduced to take out of the hands of town supervisors the power to let contracts for bridges that were to cost more than a few thousand dollars, and to transfer this power to the hands of the state engineer. Then the various bridge companies were told to pay to Jotham P. Allds and others certain sums of money to keep the bills pigeon-holed in committee. In resigning last month from the New York Senate, Mr. Conger, whose testimony caused the downfall of Allds, said:

"I do not seek to excuse, nor do I ask you or others to excuse, the part which I took in the transaction of 1901, which you have had under investigation. The one great and sorrowful regret of my brother was that he had submitted to the demand of the worst gang of plunderers that ever infested this or any other Capitol; my wrong, and for it I have always been ashamed and sincerely sorry, was in standing by and permitting the thing to be done instead of then and there denouncing it."

More recently the superintendent of insurance of New York State has been conducting another investigation that has disclosed, to use the words of his report, "that very considerable sums of money had been paid by a large number of domestic fire insurance companies and disbursed by or through the President of the Phenix Company in promoting or retarding legislation." These sums were paid, in part, as "retainers" for legislative lawyers; in



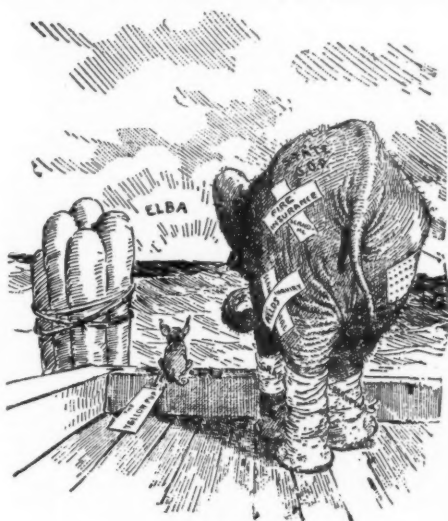
—Triggs in New York Press

part, as "gifts" to men of political prominence; and, in part, in entertaining legislators in a lavish manner.

SO MANY side trails have been disclosed in this Hotchkiss fire insurance investigation and in the Allds trial that Governor Hughes last month issued a special message to the legislature calling for "an immediate, impartial, thoro and unsparing investigation into legislative practices and procedure and into the use of corrupt or improper means for the promotion or defeat of legislation." An investigation "replete with sensational disclosures," according to the Associated Press correspondence, is expected to follow. "The slightest poke at gas legislation, race-track legislation and railroad legislation," thinks the New York Tribune, "not to mention many other kinds, would reward the investigator with just the same sort of evidence that Mr. Hotchkiss turns up in such abundance."

ONE can understand, says a Pennsylvania paper—the *McKeesport Times*—speaking of the Pittsburgh scandals, how a man who desires to do right might yield to the temptation of a large sum of money; "but how a man in comfortable circumstances, occupying a position of honor and possessing popular respect, could become a grafter for \$81.10 is something that defies the normal understanding." The revelation of wholesale grafting, the same paper thinks, indicates "in the city of Pittsburgh a moral condition such as no other place and no other age has known." The thieves in San Francisco held honor at a valuation manyfold higher than this. So did those in St. Louis. But the cheapness of these Pittsburgh crooks "proves them as hopelessly venal as the besotted wretch who will blow up a building for the price of a drink." Referring to a special prayer written by Bishop Whitehead for the Protestant Episcopal churches

Monongahela river docks, to a position in the city council, proudly exhibited to an old friend a roll of six crisp five-thousand-dollar bills. His friend, Ernest Lee Frey, a saddler by trade, asked that historic question, "where did you get it?" "Oh, we Councilmen don't have any trouble making money," was the answer. That was the beginning of a series of events that has now resulted in a long procession, not yet ended, from the City Hall to the penitentiary. The weak point of most criminals is vanity and the irresistible impulse to boast about a successful crime. The saddler to whom Klein boasted had a civic conscience, it seems. He had another friend who was city auditor, and he told him about the incident. Together they went to the then Mayor Guthrie and the story was passed along. The mayor was not overwhelmed with surprise. He thought he knew where the five-thousand-dollar bills came from. The Council had a few days before designated certain banks as depositories for the city's funds, overriding his veto. There were many indications that this action was the result of bribery. He went to see one A. Leo Weil, a lawyer and the moving spirit of the Voters' League, organized a few years before for the express purpose of fighting graft.



WAITING

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*

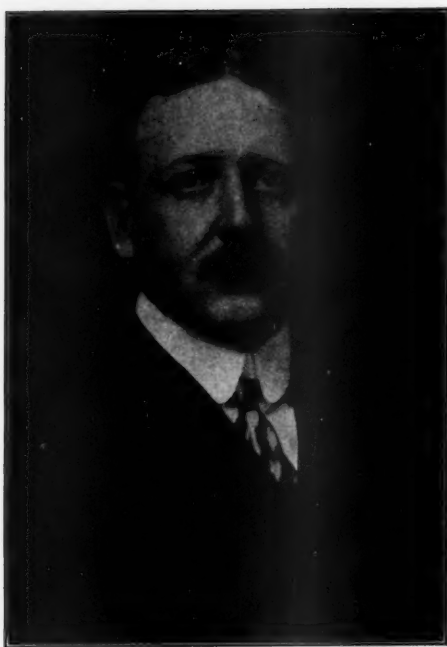
of Alleghany County, called forth by "the present deplorable situation in Pittsburgh," the *McKeesport Times* suggests, as a substitute or an addendum, the following: "And finally, O Lord, give us horse sense enough to quit asking You to do for us what we can and ought to do for ourselves."

TWO years ago, so runs the tale, Captain John E. Klein, or "Smiling Johnnie" as he was known, who had worked his way up from the humble post of "wharf rat," on the



G. O. P.: "I wonder if he will recognize his old friends."

—R. D. Handy in *Duluth News Tribune*



GETTING AFTER THE PITTSBURG GRAFTERS

The district attorney, William A. Blakeley, has secured from the Grand Jury more than one hundred indictments and many convictions, most of them of city councilmen and ex-councilmen, and he is now after those who did the bribing—bankers, manufacturers, contractors and others.

MR. WEIL not long afterward took the train for the White House where another champion of the square deal resided. He asked for an aggressively honest bank examiner to be sent to Pittsburg to make a quiet examination of six suspected banks. Harrison Nesbit was sent. He is now, by the way, foreman of the Grand Jury that has been "ripping the lid off." A Scranton detective was also called into the case. He metamorphozed himself into a lumber dealer with a strong desire to pave Pittsburg's streets with wooden blocks. He had rooms at the Fort Pitt Hotel, and a kind carpenter bored holes for him through the door into an adjoining apartment. When the eager Councilmen called to learn more about the new paving blocks, their strictly private conversation was overheard. One piece of evidence was added to another until a case of bribery was legally established against Smiling Johnnie Klein, who is not smiling much now. He is now known as Convict 6879. His term is three and a half years. On the last day before the time for his imprisonment to

begin, finding that none of his pals were coming to the aid of his family, he made a full confession. He had been the distributing agent for the corruption funds for years, and what he didn't know about the system was hardly worth knowing. Ninety indictments have since been issued as a result of his confession and the other confessions that followed. Forty-one members and ex-members of the Council are among those indicted. Frank N. Hoffstot, president of the Pressed Steel Car Company and president of the German National Bank of Allegheny, is one of the indicted. Charles W. Friend, president of the Clinton Iron and Steel Company, also a banker, is another.

"WHEN I picked up my morning paper this morning," said William Jay Schieffelin, president of the Citizens's Union of New York City, at a public dinner a few days ago, "I saw stories of graft and corruption in three states—Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York—on the front page." All these stories of legislative corruption, he went on to say, concerned business measures. "We are fond of blaming legislators for corruption. We see that many of these corrupt transactions are done through lawyers, and we blame the lawyers. But first and foremost the blame is upon the business men. The responsibility is on business men so that when we speak of commercialism, which should be an honorable word, we mean it as a term of reproach." Pittsburg, says the *New York Tribune*, ought to set the country an example by sending some of these commercial grafters as well as the legislative grafters to prison. In San Francisco public sentiment balked when the graft-hunt drew near the bribers. It will be interesting to see how Pittsburg will bear itself on that phase of the case. The *New Orleans Times-Democrat* moralizes on the situation, using the scriptural saying, "where the carcass is, there will the vultures be also," as a text. "Democracies cannot hope to escape the perils which attend upon wealth," it remarks. Empires and republics alike, in the past, have been corrupted by it. "All experience shows that the most terrible corruption may exist side by side with the finest culture." It is persuaded that the disease is a chronic one. The only cure is for the average voter to use his ballot as he would use it in choosing the directorate of a corporation in which his whole capital was invested. The *New York Evening Post* takes a more cheerful view. "If we

take our bearings," it says, "over a period of forty or fifty years, we find, in national, State, and city government, an undeniable and great advance. In spite of the stupendous increase of temptation and opportunity, the national scandals of the Grant administration would be impossible. . . . In New York State we have got beyond the kind of thing that was looked upon as normal in the days of Gov. Fenton, and the brazen audacity of a Tweed or a Sweeny, of a Barnard or a Cardozo, is unthinkable. . . . What we must seek to attain is what has been attained; what is, and long has been, a mere matter of course in Germany or England cannot be set down by us Americans as beyond our reach."

* * *

JOY unconfined reigns in the ranks of the Socialists. The fourteenth largest city in the United States—Milwaukee—has elected a Socialist mayor, a Socialist city council, a Socialist treasurer, a Socialist controller, a Socialist city attorney and two Socialist judges. And not only elected them but given them very handsome pluralities. The votes for mayor were: Socialist, 27,622; Democrat, 20,513; Republican, 11,262. In the new City Council, 21 of the 35 members are Socialists. The party in Milwaukee calls itself the Social-Democratic party, and there has been some attempt on the part of the daily press to derive consolation from this name, as indicative of a milder and more innocuous brand than that implied by the shorter name. If so, the Socialist press does not seem to recognize the fact. Says the *Chicago Daily Socialist*:

"The Milwaukee Socialist movement is the most revolutionary in America. This is a statement that will be challenged by many who love phrases more than facts. The capitalists of Milwaukee are not watching phrases. They know WHAT IS BEING DONE. The whole campaign of the Republican and Democratic parties was made on the cry that the Socialists were 'red-flag revolutionists.' The Socialists accepted the name and announced to cheering crowds that they were followers of the red flag of international Socialism, with its world-wide brotherhood of labor and revolt against capitalism—AND THE VOTERS ELECTED THE SOCIALISTS."

The New York Socialist daily, *The Call*, is of the same opinion. It says:

"The Socialist character of the party was not disguised for a moment. In fact, it was the red flag, International Socialism, and the personality



"WE ARE NOT TO DO ANYTHING REVOLUTIONARY"

That was one of the first things said by Emil Seidel, elected Mayor of Milwaukee last month by a big plurality, and who will be the first Socialist Mayor of a large American city. Many conservative papers hail his election as the sign of a wholesome protest against political corruption and partisan slavery in municipal elections.

of Victor Berger, who was denounced as a bloody revolutionist, that formed the staple arguments of the representatives of the two capitalist parties. The result was, therefore, as emphatic a declaration by the electorate in favor of Socialism as it possibly could be in a municipal election."

SIGNS of tremor on the part of some of the business men in Milwaukee are reported as a result of the election. The first thing that the newly elected mayor, Emil Seidel, did, therefore, was to make a reassuring statement on this point. "The first step of the Social Democratic party," he said, "will be to reassure the people and relieve their minds of an apparent fear that our victory means an entire overturning of present business conditions and war on the business interests of the city. . . . It is true we have many plans for the improvement of conditions. We shall make the corporations pay their share of the taxes, and shall improve the condition of the laboring men of the city. But we are not to do anything revolutionary. That would turn



A TENACIOUS JONAH

—Brinkerhoff in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

sentiment so strongly against us that we could not even accomplish the good that we can do by being more conservative." By all accounts, even according to his opponents, Seidel is a man of good character and of excellent record. Ex-Mayor Becker, a Republican, says that he served four years with him in the City Council, and that he believes Seidel will make a good mayor. "He has made a study of the science of government, and he is as conservative as it is possible for a Socialist to be. He was a good Alderman. There will be no graft under his administration." He is a pattern-maker by trade and has a machine shop of his own. The real controlling power of the party in Milwaukee is, however, not Seidel but Victor L. Berger. He also, in an interview, disclaims the vehement charges made against him in the daily press just before the election. "The old parties made their campaign against us on the charge that we advocated bullets when ballots were of no avail. This falsehood made us votes. Now we shall have a chance to prove that we are not a party of blood and bloody revolutionists."

IF THE Socialist victory in Milwaukee—the first they have ever achieved in a large city in America—is causing consternation in the country at large, the daily papers fail to

reflect that emotion. The *Chicago Tribune* admits that the program on which Seidel was elected is "unexceptionable in most respects." Some of the proposals would have caused fear and trembling twenty years ago; to-day they will "frighten no comfortable citizen out of his fireside slippers." The *New York Evening Post* even hails the election of Seidel as one of the most cheering signs of the times, as it indicates a wholesome discontent with present conditions of corrupt municipal government. The *Cincinnati Times-Star* attributes the result to the long fight in Wisconsin between the La Follette and anti-La Follette elements in the Republican Party. The Socialists gained 7,000 votes this year over their vote two years ago, and the Republicans lost 7,000. One explanation given for this is that the La Follette men were looking ahead to the next senatorial primaries, when a successor to La Follette is to be chosen. La Follette must carry Milwaukee, and, so runs the explanation, a bargain has been made with the Socialists whereby Republicans, hopeless of their own victory, voted for Seidel, and the Socialists are to vote for La Follette for senator when the time comes. This explanation is given credence in the *Springfield Republican*. "The combination," it says, "seems a very pretty one, and easy to put into operation, for everyone knows that a La Follette Republican is a near Socialist, unafraid of such little diversions from conservatism as the Socialist municipal program embraces." "In this case as in some others," is the comment of the *New York World*, "the terrors of Socialism lie chiefly in the name. Capitalists who have investments in Milwaukee should bear up as bravely as possible. They will get their money back, the Socialists will turn a lot of rascals out, and both of the old parties, reformed to some extent, will be saving the country as usual at the next election."

* * *

THE political event of the month was the Republican State convention in Indiana. The event of that convention was Senator Beveridge's speech as temporary chairman. The feature of the speech was his criticism of the Payne-Aldrich tariff and the call for a re-revision of the schedules through the medium of a real tariff commission. The convention endorsed his position and nominated him unanimously for re-election by the next legislature as United States Senator. But a Republican nomination in Indiana is far from being equivalent to an

election. At the present time the Democrats are entrenched in power. Tho Taft received a small plurality in the presidential election, the State elected a Democratic governor and eleven Democratic Congressmen out of a total of fifteen. Senator Beveridge swung the convention as if it was made for him. But he will have a hard fight for his political life in the coming legislative campaign, and there are Republicans who hope to see him ride to a fall. Here is a cheerful prediction to that effect from a Republican leader in the House of Representatives, Congressman Dalzell, of Pennsylvania:

"I can't see how any self-respecting Republican can vote for a single candidate on the Beveridge ticket in Indiana; it is not a Republican ticket. His platform is a Beveridge platform and not a Republican platform. I believe now that the Democrats will carry Indiana. I believe that the new Indiana Legislature will be Democratic and that a real Democrat will be sent to the United States Senate in place of Beveridge."

Sixty per cent. of the Republicans in Indiana, according to Governor Marshall, are "content with the present tariff" and out of sympathy with Beveridge's insurgent attitude. Even as Wellington longed for Blücher or night, so Beveridge's friends are hoping for Roosevelt's aid in their campaign, or dissension in Democratic ranks, or both.

A JUBILANT note marks the comment of the Democrats on the Indiana situation. They see in it a sign that the Republican split

is growing rapidly. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas and Iowa Republicans, it is said, will follow the example of the Indiana Republicans, and a house divided against itself will be the result. Woodson, the secretary of the Democratic National Committee, says: "If the congressional election were held to-day we would carry the House of Representatives by at least a hundred majority." Governors Harmon and Marshall, Democrats, think the dominant issue in the next presidential campaign will be the Payne-Aldrich tariff. "Not since the Civil War," says the *New York American*, "has the rent been so wide, so evident and so hopeless in the Republican party. It is no longer possible to talk of compromise and healing. The issue has always been inevitable, and its end spells a political revolution." "What Democrat," the *Atlanta Georgian* asks, "could have inveighed more witheringly against the shortcomings of the party in power? From beginning to end the speech of Senator Beveridge was a philippic; but it was not less significant of the popular awakening which is taking place in this country than was the demonstration which it called forth." "On the heels of Mr. Taft's defense of the tariff law as the best ever enacted," so runs the comment of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, "and his attempt to read out of the party Republicans who had been bold enough to oppose the act, the very first State that has an opportunity to express an opinion of the law utterly condemns it." All the Democratic comment is of the same general sort.



THE LATEST UNPOPULAR SONG HIT

"Teddy's Coming Back to This Country—Oh, Me—Oh, My"

—Plasche in *Louisville Post*

COMMENT of the Republican press is confused and contradictory in tone. Senator Beveridge's speech is hailed by the *Chicago Tribune* as courageous and timely, and as sound politics which the leaders of the party cannot recognize any too quickly. But the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* indignantly denounces it, and the platform of the convention as well, as a Democratic speech and a Democratic platform. "Republican campaign managers," it asserts, "will make no distinction between insurgents and Democrats. Every man who refuses to fight under the Republican banner is an enemy of the Republican party, and will be treated as an enemy." "If ever," says the *Chicago Evening Post*, "a political party in a State fight had its battle plans drawn for it in more masterly fashion than Senator Albert J. Beveridge drew them for the Republicans of Indiana yesterday we have no record of it in our memory"; whereas the *Philadelphia Press* thinks that "to begin at once an agitation for revision or for a tariff commission to amend the act is to declare war upon a Republican policy and join forces with the Democrats to destroy a Republican measure"; and the *Salt Lake Herald-Republican* says that if Beveridge is not a Democrat he is worse than nothing, and he and all the other insurgents in Congress ought to resign, as "they have ceased to represent the people who sent them."

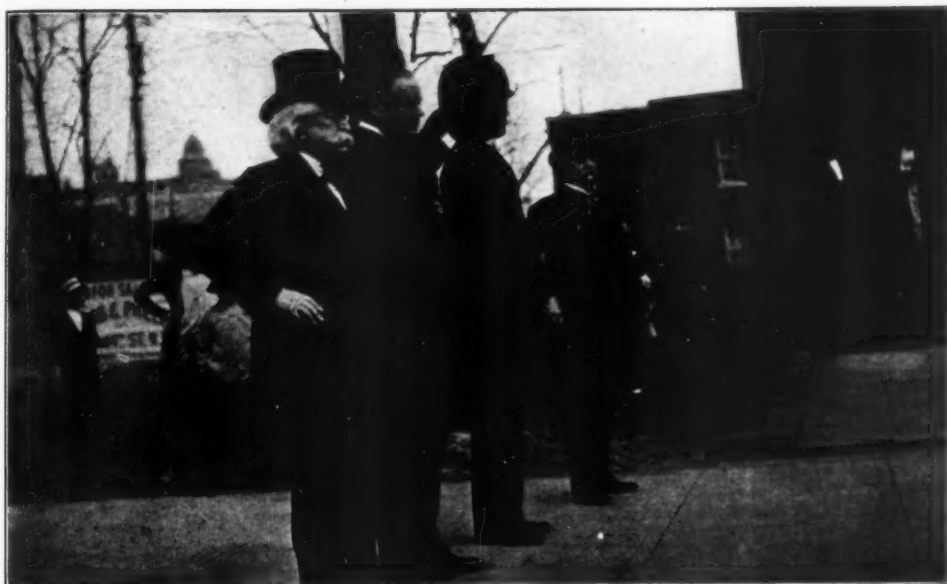
OTHER Republican papers, however, profess to find "no irreconcilable conflict" between the Indiana convention and President Taft. The *New York Tribune* asserts that the difference is merely "one of point of view rather than of principle," the sort of difference that is always arising between the moderates, who wish slow but steady progress, and the radicals, who wish to reach the goal at a single dash. The platform adopted contained a plank lauding Taft's record prior to his election as President, and concluding as follows: "We indorse his administration and pledge to him our support in any efforts to secure the enactment of genuine progressive legislation." Senator Beveridge, in his speech, attempts several times to emphasize the ground which he holds in common with the President. "Like President Taft," he said, "I wanted free iron ore. . . . Like President Taft, I wanted free lumber. . . . Like President Taft, I wanted the ancient woolen schedule reduced." The permanent chairman of the convention, while declaring that the re-election of Senator Beveridge next year is the overshadowing

issue of the campaign this fall, at the same time predicted that Mr. Taft will be renominated by his party in 1912 "unanimously."

THE definition of protection adopted in the Indiana platform, admits the *New York Times* editorially, "is really Mr. Taft's policy." On this point the *New York Tribune* says:

"The Indiana Republicans want to have the tariff revised again after data can be gathered exhibiting the real differential in cost of production here and abroad. That is also the desire of the President and of the great majority of the party, it being understood that the examination into the cost of production shall be conducted by an impartial government commission and that the data obtained shall show the need of a readjustment of duties. A new law could not well be passed in the near future, but in urging further revision and in recognizing the necessity of providing instrumentalities through which it can rationally be brought about the Indiana Republicans appear to be more in harmony with the administration's policy than are those members of the House of Representatives and the Senate who have sought to block the way to more intelligent action by denying to the President's board power to report on the cost differential."

The emphasis in the platform as well as in Mr. Beveridge's speech was laid on a tariff commission. "Giving to those upright men who voted for the law as a whole," said the Senator, referring to the new tariff law, "credit for all the sincerity that I claim for myself, what is the way out of the difficulty? . . . Where, then, lies the plain remedy? In a tariff commission." He scouts the idea that the present tariff board has adequate powers. Its members are not officers of the government, but merely employees of the President, without power to compel information, subject to dismissal by the President at any time. "Such a makeshift," he contended, "will not answer the needs of American business men, producers and consumers. A commission of experts as permanent as the Bureau of Labor, with duties fully described in the law itself; a commission safe from the accidents of politics, secure from the differing opinions of changing presidents; a commission equal to that of Germany or Japan—that is what the government needs, that is what the nation demands, and that is what we will have." The platform endorsed this call and declared for "a protective tariff measured by the difference between the cost of production here and abroad."



THE LAST HONORS TO THEIR ASSOCIATE

Chief Justice Fuller (in the foreground) and Associate Justice White (next to the Chief Justice), Justice Harlan (his face hid from view) and Justice Lurton await the bringing forth of the casket containing the mortal remains of David Josiah Brewer.

SELDOM has the death even of a ruler had a more direct effect upon the industrial and political affairs of a great nation than that resulting from the death last month of Associate Justice Brewer. The great corporate business of the country has been "marking time" for months waiting for the Supreme Court decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco trust cases. The whole policy of the Taft administration revolves around the attitude the court shall take in these cases. Wall Street, so to speak, has been for weeks holding its breath and bending its composite ear toward Washington, expecting to hear the momentous decision any Monday. Eight justices heard the cases argued, Justice Moody not participating, partly because of sickness, partly because he had, as attorney-general, started the prosecution himself. Then came the sudden death of Justice Brewer, and, a few days later, Chief Justice Fuller, in his soft tones, almost inaudible twenty feet away, announced that Numbers 316, 317 and 725 "are restored to the docket for rehearing." A man in the second row of seats, with his hand to his ear, caught the number 316. "Tobacco case," he whispered to those near him. Straining their auditory powers to the utmost, they caught the other two numbers, but what was said about them they could not make

out. One of the clerks of the court stepped down and whispered, "Rehearing in the trust cases." That was enough. Every newspaper man rushed for a telephone or telegraph station. In a few minutes the Stock Exchange in New York was galvanized into a state of wild excitement. Nobody knew just what the rehearing might signify, but everybody had an opinion on the subject. The result of the combined guesses was a quick advance in stocks, the quotations on American Tobacco shares jumping up twenty-five points on the curb in as many minutes.

ON THE day after Justice Brewer's death, Attorney-General Wickersham ventured an opinion that the only possible situation that might cause a rehearsing was a division of the remaining justices by a vote of four to three. The general opinion is that that is what happened. In which event the decision, had it been announced, would have been reached by an actual minority of the full court. The delay that results may be for six months or it may be for a year. The Republican leaders were hoping for a decision favorable to the government, in the expectation that such a decision would give them an effective argument in the coming congressional campaign. They will almost certainly be deprived of that



AFTER THE FUNERAL SERVICES

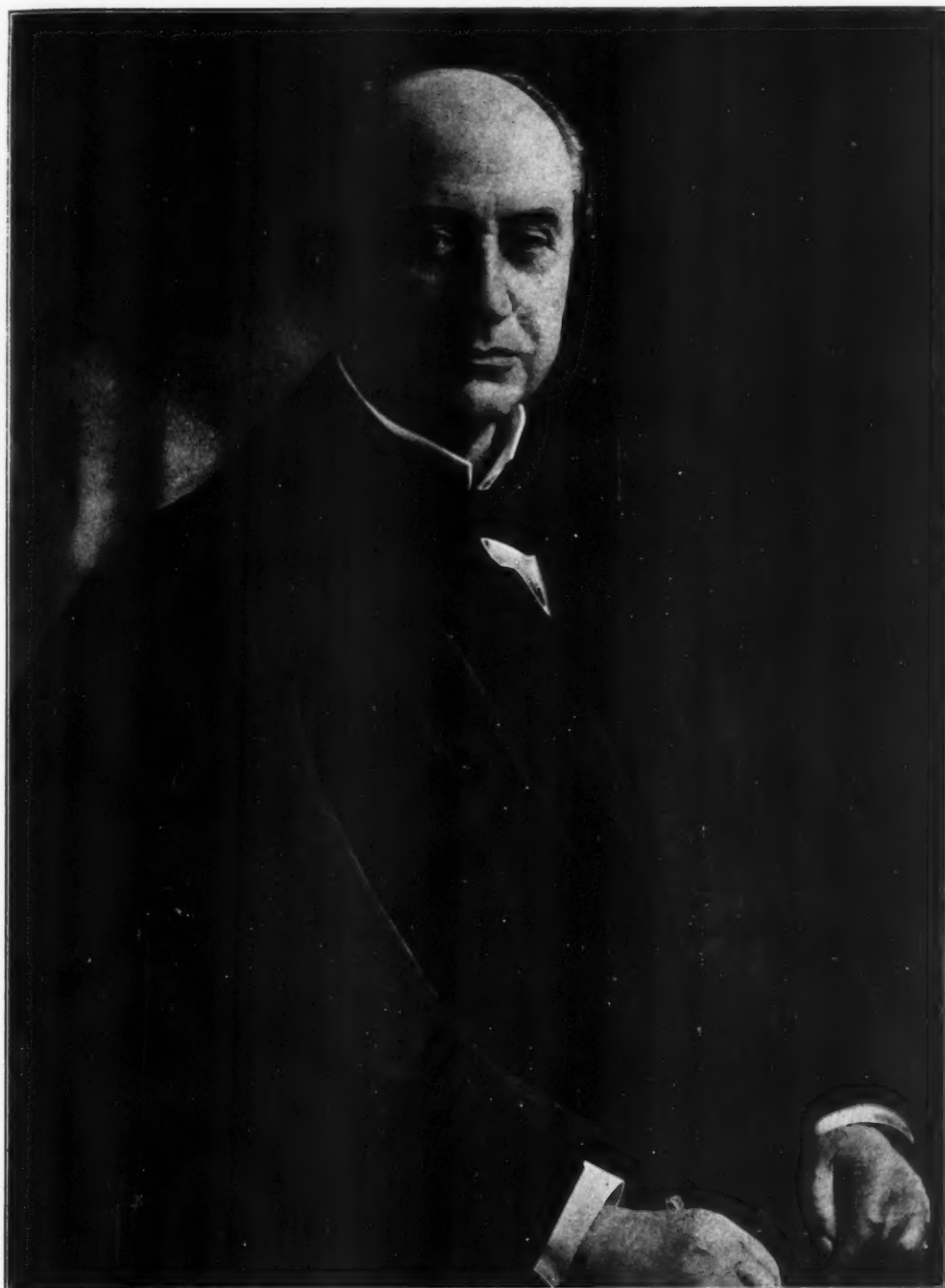
The Justices of the Supreme Court, after their presence at the ceremonies of a still higher tribunal than their own, depart to take up anew their heavy responsibilities to the living. The large figure walking alone is Justice Harlan. Preceding him are Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Lurton, and following him are Justices White and McKenna.

argument. It is not impossible that the death of Justice Brewer at this time, therefore, may change the political complexion of the next House of Representatives. The conclusion the *New York American* draws from the rehearing is that the Supreme Court is so closely divided that even when its decision comes it will be found to rest upon a bare majority. "The Supreme Court," it infers, "is hesitant and bewildered because the trust laws of the country are vague and illogical. We shall never have clear judicial action on the trusts until we have had clear legislative action. . . . The country is brought face to face with the momentous fact that, as the trust laws now stand, it is unlikely that the Supreme Court can reach any decision that will furnish a secure foundation for business operations." It urges, as the supreme duty of Congress at this time, to take the administration bill for federal incorporation out of the pigeon-hole and pass both it and the railroad and commerce court bill at the present session.

* * *

THE miles of burning lava that threw cascade upon cascade of flame down the slopes of Mount Etna upon so many Sicilian villages last month were but part of a series of seismic convul-

sions dating from the first entry of Halley's comet into our range of observation. The biggest islet of the group known as Morant Kays, off Jamaica, disappeared beneath the ocean surface at the same time through what scientists agree in pronouncing volcanic action, a theory which gains strength by the shoals of dead fish which steamships have reported in Caribbean waters of late. The severity of the recent typhoon and tornado in the East Indies, the grand scale of the French floods, the upheaval in the waters of the Caribbean, and now the magnitude of the scale upon which Mount Etna has devastated the fairest island in the Mediterranean prompt a writer in the *London Saturday Review* to inquire: "Who will venture henceforth to deny that a comet brings disaster?" Fifteen craters on Etna vented blazing liquid to immense heights on one day. "At the top of the volcano," to quote the *London Telegraph*, "might have been seen a huge cone of flame, combining every conceivable color, from deep purple to a sort of golden pink. The wide slopes of the mountain seemed to rise and meet the clear sky." The eruption burst forth with deafening thunders. The simultaneous discharge of thousands of cannon on a battlefield is suggested to the *Rome Tribuna*. "The volcano was enveloped in the most marvellous hues of smoke and



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THE BEST KNOWN OF ALL THE SUPREME COURT JUSTICES

"His blue eyes were not heavy," says the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, of the late David Josiah Brewer, "nor his mouth scornful. His face, like his character, was full of humor, magnetism and benevolence. He lived in fellowship with all the world. And with his kindness and affability there was the solid masonry of intellect." He was an ardent champion of international arbitration, an advocate of woman suffrage, an opponent of "imperialism" and naval "extravagance," the most democratic of judges and a staunch defender of evangelical Christianity.



THE APPROACH OF THE LAVA STREAM

The Sicilian town of Nicolosi was threatened for a time by the onrush of mile upon mile of flaming fluid from Mount Etna, but at last accounts the town was supposed to have emerged unharmed from the catastrophe.

flame, after which the red torrents of lava began to pour, sweeping rapidly along the ground and bringing instant death and annihilation to any living creature which might happen to be in their path."

MORE extraordinary than any other feature of the eruption was the ingress of over sixty thousand tourists from the mainland, who, in the refuges provided by the innumerable villages out of range of the lava streams, turned the affair into a carnival. Hills and valleys rang with the bursts of laughter from cosmopolitan crowds. "The sound of automobile horns echoed in a medley formed by the braying of donkeys, the popping of corks and the choruses of drinking songs." Villagers, driven in panic from their huts and fields, reaped a golden harvest as guides for curious tourists, who in many cases, says the *Tribuna*, had to be rescued from positions of the gravest peril between blazing streams of lava that hemmed them between fire on one hand and suffocating smoke on the other. Troops had at last to be stationed along the burning slopes to keep back the reckless sightseers who, sometimes in motor cars and sometimes afoot, dared to penetrate between bursting craters and blazing rivers running with lava. The fiery geysers spouted for four days incessantly with a roar that deafened.

PERHAPS this eruption is the greatest of blessings, according to that student of seismology, Professor Edward Hull, who writes in the *London Saturday Review*. Had this eruption of Mount Etna taken place in time, he thinks, the disaster at Messina would have been obviated. The volcano is Nature's safety valve for Sicily, and it failed to act in time "in consequence of the throat of the volcano being choked by consolidated lava." The result was the loss of the thousands who were drowned or suffocated so many months ago. Another consolation, as seismologists argue, is the probability that Sicily is now immune for a long time from earthquake shock of any violence. The volcano may be active in the near future, but there is little likelihood of any such devastation as marked the recent past. "The main point to be observed," according to Professor Hull, "is that the forces of eruption have now found relief in their more natural way, namely, through the old cones and craters which occupy the forest zone of the mountain." It does not seem from the latest despatches that the disturbance has altogether subsided, some seismologists fearing, in fact, that it may endure for weeks. Yet as evidence of the silver lining to every cloud, the *Rome Tribuna* feels obliged to insist that volcanic phenomena are benefiting the residents of Sicily, who find tourists flocking to their hamlets.



A RIVER OF MOLTEN FLAME FROM ETNA'S CRATERS

The wave here depicted is no less than forty feet high and is running toward Belpasso, a hamlet at the foot of the volcano, where the inhabitants were driven from their homes only to reap a golden harvest as guides to swarms of tourists.

NEVER in the whole history of the British people has a political decision been fraught with such tremendous consequences to the nation's future as that which must be taken within so short a time at the polls in the realm of Edward VII. This verdict, thus expressed in the words of the *London Mail*, staunchest of Conservative organs, reflects the utterances of the entire English press of all shades of political opinion. "Of no previous general election could it be said, as of this, that it will make or break the British Empire." Thus our contemporary, reflecting in its emphatic statement a practically universal idea with regard to an election which, in the phrase of the *London Times*, "the world seems agreed in thinking the most momentous that has occurred in our time, if not in the history of the country." For the fate of the British constitution is in the balance, adds this Unionist daily. "The result can not fail to exercise an influence, not only over the wide domains of the empire, but on many of our neighbors." For they are confronted, we are told by this commentator, with problems differing in detail, but arising from the underplay of the same forces and fundamentally similar. "The government is appealing to the country against the House

of Lords." Prime Minister Asquith is asking the voters for leave to deal with the hereditary chamber in the most drastic fashion; but he is told by the *London Times* that he does not enlighten the electors, save in the vaguest terms, as to what he intends to do if he gets the permission he so ardently longs for. Therefore he is "trifling" with the gravest of crises.

THREE possible or conceivable ways of dealing with the House of Lords emerge from the medley of comment and controversy precipitated by the prospect of the bitter struggle at the polls. These methods have been designated in the *London Times* as "ending," "mending" or "bending." Prime Minister Asquith has more or less precisely repudiated the idea of ending. His heterogeneous majority in the Commons have plainly manifested their objection to "mending"—which means altering and improving the composition of the second chamber, or so the *London Times* insists. There remains "bending," which to the Conservative and Unionist sheets mean "curtailing the powers while leaving the composition alone." This method, which is held by the *London Telegraph* and the other opposition organs to be

the worst of the three, is declared in the Liberal organs to be the choice of the Liberal ministry. "The power of rejecting measures sent up from the House of Commons is to be taken away from their lordships." So far the Asquith program emerges definitely. That which the *London Chronicle* calls "the will of the people" and which the *London Times* prefers to refer to as "the policy of a mad faction" must, to drop into Prime Minister Asquith's formula, "be made effective within the life-time of a single Parliament." Nothing in the opinion of the Conservative *London Post* could be much vaguer than this. "Surely it is time for Mr. Asquith to take the country to which he has appealed into his confidence and infuse a little more precision into his proposition." Is the second chamber to have the right to amend measures sent to it and, if so, to what extent? How often may it return measures to the Commons for reconsideration? Is it to have any real power at all? These queries, put by the *London Times*, it answers for itself in the negative.

IF EVER the electors have a right to know anything definitely before a general election it is the attitude of the government on the issue to be decided, observes the organ of Unionist opposition. "There ought not to be the slightest doubt about it, for everything hinges upon it." The country ought to know if there is to be any real barrier at all between the "arbitrary omnipotence" of a temporary majority in the House of Commons and the sacrifice of any interests which the Prime Minister of the day "may be compelled or tempted to make" to keep himself in power. The magnitude of the change proposed must to a great extent determine the amount of moral force required to justify the Liberal party in effecting or attempting to effect it. "For," to give the opposition argument, "it is no simple matter to be settled by shouting." Yet at present, to follow the Balfourian logic, Britain has not the slightest indication of how Mr. Asquith intends to set about it, assuming that the result of the election is favorable to him. The Prime Minister is assured by his critics that the House of Lords as a co-ordinate branch of the legislature will not be disposed to turn itself into "a dummy second chamber," at the invitation of the group headed by Mr. Asquith, altho the House of Lords might be willing to change its composition.

THE two devices available for meeting the difficulty presented by the issue of the House of Lords are set forth in many ways in the Liberal organs. One of them would seem to be the creation of a sufficient number of peers to overcome the present opposition majority. The other is to pack the House in another way by summoning only such peers to sit as would insure a majority in favor of any measure adopted by the ministry for curtailing the power of the second chamber. The *London Times* sees the solutions available to Mr. Asquith in this sense likewise. Precedents, it tells us, can be found for either course by going back to the reigns of Queen Anne and Charles I. "But either would be a departure from constitutional practice beside which the treatment of the budget by the Lords would sink into insignificance." Such action would amount to "an unconstitutional use of brute force." This means that "an indispensable condition" for carrying through the proceeding "without provoking a dangerous revolt" would be the moral force of an overwhelming majority in the coming election.

WHAT the Liberals ask the people to consent to has been set forth by that most bellicose and uncompromising of all the members of the ministry—with the exception of the radical Lloyd George—Winston Churchill. It is echoed in a hundred forms by ministerial organs like the *London Chronicle*. Perhaps it might accurately be termed the one issue of the impending struggle. "We ask your support," to quote Mr. Churchill, "in abolishing forever the veto of the Lords over finance and in effectively restricting the veto for legislation so that the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives in the House of Commons, shall be made to prevail." This, according to the leader of the opposition, the persuasive and eloquent Arthur James Balfour, is not the issue at all. He means to make the fight upon the issues he sees—tariff reform or protection, an adequate navy, which the Liberals are accused of ignoring, and "the consequences of the Socialist policy of the government." Unionists, according to their fiercest organ, the *London Telegraph*, would preserve the integrity of the three kingdoms, threatened by a pledge, or alleged pledge, of Home Rule to Ireland. They would give British colonies preferential tariffs as opposed to Lloyd George's free trade.

AS AGAINST the opposition policy, the ministry of Mr. Asquith is charged with intending "the break-up of the legislative integrity" for the sake of "ruining a semi-separate Island which would become necessarily the fixed objective of foreign designs." Perhaps, concedes the *London Times*, Home Rule was not exactly "a live issue." The chiefs of the Liberal party showed an anxiety which our contemporary calls "feverish" in making this point in the last campaign. They avoided it as much as possible. Prime Minister Asquith, Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, and Sir Edward Grey, the head of the foreign office, disclaimed any intention of carrying a Home Rule bill. "This time," says the *London Times*, "their Nationalist allies constrain them to admit that Home Rule is an issue—the followers of John Redmond maintain it is the chief issue—before the electorate." The constituencies, we are assured, have hardly as yet grasped the fact or realized its significance. There are in Ireland, we are reminded, a million and a half of staunch Unionists. "They are as determined now as they were in 1886 and in 1893 to resist a policy which they believe would be ruinous to the British Empire and which they know would be fatal to all their dearest interests." What they fear is that the question may be forgotten or ignored amid the multifarious issues of the conflict, and that should the Liberals return to office with a weak majority, John Redmond may exact from them "prompt and full payment of his bond." Their apprehensions, declares the *London Times*, are not unreasonable. "They can not but contrast the words of the Liberal leaders on this point in 1905 with their words in 1910, nor refrain from seeking the explanation of the difference between them." But this line of criticism has quite failed as yet to render Mr. Asquith definite.

FINDING Mr. Asquith indefinite in regard to Ireland, the opposition organs, led by the *London Times*, do not shrink from stating his policy for him. "It is the policy of setting up in Ireland a system of full self-government in regard to purely Irish affairs." There are, of course, the opposition organs ironically concede, "the usual Gladstonian paper reserves." The "supreme and indefeasible" authority of the imperial parliament is to be preserved in some manner undefined, and there is not to be any question of rival or competing supremacies and still less of separation. "But the

Liberal Prime Minister and the Liberal party go to the country committed to the ambiguous formula devised by an Irish-American dynamiter and found convenient by the 'constitutional' Nationalists, because its ambiguity enabled them to take the dollars of the Clan-na-Gael and to work with British members of Parliament and cabinet ministers." This is all sheer fustian, says the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, which avers that the Irish mean to "go against the House of Lords" because "the Lords go against Home Rule." The Irish "expect" Home Rule from Mr. Asquith.

IT IS part of the working agreement between the Irish and the Liberals, charges the *London Telegraph*, to represent the opposition as opposed to any modification of the House of Lords. It is all a "game" of "the radical-Socialist coalition" headed by Prime Minister Asquith, which is engaged, as a campaign measure, in "preaching social hatred at home and maudlin affection for other countries" while keeping the tariff door "banged, barred and bolted" against the only other communities in the world anxious and willing to help England—"our own flesh and blood in the sister states." Unionists would reform the House of Lords and preserve an improved second chamber, not to resist the interests of the people, but to give "double security" that the will of the people shall prevail. "The wreckers, on the other hand, would destroy the historic character of Parliament, abolish altogether the effective functions of the second chamber, turn the House of Commons into a Socialistic paradise of paid demagogues able to work without check any mischief that might come into their minds—and in this way the last vestige of that constitutional security we have known and which every other civilized state still possesses would be utterly swept away." Next would come secularization of the schools and disestablishment of the state religion, until at last the British throne itself would be "engulfed."

FEARS for the throne of King Edward emerged with more and more precision as the debate on the crisis proceeded upon its exciting course in the House of Lords last month. It was the Earl of Rosebery who put the general impression among the peers on this score into most lucid form. The office of King had once been abolished by resolution of the Commons. In reminding their Lordships of that circumstance, the Earl of Rosebery ad-



"IN GOOD LLOYD GEORGE'S GOLDEN DAYS"

BLITHE CITIZEN: "No income-tax and a rubber boom—what's the matter with old England?"

—Punch

mitted that the event in question had occurred many years ago—as far back as 1649, in fact. Lord Rosebery did not in the least insinuate that he anticipates from the stand of the Asquith ministry to-day "any immediate or direct danger to the throne." But it is important for any student of history to consider, he argued, what was the sequence of events at that time. "A body which had abolished one branch of the legislature might find its desire for that sort of operation whetted by another object." The throne itself, with no intermediary between itself and the Commons, would be in a "precarious" position. Nor can his Lordship be deemed eccentric in his line of reasoning. More than one organ of stanch conservatism, like the *London Post*, has hinted that the real purpose of the Lloyd George wing of the Liberal party is to abolish the royal power and to set up something more or less like a republic. Because the discussion has taken this direction of late, the personality and the attitude of Edward VII. have been dragged into the debates, much, it is said, to his Majesty's embarrassment.

LORD ROSEBERY has said again and again that "without a symbol, without a ceremonial center like the crown," the British Empire could not be held together. This all Liberal papers aver to be a just remark, and many of them, notably the *London News*, repudiate all idea of an invasion of the prerogatives of the King. Nevertheless, it adds, England seems to be "slipping into a conception of the royal power" that is a menace to representative government. "To-day some partisans are talking as if it were the sovereign and not the Commons who ought to dismiss the ministry." The old anxiety to keep the crown out of politics, it suspects, is no longer manifest. "There has been a general tendency to encourage the idea of the King's activities in politics, to applaud the suggestion that he should intervene, to state that this or that is his work, and generally to behave as if the King had far more active and positive functions in politics than those which the development of parliamentary government has left to the crown." The King has had frequently to repudiate the use made of his name in the course of the struggle over the House of Lords. Conservative sheets like the *London Mail* have gone the unprecedented length of urging the sovereign to dismiss certain ministers regardless of the majority of the Commons.

OWING to the many introductions of his name into the debates in Parliament, King Edward grew so uneasy, to follow the inferences of the *London Chronicle*, that he felt constrained to summon the leaders of all factions to Buckingham Palace. It was an unprecedented step, admits the *London Times*. "It might not, indeed, be easy to find a precedent for the quasi-publicity of an audience accorded to the leaders of the opposition which must have taken place on the advice of the Prime Minister." His Majesty's object, says this commentator, was "to inform himself fully and at first hand concerning the views of both political parties"; but to the Liberal *London News* there seems reason to fear that the King wanted his prerogative eliminated from the disputation. Edward VII. resents suggestions that he inclines to one or the other side. "There could be no more unwarrantable or impertinent intimation," to give the words of the *London Times*, "than that the King has constituted himself an ally of the radical party, has adopted their

peculiar notions about the constitution and has warned the House of Lords in the manner of radical politicians." The scrupulous manner in which the King has observed the rules defining his functions under the constitution might have saved him, our contemporary thinks, from "this disloyal suggestion." Not less reprehensible, retort the Liberal dailies, are intimations that Edward VII. is not on cordial terms with Prime Minister Asquith. Rumors of a sharp personal dialog between them, in which his Majesty scored the head of the cabinet for "indiscretion," altho widely circulated, are denied in Liberal dailies as fantastic inventions.

NOTHING could be more ominous as a mark of England's political degeneration, says the *London News*, than the recent growth of a habit of treating Edward VII. "as kings are treated in countries that have no parliaments or constitutions." The loose language which has been used of late, it thinks, "about the King's duty" is the best illustration of the crucial nature of the conflict upon which the British have entered. It is not, it insists, hinting at encroachments of the crown; "but the studious care with which King Edward has observed and respected the constitution does not affect the danger or the folly of the habit of looking to the crown rather than to parliament for direction." The situation illustrates to the *London Times*, on the other hand, "the incurable delusion of the radical mind that the sovereign exists only to help the radical party out of the difficulties it creates for itself." Radicals are always ready, it says, to ascribe to His Majesty "their own crude notions of constitutional propriety" and to suppose that they pay him the highest compliment "when they assume that he steps down from the throne to become a partisan like themselves" and to intervene in purely partisan quarrels. Anyhow, as the *Paris Figaro*, from its detached point of view, infers, the King of Great Britain has at this moment the most difficult personal problem to face, and, in facing it, "he manifests the tact and the diplomacy which make him the supreme gentleman of Europe."

WERE Edward VII. to seize the opportunity afforded him by the crisis to assert the prerogatives of the crown, it would be difficult, according to the *London Mail*, to oppose him with success. One consequence of the struggle over the budget, intensified



A NEW LEASE OF LIFE

DR. ROSEBERY: "You're in a bad way, my friend. We must let a little of your blue blood; that'll make another man of you."
—Bernard Partridge in *Punch*

by the feud between Lords and Commons, is to confer upon Edward VII. a power not wielded by any British sovereign since the days of George III. Such is the impression of the *Figaro*. London dailies discuss this theme reticently, but from some remarks in the *Mail* it seems that King Edward recently claimed the right to a voice in the selection of the Prime Minister. The discussion on this point had reference to the contingency of Mr. Asquith's resignation and the possibility that Mr. Balfour might form a government. Popular notions that the sovereign has nothing to do with the selection of the cabinet are, we are told, all wrong. "The sovereign aids in the selection of the members of the ministry." So much is clearly established as the theory of Edward VII., who would never allow a politician to be forced upon him if he disliked the man. "There can in theory be no Prime Minister and no ministry until the King's choice has been made and until the object of that choice has complied with the King's summons and informed His Majesty of his willingness to assume office and his capacity to form a government which will have a working majority." It has always been assumed that this is mere theory, but recent gossip in London points to

a more vital theory of his own prerogative in all the recent constitutional practice of the King. There is no question of any sort of pressure on the King just yet. The ministers already possess all the constitutional power that is necessary. But what of the future? The King may find himself with the Lords as his only refuge against revolution.

WHAT worries King Edward more than any other feature of the crisis, hints our French contemporary, is the tendency to impeach the hereditary principle in all debate over the issue between the Lords and Commons. "His Majesty owes the throne to traditional veneration for the very hereditary principle which his Liberal advisers in the ministry never weary of attacking as outworn." If we are to accept as well founded certain statements of the King's attitude that find their way into French dailies—the English organs never repeat such gossip—his Majesty is affronted by much recent denunciation of "the hereditary principle." The hereditary principle may not be the best basis, may not be the ideal basis or the theoretical basis upon which to establish a hereditary chamber; yet, as is noted on his Majesty's behalf, "it is a principle of universal acceptance in the world and one peculiarly consonant with the habits and traditions of the English people." "The commercial supremacy of Great Britain owes nearly everything to the application of the derided hereditary principle. England's great merchant princes were anxious not only to bequeath their wealth to their children but to bring up one and all of them to continue the business from which that wealth was derived." It would, indeed, be stretching the theory of heredity to an extravagant extent to assume that the founder of a great publishing house could bequeath to successors of the third or fourth generation the special and acquired aptitudes that laid the foundations of the success of the enterprise. But they transmitted tendencies and aptitudes which, nourished in the original atmosphere, made the son worthier than another to walk in the footsteps of the father. A good case could be made out on scientific grounds for the maintenance of an hereditary Senate, adds the *London Telegraph*, reflecting, in such comment, we are asked to believe, the point of view of the somewhat perturbed monarch whose uneasiness at the rise and progress of a war on the peers anticipates a dread that it may be the turn of his own family next.

EVERY child in Tibet whose birth was attended with miraculous signs is just now the object of a special scrutiny which the edict from the Prince Regent in Peking has enjoined upon the hierarchy at Lhasa. The Dalai Lama having been deposed—he saved his life, apparently, only by the timeliness of his flight to India—it is imperative that a reincarnation of Buddha be discovered without delay. This can be done only by resort to the golden urn, from which will be extracted by lot the name of the divine child. As the deposed hierophant declines to admit the legitimacy, from the standpoint of faith, of the action taken in Peking, all the Buddhists in the Asiatic continent, from Siam to the steppes, are rent by an impending schism. The child whose name is drawn from the golden urn may, at the instigation of the Prince Regent in Peking, be put through the process of transfiguration, but that would not necessarily prove his identity with the godhead. That is the contention of the *Paris Temps*, which has entered into the theological aspect of the theme minutely. Nevertheless, as the *London Times* notes, ecclesiastical primacy in Tibet means temporal power as well, and from this point of view it is important to others besides the lamas and their lay countrymen that a successor should be appointed to fill the throne left tenantless by the fugitive Dalai Lama. By order of the regent of the Son of Heaven, the Chinese Amban has posted in Lhasa a proclamation that the new reincarnation of Buddha, when discovered and established, succeeds to the spiritual sovereignty and dignities of the deposed fugitive. China's protectorate over the "yellow church" is recognized by all Mongols, and for that reason they may accept anyone whom the Son of Heaven is disposed to recognize as the supreme pontiff.

WHETHER the newly established reincarnation of Buddha will, when proclaimed in Peking, actually exchange his hereditary avatar for that of his deposed rival in India is a problem in Lamaistic theology upon which the whole situation depends. Should doubts persist relative to the subject in the minds of many of the faithful there must, says the *Temps*, ensue a holy war. To avoid the peril, the entire body of resident monks in Brabun, the great monastery near Lhasa, were invited to participate in the ceremonies incident to the verification of the future pontiff's divinity. The sacred functionaries are to place three

slips of paper—naming three available little boys—in an urn. The Chinese Amban then selects one with the consecrated rod. The boy whose name appears on the paper succeeds to the pontifical sovereignty. That is the plan outlined in despatches from Peking; but whether obstacles presented themselves at the last moment or whether the ceremonies had to be postponed through the advent of the holy season, certain it is that no Dalai Lama has yet emerged. The Prince Regent in Peking objects very much to the choice of a little boy, owing to the great authority thus accruing to the council of regents, unless he be permitted to name the regents. This the local monks oppose.

THERE seems little doubt that among many of the Tibetan masses the Grand Lama of Tashe-Lunpo—which is a great monastery a mile or so from Shigatse, the town of second importance in the land—is regarded with even greater awe than is the Dalai Lama. The Chinese Amban, when one exists, pays to the former greater respect. There is a legend that the end of lamaism and of Tibet will be marked by the withdrawal of the Tashe—not the Dalai—Lama to Shambala, the Utopia of the Buddhists. Asiatic opinion has been excited in recent weeks by assertions that this divine event, notwithstanding its putatively far-off character, has consummated itself. This the Dalai Lama himself, from his refuge in Calcutta, is understood to deny. As a means of neutralizing these effusions, the Prince Regent in Peking has, through the medium of a special edict, clarified the obscurities they create. The decree sets forth that “the Dalai Lama A-wang-lo-pu-tan-chia-cho-chi-wang-chu-chio-le-sang-chieh has been indebted for the most generous bounties from the preceding reign. As he must possess a conscience, how much should he have applied himself solely to his canons and tenets and reverently conformed to former precepts with a view to propagating the yellow religion?” Instead, he has been “proud, extravagant, licentious, violent and refractory.” The faithful are accordingly enjoined to “cease revering the contumacious one.” There is so little evidence of submission to this admonition, according to the correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, that if the reincarnation of Buddha now proceeding be “not deftly managed,” there may be a general religious upheaval.



A REINCARNATION OF BUDDHA

The fugitive Dalai Lama of Tibet has a name that contains over forty letters, and his Avatar has just been taken from him by the Prince Regent in Peking, who says the “wretch” is “licentious, cruel and bloody.”

HAVING satisfied himself that Menelik, the descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, was dead at last, the Ras Tassema had the widowed Empress of Abyssinia dragged to a dungeon, and the grandson of the late potentate proclaimed sovereign of the realm. This seems to be the gist of such despatches from Adis Abeba as can find their way out of the distracted capital where the new boy Emperor, Lidji Eyassu—to give one form of his name—is declared in the *Paris Matin* to be making active preparations for the murder of his relatives. The European chancelleries have likewise to reckon with a detailed statement transmitted from the Sudan to the effect that Menelik did not die at all last month. He is made out to be convalescent, at the age of sixty-six, from an attack of apoplexy complicated by cancer of the stomach! In the emergency, the suggestion of the Italian government that a special mission of the powers be sent to the capital of Abyssinia, to ascertain definitely what has happened and what is likely to happen, meets with favor in the comments which the *Paris Temps* makes upon the mysteries. The only native African kingdom which holds her own



LIVING OR DEAD?

The death of the descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—Menelik, King of Abyssinia—has so often been denied after its dissemination that much doubt exists now of the authenticity of the latest report.

as an independent factor in the intercourse of the nations may before long lose that distinction. Civil war is said to be raging. It seems that the arrangements for dealing with this state of affairs concern as yet only Great Britain, France and Italy, to the exclusion of Berlin. The mere idea is pronounced in the Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau* "an affront to Germany," which, by sending a special mission to the late Menelik—if he be dead—proclaimed her own special interest in his kingdom.

ABYSSINIA forms what Sir Edward Dicey, who has studied the land for years, calls "a kind of African Switzerland in the northern half of the dark continent." Owing to the precipitous character of her mountains, the absence of rivers and roads and the warlike character of her inhabitants, she has not only maintained her independence from the mythical era of the Queen of Sheba, but has baffled every effort of the western world to learn the truth about her. The mystery of Menelik's fate is, therefore, founded upon geographical rather than upon

historical conditions. To the same conditions Abyssinia owes the preservation of her half-savage form of Christianity, to which she claims to have been converted long before Mahomet had arisen as the prophet of Allah and of Islam. After the deposition of King John, to follow Sir Edward Dicey's study in the London *Telegraph*, a deposition due to a successful insurrection led by Menelik, then King of Shoa, the latter took possession of the throne and proceeded to conquer all his fellow kings, thereby making himself in fact, as well as in name, Negus Negusti, or King of Kings. Long has Menelik been the world's most illustrious black potentate.

THE authority to which, as Negus, the fourteen-year-old Lidji Eyassu—to spell his name this time as the English do—now succeeds is despotic in the extreme. "The Negus rules with an iron hand and punishes all offenses against his authority with barbarous severity. He exercises a rough if stern justice, and has the interests of his subjects, or what he deems their interests, really at heart." With the world outside his own dominions he has absolutely no acquaintance except by hearsay, as he has never left his mountain home save for a hurried trip on one occasion to Egypt and the south of France. The polity he inherits from his illustrious grandfather is described by our authority as one of simplicity, "yet practical." Menelik had long foreseen that the partition of the dark continent must induce one of the European powers to cast covetous eyes upon Abyssinia. "He was shrewd enough to perceive that Italy, having seized upon the great port of Massowah and having thereby approached closely to Abyssinian territory, was the nation most likely to encroach upon the mountain kingdom he ruled." Menelik lost no time in importing arms and ammunition.

RAS TAMASSU, whom the long illness of Menelik has invested with a Bismarckian authority at the Abyssinian capital, was the diplomatic genius of the crisis that Italian policy precipitated. "As soon as it became manifest that England was about to march upon Khartoum and to overthrow the Dervish government there, Menelik, incited by the Ras Tamassu, became troubled by the apprehension that if England succeeded in her hazardous enterprize, she would inevitably occupy the Soudan and thereby become a dangerous neighbor to Abyssinia." To avert this contingency, Menelik entered into

a secret agreement with persons representing themselves as agents of the French republic, by which the descendant of the Queen of Sheba bound himself to meet the famous Marchand mission at Fashoda, with a powerful Abyssinian army and occupy the white Nile provinces before the British entered Khartoum. Marchand got to the spot too late. The Abyssinian army never appeared. The resultant crisis stunned the world with the possibility of war between the governments of Paris and London. This is the real meaning of "the Fashoda incident," which marked the era prior to "the cordial understanding."

IT WAS Ras Tamassu who, the *Temps* suspects, represented the policy of "the Fashoda incident," and his reappearance at the head of affairs with a boy sovereign seemingly under his thumb much perturbs the European press. "He is, after all, an Oriental who throughout his life has been fighting for his own hand against intrigues and conspiracies. Tho such a life as his has been may engender fine qualities, respect for plighted faith and loyalty to a formal promise are not among their number." But in the course of the past few years his estimate of the importance of British power has been enhanced by results in the Sudan. He is supposed to be like the late Menelik in holding that Great Britain is likeliest of all the European powers to form designs against the independence of his country. It may be safely concluded, Sir Edward Dicey thinks, that whatever be the specific terms of the Anglo-French-Italian understanding regarding Menelik's realm, it must partake of the character of a self-denying ordinance. It can be no more than a formal pledge that in any contingency which might necessitate intervention on the part of any one of the three powers, each shall consult the other two before taking action and stands pledged not to take any such action as would impair the independence of Abyssinia or lead to the permanent occupation of Abyssinian territory.

ONE serious difficulty facing the new ruler of the land and his adviser has to do with the introduction of railroads into the kingdom. The issue thus provided has greatly vexed the Germans. There has been apprehension in official circles in Paris lest Berlin should attempt to repeat in Adis Abeba the tactics which have been partly



KING OF KINGS

The little Lidji Eyassu, supposed to be at this moment on the throne of Abyssinia, is the most exalted personage of the black race in the world, being upon an independent throne that dates back to biblical times.

successful in Morocco. The *Temps*, organ of the French Foreign Office, and the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, in close touch with the Wilhelmstrasse, have had sharp passages of mutual recrimination on this theme. Menelik was so irritated by the diplomacy in which the railroad issued involved him that he once threatened to revoke every concession and build the line himself. This would have been so prejudicial to the interests of the powers concerned that a verbal agreement was reached whereby Germany entered the syndicate financing the railroads. Abyssinia, as Sir Edward Dicey recalls, has no access to the sea. There are but three routes by which communication with the outer world can be provided at a cost not absolutely prohibitive.



HONORED ALIKE BY ART AND SCIENCE

Peary—whose fine bronze bust, by William Ordway Partridge, we reproduce—celebrated last month the first anniversary of his arrival at the North Pole.

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Persons in the Foreground

PEARY AS HIS FRIENDS PORTRAY HIM

IN EVERY man there are at least three men. There is the man as he sees himself, there is the man as his friends see him, there is the man as his enemies see him. The man who lives in history is a sort of composite of these three. Commander Peary, as his enemies see him, is a jealous egotist, tyrannical, domineering, unable to tolerate any rival, eaten up with a sense of his own importance. He thinks that he has a sort of copyright on Arctic exploration and a proprietary right in all the Eskimos. That is one Peary. The Peary seen by his friends is just the reverse of all this. He is modest, gentle, kind, unassuming and unselfish. Just what the third Peary is—as seen by himself—we can not know, and it is probably not worth while inquiring. If he is like most of us, he has a varied assortment of ideas about himself, from day to day, at one time conceiving himself to be the veriest ass alive and the next time wondering at the effulgence of his own character. Just which of many conceptions shall prevail in a man's mind in regard to himself so often depends upon the state of his liver, or the upshot of an investment, or the skill of his tailor, or some other trifling externality.

The Peary that is delineated for us by his associates is, for one thing, a man who inspires remarkable personal loyalty. In the first place, there is his wife, who ought to know him at least as well as anybody knows him. It is evident that she has a pretty good opinion of the Commander, judging not from her words alone but from her actions as well. A woman must think a good deal of a man, it must be conceded, who will leave a comfortable home and the safeguards of civilization to go with him up into the long Arctic night a few months before her first baby is expected. Mrs. Peary's mother was crazy about the thought of her going, but go she did, so far away from doctors and friends that when little Marie, the "snow baby," came, it was eleven months before the mother could send any word to the grandmother. It was not as if Mrs. Peary did not know what the conditions of life in the Arctics were, and went in a state of blissful ignorance. She had been there before and knew what to expect. It

was her loyalty to her husband that took her there not only the first time, but the second time and the third time and the fourth, fifth and sixth times.

Of course, it has always been true that woman's devotion is a very illogical thing and is often expended on strangely unworthy specimens of mankind. There have always been loving Nancies to dance attendance upon brutal Bill Sikeses. But a woman will take chances for herself when she would not think of taking chances for her baby. Even Nancy, it will be remembered, overcame her sense of loyalty to the unlovely Bill when the welfare of a child—and that not her own—was at stake. The doctors in Maine who were consulted were very dubious about the possibility of a white baby's being able to live through the Arctic night. As a matter of fact, little Marie didn't grow much if any for several months after she was born in October. It was not until the sun reappeared in the spring that she seemed to remember what she was here for. "But when the sun came out," says Mrs. Peary, "she just shot up. She was like these bulbs you keep in the cellar, which take root and get ready to grow down there and then when you put them out in the sun they just shoot up." Before she was a year old, Marie weighed twenty-seven pounds and was toddling all about the place. All the same, the mother had taken big chances, and it was no brutal egotist that inspired such loyalty on her part. Again in 1900, after her second baby's death, Mrs. Peary felt as if she had to see her husband and receive his sympathy. She set sail on the remote chance of finding him and spent another winter waiting his return. A woman doesn't go rushing off that way to get sympathy from a selfish egotist even if he does happen to be her husband.

But if the loyalty of a wife and daughter is not an invincible argument in a matter of this kind, what about the enthusiasm of Peary's followers? Nothing could be more glowing than the words of praise in young Borup's letters home, and Captain Bartlett seems to exhaust his vocabulary whenever he speaks of his commander. "If the Commander told me to go to hell," said the Cap-

tain once, "I would do my best to obey him." The fault found with Peary because he did not take Bartlett to the Pole elicits words of hot resentment from the Captain himself. This is what he had to say in a signed statement last January: "From his years of experience in arctic work he [Peary] worked out a definite plan, and it is my judgment that *had this plan been changed the Pole would not have been reached*. The four supporting parties were necessary, and it was distinctly understood at the outset that each one of the leaders of these supporting parties should turn back at a certain point. Each party, consisting of one white man and four Eskimos, did the work for which it was best fitted on the sledge journey."

Not one man in the party, according to Captain Bartlett, ever expressed any resentment or disappointment. This same sense of loyalty is seen even in the boatman at Eagle Island, Maine, where Peary has his home. "In all the years I have worked for Commander Peary," the boatman, Stover, told Mrs. Barker, "I have never heard him speak an impatient word to any living thing."

There is one exception to this loyalty among Peary's followers. The negro, Matt Henson, who went to the Pole with Peary, has since turned against him, and a few weeks ago spoke bitterly of his commander. He said, as reported: "Commander Peary, for all the years I have known him, has been a selfish man, after his own glory and that of nobody else. Since he discovered the North Pole I have had a chance to see that more plainly than ever before, and so have some others."

The trouble between Henson and Peary, according to Henson's own story, is that Peary thought that he, Henson, ought not to take the lecture platform until the records of the expedition had been passed upon by the National Geographic Society, and he sent a letter of protest when Henson was making his arrangements with a manager. Henson, it would seem, was incapable of appreciating the question of propriety involved. And it was not until then, apparently, that he discovered that Peary is selfish!

A writer in *The Review of Reviews* several months ago had a sympathetic sketch of Peary in which he describes the latter's modesty and sensitiveness of character in the following words:

"At the outset of his career Peary knew nothing of the art of enlisting public sympathy and interest in his ambitions and attracting the co-

operation of men able to give him the financial support his enterprises would require. He was modest, almost painfully so. He was sensitive to a fault. The qualities of the leader of men, the attributes of a general who can plan a campaign and carry it to success, were born in him; but to this day his face will mantle like a boy's if his achievements are extolled before an audience; and if he reads or hears words of unkindness you may see the hurt of it in his face. . . . Some of the many men who have served him in the Arctic have complained that he is too uncommunicative. He certainly has the gift of keeping to himself what he sees no reason for disclosing; and to some of his assistants he has told no more than he thought they needed to know. Peary is a gentleman of culture and fine feeling, considerate of others and most agreeable and kindly in his relations with his fellows, but he can be as silent as the Sphinx if it suits his purpose. He shares many of the qualities that made the career of Henry M. Stanley great. Neither of them, for example, has had any use for assistants whom they tried and found wanting; and such men have been full of bitterness and criticism on coming home, tho the fact was that, even if they tried to be useful, they had failed; and leaders are not always patient with incompetency."

Strange as it may seem, when his career is considered, domesticity, so this writer says, is a passion with Peary and home is the dearest place on earth for him. "Those who have seen him there know it. Those who have heard him speak of his long years of separation from his wife and children and his lamented mother know it. There are those who, in the way of duty assigned by the explorer, have had occasion to read some of his field note-books. They know that what he wrote under his tent flap, in the howling gales on Greenland's ice cap, 7,000 feet above the sea, or on the frozen ocean, was not always merely the work of the day. The record often closed with the mention of a name or a sentiment or the date of an anniversary. The thought of home has been ever with this man among all the ordeals and vicissitudes of his northern life."

Mrs. Elsa Barker has given us the most complete and sympathetic of all the personal sketches of Peary. Writing for *Hampton's Magazine*, she says:

"In appearance and personality the Commander is the ideal type of the explorer, tall, wiry, muscular, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body; his lean face is burnt by years of exposure to the wind—not bronzed like the faces of those inured to tropic suns, but burnt a peculiar red and white in the cold flame of the Arctic. His jaw is firm as iron, and his smile, when he

plays with his little son or looks at his beautiful young daughter, is as tender as a mother's. But Peary's eyes are his most unusual feature; they are of an aquamarine blue, of a seemingly immeasurable depth, and over them there is a tenuous, cloudlike veil—one wonders whether from years of exposure to a cold that would almost freeze alcohol, or from the sights on which they must have looked. One feels that they see everything, even the thoughts of others."

Peary has a mixture of French and Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins, which accounts, to Mrs. Barker's mind, for his combination of "fiery French imagination and icy Anglo-Saxon firmness." She finds the reason for "the abuse that has been heaped upon him" in the fact that, in order to raise funds for his last expedition, he gave to one newspaper the exclusive right to publish his first brief account of the trip to the Pole. The other papers, being "scooped," sought consolation in abuse. There is, we venture to think, a psychological explanation as well for some of the popular antagonism to Peary. It is the old antagonism nearly always seen between the man who takes life seriously and those who take it more or less flippantly. Peary has not plugged away at the Pole all these years in the sporting spirit. It has been to him something different in kind as well as degree from a foot-ball match or a sprinting contest. He was not merely playing a game but searching for knowledge. And when he learned of Cook's bogus claim he looked upon it as something more serious than a race lost. It was a great scientific fraud that was being perpetrated, and he happened to be the one man on earth in a position to expose the fraud. He should have waited, think many, and let the exposure come about in the natural course of events, by the examination of Cook's records. But certainly there is some justification for a different view—the view Peary took. To let a man perpetrate a fraud on the public and reap a rich financial harvest, while you, knowing the facts, stand by and hold your tongue, seemed to Peary marvelously like compounding a felony. Cook was playing for big stakes. His literary agent in Europe was asking American publishers for \$500,000 as advance payment for the right to publish his book and a heavy royalty in addition on each copy sold! His terms for lecturing were, if we are not misinformed, a guarantee of \$3,000 and fifty per cent. of all receipts in excess of that sum. Peary did not, of course, know these specific facts; but

he knew that a fraud was being perpetrated and he did not hesitate to expose it as promptly as possible in terms that could not be misunderstood by anybody.



ALONE, SHE BRAVED THE LONG DARK NIGHT OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Mrs. Robert E. Peary has made the trip to the Arctic region six times. The third time she was not expected and failed to find her husband until the winter had passed. Her maid went crazy and had to be taken care of. But Captain Bartlett was within reach, and the Eskimos were faithful, and she not only lived to tell the tale but to return again three times.

"JIM" KEENE, THE AVATAR OF WALL STREET

FOR about the fiftieth time, James R. Keene has been figuring conspicuously in a sensational stock deal, to wit, "the Hocking Valley affair." For thirty-five years he has been figuring conspicuously in such affairs. Hardly anything sensational has happened in that length of time, in Wall street, in which Mr. Keene has not had a hand. The history of the street for a generation past might almost be written about his personality. He was one of its leading operators when he was but thirty-seven years old, and now, at the age of seventy-two, he is one of the most active and one of the most dreaded men that scan a ticker. He has played the game, as partner or antagonist, with Jay Gould and Russell Sage and H. O. Havemeyer and William C. Whitney and Edward H. Harriman and Henry H. Rogers and J. Pierpont Morgan. He has failed and recovered over and over again, and today is supposed to possess a modest little competence of twenty millions.

Wall street is destined to undergo important changes in the near future. It is in the air. The latitude given to operators in the past can not extend much farther into the future. Public sentiment is making itself felt, not only through legislative commissions but through the board of governors of the Stock Exchange itself, who are putting new and important rules into force even now. The commercial standards of the country are undergoing radical changes, and the wholesale unadulterated gambling in stocks will go the way that the wholesale professional gambling at horse-races has gone. Toledo and other cities are moving in the direction of reform in their stock exchanges, and from Washington come some strong statements from Charles F. Scott, chairman of the House committee on agriculture. "It would seem an awful pity," says Mr. Scott, "to throw a monkey wrench into that great gambling machine which has taken forty years or more to build, but some one is going to throw it one of these days if the gamblers do not reform their methods. It is up to them." Keene is the very embodiment of the Wall street of the last forty years. He is the type of an era that is drawing to a close. His career can never again be paralleled. He is a man of the past and the present, but not a man of the future. Whether the typical Wall street man of the future will be any more interesting and picturesque may be

doubted; but he is bound to be less of a social menace.

When in 1876 Keene first came to New York City, in the early flush of a great victory in California, he had no intention of staying here. But he stopped long enough to glance at the game as it was then being played by Jay Gould and Jim Fisk and others of that day, and like a born gambler he could not resist the temptation to take a hand. Some one pointed out the diminutive figure of Jay Gould to him one day on lower Broadway, and Keene remarked: "I have got \$6,000,000. I guess I will stay right here and get that man's scalp." He stayed and there was a scalping, but it was not Gould who was the scalpee. For a year or two, indeed, the two men worked together in a common antagonism to Commodore Vanderbilt. Then they quarrelled over a deal in Western Union, and it was Keene's first lieutenant, Major Selover, who picked Gould up one day and dropped him carelessly down into an area-way. That feat cost the doughty major a pretty penny. Gould went back to his office and hammered the stocks that Selover was most interested in to such effect that the latter went home at night some twenty thousand dollars poorer. The area-way was about five feet deep, so that for every foot that Gould dropped, four thousand dollars dropped from Selover's bank account. As for Keene, he took a much longer and harder drop a little later on. In three years' time his six millions had grown to twelve. That was in 1880. The next year Gould got after him in deadly earnest. Keene tried to corner the wheat market and Gould started in to corner *him*. He flooded the market with orders to sell, and when Keene crawled out from under he found that his fortune was less by five millions. Three years later still, the rest of his fortune had also disappeared, and his failure was formally announced. Not long afterward a fine new painting was hung in the most conspicuous place in Jay Gould's Fifth avenue home. It was one of Rosa Bonheur's and it received a new name as soon as Gould got it. He called it "Jim Keene's Scalp." It was one of the paintings that Keene had purchased when he first came to New York, about the time that he threatened to have Gould's scalp. It was sold at auction, together with the rest of Keene's paintings, and Gould acquired it as a pleasant memento of his victory.



"NO MORE SECRETIVE MAN EVER SCANNED A TICKER-TAPE"

There is but one thing that has been known to elicit from James R. Keene any demonstrations of emotion in the last twenty years, and that is the winning of a big race by one of his horses. The ups and downs of Wall Street leave him cold and impassive, but when Colin or Peter Pan gallops in ahead of any other horse, he is as likely as not to put his arm around its neck and purr forth words of affection such as he never lavishes, in public at least, on his fellow men.

Well, there is one personage who always plays to win, whether in Wall street or elsewhere, and that is the elderly gentleman who carries an hour-glass and a scythe. During the next few years, while Jim Keene was singing low and trying to repair his broken fortune and his lacerated feelings, Gould dropped out of the game forever. By that time Keene was in a condition to pay the last of his debts and to start even with the world. By 1893 he was again in a conspicuous position as an ally of the Havemeyers in the manipulation of the sugar stocks. He made profits of a million a year for several years. Then he formed an alliance with William C. Whitney in a campaign on American Tobacco stocks. It ended as his alliance with Gould had ended, in a bitter feud, which also was terminated only by the death of one of the participants. They are good haters, these Wall street gamblers, and Keene is as typical of the street in that as in other respects. It is this quarrel with Whitney that Alfred Henry Lewis has in mind when he says, in *Human Life*: "Mr. Keene, in his one time sailing, struck a storm of treachery and lying ingratitude. His nature was capsized and all those softer and more generous graces were spilled out. They went to the bottom, as things golden will, and they never came up." Of course Whitney's friends tell another story. They call Keene "the Robin Hood of finance," and accuse him of secretly "unloading." At any rate, Keene found himself a bankrupt for the third time in his strenuous life. A good many years of his life, in fact, have been spent in trying to pay his debts and get out of bankruptcy. It isn't all beer and skittles down in Wall street even for the experts in the game.

Keene has taken the ups as well as the downs in the spirit of the professional gambler. "All life," he asserts, "is a gamble, whether in Wall street or out." Here is his philosophy on the subject of gambling and speculation:

"All that life consists of is the taking of chances. The spirit of speculation is born with the man. Providence has impressed in his heart and brain the betting instinct. It is one of the greatest of all the gifts with which we are endowed. It is responsible for civilization's progress in every country of the world. Without it our own population and wealth would be but about a third of what they are to-day; science and invention would be back one hundred years, and the immeasurable aid which our country has given, through its wonderful development, to the

half-fed populations of the older countries would still be a matter of the future. Without speculation, call it gambling if you wish, initiative and enterprise would cease, business decay, values decline, and the country would go back twenty years in less than one."

This is a typical Wall street philosophy. It leaves out of sight all distinction between that form of speculation which is linked to the creation of wealth and that which is not. In such a philosophy, the man who wins by wrecking a railroad, as Jay Gould wrecked the Erie, and the man who wins by building up a railroad, as Harriman built up the Union Pacific, stand on the same plane. Maybe they do, so far as their motives are concerned. That is for their Maker to decide. But so far as their relation to the public weal is concerned, there is a difference as broad as between up and down, or between black and white. If Keene has ever recognized any such difference, or cared about it in the least, there is no public evidence of the fact.

"Physically today," says a writer in the *New York Times*, in describing James R. Keene, "he is the mere shadow of a man, suggesting, if projected on a screen, the lean, gray fox, wisest of animals and the speediest when it comes to running away out of trouble." Here is a more flattering portrait, drawn by Mr. Lewis in the article already quoted:

"In person Mr. Keene is slim and quick and strong. He has a high carriage, as one held up by prides well founded. His brow is grave, his eye dignified and thoughtful; he is deep and sure, and knows men as sailors know a channel. And these attributes, added to even health, nerves of steel, and a kind of military courage that stays cool with victory, steady with defeat, equip him to be pre-eminently that market-power which compels consideration from the strongest. Does a Morgan come into the street with a steel trust, or a Rockefeller with an oil trust, his first care is a treaty of peace with Mr. Keene. The King may not hunt in Sherwood without consent of Robin Hood, nor the Montrose walk in Glenfruin unless Macgregor permits."

A writer in the *New York Evening Post* finds, on analyzing his character, that he has four objects of affection. First comes his son, Foxhall, after whom was named one of the greatest race-horses that ever ran. The second is a good horse. The third is the stock-ticker. The fourth is "the mixture of black coffee and brandy upon which Keene

makes his lonely breakfast, with the aid of a single roll, at his office in Wall street." He lives alone at the Waldorf (he is a widower), but he has for years preferred to go downtown before he breakfasts. This picture of a lonely little man, gray and wizened, devoid of friends in whom he is willing to confide, devoid even of the capacity for close friendship, taking his meager breakfast in the chill surroundings of a typical Wall street slaughter-house, is a brilliant commentary on the vanity of riches when too high a price is paid for them. Before he first became a broker, out in California, he had to struggle hard with Fortune for even a few poor crusts of bread. He peddled milk. He was a cow-puncher. He was a teamster and a mill-hand. He was a school-teacher. He was a newspaper editor, at Shasta. Then he became a

miner and amassed his first ten thousand dollars. It would be an interesting thing to get his opinion today as to whether he is happier now, with his twenty millions and his universal distrust of all men, than he was in the days of his early struggles, before he became a stock-gambler pure and simple, making every dollar he has ever made since out of some other man's loss. But his opinion on that point is not likely ever to be obtained. "No more secretive man ever scanned a ticker tape," says *The Evening Post* writer. "An important piece of furniture in his simply furnished office is a copper brazier. One of the daily rites of the man is to put into that urn every night before going uptown most of his correspondence of the day and set a match to it. That is a task that the office boy is never called upon to perform."

EUROPE'S DISCOVERY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S UN-AMERICAN TRAITS

CHARACTERISTICS less American than those attributed in the press of Europe to the hero whose return to civilization is the supreme event in the old world never combined themselves into a single personality. One newspaper after another introduces Theodore Roosevelt to its readers in aspects which vary with the longitude, but all tend to dwell upon some un-American trait that assimilates him with the nation he happens to be visiting. To that staunch organ of German agrarianism, the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, for example, Mr. Roosevelt presents himself in a guise so Prussian that he might almost pose as a descendant of Frederick the Great. To the Bismarckian *Hamburger Nachrichten*, on the other hand, there are so many Bismarckian traits in the illustrious visitor that there is next to nothing American about him. He incarnates to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* the attributes of the Austrian cavalry officer and the Rome *Tribuna* is amazed by his Garibaldian characteristics. As a consequence of seeming Italian in Italy, Prussian in Berlin and Gallic in Paris, the personality of Theodore Roosevelt might, to the inevitable visitor from Mars, be summed up as the least American that ever was. His virtues are made out to be un-American, his career is no less so, and the great fame he has attained abroad is

rendered European in so unexpected a sense as to have all the charm of novelty.

Nothing seems less realistic to the Paris *Figaro* than an impression of Theodore Roosevelt as the typical American. His type of mind is too pious, in the old Latin sense, for the American qualities to find room. He might more accurately be described as the well-born gentleman with the traditional European outlook. Unlike the average American politician, he has an extremely good social position. Ladies and gentlemen, in the exclusive sense of those terms, comprise his long ancestral line. Just because he is so well born and so patrician he can, without loss of caste, adopt the unconventional demeanor for which he is beloved. Nor can one reasonably expect his countrymen to understand so fine, so patrician, so elegant a type as Theodore Roosevelt. For that reason we are bidden to distrust all American impressions of his personality and his character. The average citizen of the republic, for example, deems Mr. Roosevelt impetuous. He is quite the reverse, arriving at his conclusions by a process of deliberate reason and cold calculation—but in no sinister sense. He is, in short, the Bourbon gentleman without fear and without reproach.

The essential Rooseveltian trait, this authority believes to be robust spirituality. "His

is no anemic asceticism of mind, but a healthy and knightly faith in the good and true." He reincarnates the seekers of the holy grail in that "scorning calculation and all practical expediency," he battles for the right. This makes him seem ridiculous to the "bargain-hunting Yankee," who in reality loathes him. If the strenuous life, as Roosevelt has preached it, be the true vocation of man, "it follows that the American ideal of this generation is a lie." There is no preachment of the practical in America which Mr. Roosevelt does not repudiate and condemn, if not in speech then in actions. "The morality of the great republic is the tradesman's morality, and Mr. Roosevelt has tried to substitute for it the gentleman's morality. He would implant in the hearts of the rich just such a sense of responsibility to the poor as we find in the character of the English nobleman of the highest type." The ideal of the republic has hitherto been the successful man of business, and, without realizing it, perhaps, the Americans have a national hero who despises the national ideal.

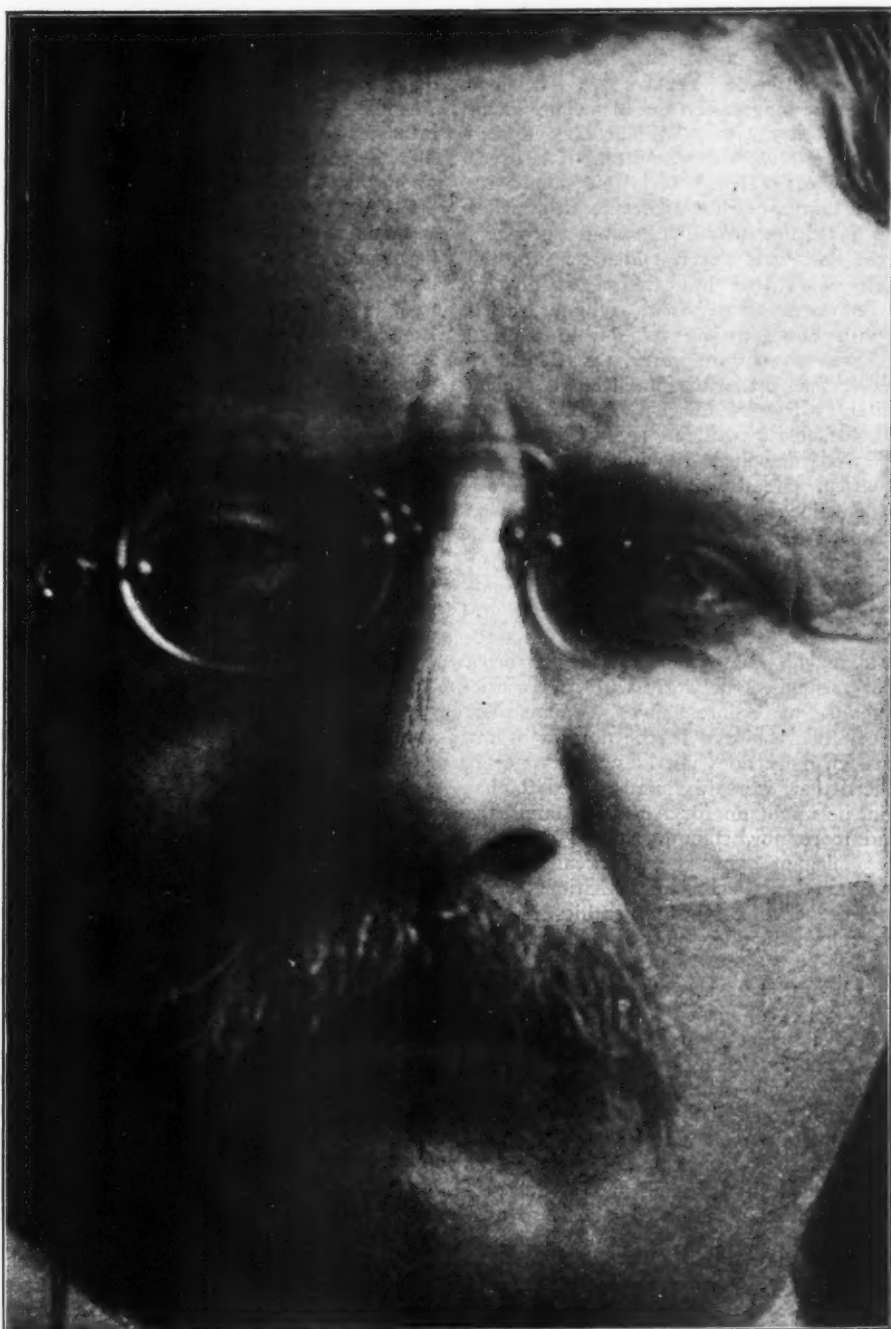
The key to Roosevelt, accordingly, as our French contemporary's appreciations afford it, is his un-American standards for everything. He is un-American in his lack of practical business experience, un-American in not having been trained to any profession or trade, un-American in having left the ranks of the socially elect to enter the ranks of the municipal and local politicians. He is un-American, moreover, in being the father of so many children, un-American in the variety of his elegant accomplishments, such as languages, fencing, familiarity with the polite literature of many nations, knowledge of old-world standards of conduct and reverence for the marriage tie. "He is un-American, most of all, in his earnestness and reverence, for to his countrymen the things ordinarily called sacred stimulate only the keen national sense of the ludicrous." Finally, Theodore Roosevelt is least American in his sense of humor, "or rather in his lack of it," for one searches his writings and speeches in vain for any display of what his countrymen themselves would consider wit. "He says no quotable things and has no fund of illustrative anecdotes like Lincoln."

Perhaps so clerical an organ as the *Paris Gaulois* might be expected to detect in the religious temperament of Theodore Roosevelt the secret of the profound impression he has made upon his time. In no respect, it ven-

tures to think, does he reveal his soul so completely as in the deference he pays to the ministers of religion. At a very early age, the French daily discovers, he was admitted into the Christian fold upon confession of the faith from which he has never swerved. "This is the respect, doubtless, in which his example is most precious to his countrymen, who are not ordinarily pious." Nothing, we read further, will so embarrass Mr. Roosevelt in Paris as the evidence of that atheism and that mockery of religion which more and more give tone to the anticlerical republic of the French. For the virtues of Theodore Roosevelt are the theological virtues, the virtues of the naturally Christian soul. He has no pagan virtues. "He exemplifies the naturally Christian soul in distinction from the ancient Roman. He fights in the spirit of the church militant, and the charge of Jingoism brought against him has no other foundation."

What could be more anomalous than an American without the love of money? This is the query of the *Paris Figaro*, which observes that Theodore Roosevelt is the anomaly in question. This is another explanation of the hatred felt for him by the great millionaires. Something to the same effect appears in the character sketch of the *London Post*, where we find Mr. A. Maurice Low dwelling upon this un-American trait in the character of "the greatest American since Lincoln." "He can not understand what pleasure a man derives from his millions who lives an artificial life in an artificial atmosphere, who affects a great show of state, who must needs live in a castle in Europe six months in the year and who spends the other six months playing with automobiles and yachts and drifting about in an aimless sort of way between town houses and country houses, north and south, according to the season." Where the millionaire goes motoring, Mr. Roosevelt, we are told, goes walking or riding. He said to a European friend, it seems, that he was fond of rowing, but disliked sailing. "There is some fun in pulling a boat," he is made to say, "but sailing is a lazy man's sport."

Nothing is so un-American as his political scholarship, to employ the phrase of the *Paris Matin's* writer. Nothing is so alien to the temperament of the American politician as literary activity. "Historical and biographical studies and the production of philosophies of history are matters of course in the career of the English politician, reared in the traditions of the great public schools, such as Eton



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WHAT THE POPE MISSED

This is a life-size photograph of a man who is described as a Gallic type by French papers, a Teutonic type by the German press, in England as a British type, and in all three countries as very distinctly un-American!

and Harrow, and passed on to Oxford or Cambridge. One looks for literary activity in a Gladstone or a Balfour, but not in an American politician. Yet we see Theodore Roosevelt the biographer and historian, Theodore Roosevelt the essayist, Theodore Roosevelt the descriptive writer, quite as if he were a fellow of Magdalen." It is this familiarity with the things of the intellect which makes him so interesting to the cultivated European, observes the Paris paper, which has not the slightest doubt that he can discuss physics with Poincaré, history with Ollivier, criticism with Bourget. It is too little realized in his own country, moreover, that Theodore Roosevelt has made the intellectual, ethical and literary life of the United States ever since he became a political force at home. He it was who introduced the historian Ferrero to America. He it was, again, who discovered the value for America in the teachings of Pastor Wagner. He, too, has called the attention of Americans to one or more of the brilliant younger novelists among their countrymen. Mr. Roosevelt, in a word, is a literary critic of the first rank and in this respect, again, he is un-American, for "America has never supplied the world with such a critical genius as Sainte-Beuve." What Mr. Roosevelt has achieved in the domain of art the French daily does not know, but it feels convinced that, were his mind turned to that domain, he might do for American landscape all and more now standing to his credit in the less elegant sphere of practical politics. "It is infinitely flattering to the national pride of the French that the sympathies of this heroic mind should concentrate themselves upon the expressions of our national genius in contemporary literature." The *Matin* anticipates with confidence an appraisal from Mr. Roosevelt's lips at the Sorbonne that will confer upon French literature glories altogether new, if not final.

Altho to his own countrymen the character of Theodore Roosevelt outlines itself in broad and simple strokes, the London *Post* discerns in him a "decidedly complex and subtle" person. It is for this reason that he is so misunderstood at home, the English organ sharing the general European conviction that the ex-President is not sufficiently American to be altogether intelligible to his countrymen. It seems to be the destiny of great nations, muses this paper, to fall under the sway, at least temporarily, of leaders who lack a native stamp. England had her Disraeli, the least

English of rulers, and France had her Napoleon, the typical Italian. Now it is the turn of the United States to fall under the sway of one not to the American manner born. Theodore Roosevelt himself realizes, we are informed in the columns of the British paper, that the complexion of his mind and the spirit of his ideals are alien to the national temper. "It is Mr. Roosevelt's misfortune—he has himself said so in private conversation—that what he regards as the obvious appears to his country as the occult." The explanation, we are told, is to be found in the quickness of Mr. Roosevelt's mind as contrasted with "the natural slowness of the American mind." Altho, concedes the London *Post*, the Americans deem themselves alert and alive, they are in reality an intellectually slow people. "It has often been remarked as one of the surprising things about the United States that instead of being a country always ready to experiment with advanced ideas, it is, on the contrary, one of the most conservative countries in the world and the last to adopt ideas that have recommended themselves to the wisdom of other countries." Now the quickness of Mr. Roosevelt enables him to perceive remedies far in advance of his countrymen, "and he is forever running ahead of the people, who are bewildered in their struggle to comprehend so unusual a product of the national life." To many a respectable American, opines the London *Post*, "Theodore Roosevelt is stark mad," while to many more "he is a bully and a braggart, plunging his country into hopeless materialism." It is from this point of view significant, our authority says, that the hero-worship of Theodore Roosevelt is not American. It is European. America does not understand the man whom Europe delights to honor.

Never, for instance, will one find in an American newspaper such eulogy of Theodore Roosevelt as is regularly set forth in London dailies, whether it be the London *Telegraph*, hailing him as the "supreme expression of human efficiency," or the London *Times*, referring to him as "a puissant personality, loving righteousness and ensuing it, rather volubly and even vociferously at times, perhaps, but always with a moral fervor, relentless and unquenchable." That is the impression of the London *Post*, at all events, its theory that European newspapers estimate Theodore Roosevelt more highly than do those in his own country being borne out by innumerable eulogies since the episode involving the Pope.

THE MOST BRILLIANT PEER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

MARKED as is the superiority of Lord Rosebery to every other talking man in England, it is not to his tongue alone that he owes his central position just now on the political stage. He is the most appreciated of peers today because he proclaims the doom of the House of Lords. Archibald Philip Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery, sometime leader of the Liberal party, once Prime Minister of England, and always the bright particular star of the peerage, burns in the present crisis with all that genius for oratory that has made his country for years hang upon his words. The fate of the House of Lords, suspects the *London Post*, is in his hands. Lord Rosebery alone can save the hereditary chamber from extinction, and all the conservative organs in England implore him to devise the plan. He is at this moment meditating it, insist the champions of his order, but he is content for the time being to veil his thoughts in the splendid rhetoric for which he is so famed. No other speeches are so widely read and quoted as his. No other speaker was ever so many kinds of an orator as he. No other politician has sprung so many surprises upon his country; and all England now awaits the greatest of them all—the plan which, it is confidently predicted, will, at the last moment, avert the crisis which now portends the doom of the most ancient chamber of privilege in history.

His Lordship is past sixty, but no one, affirms the *London Mail*, can deem him more than a youth. His smooth shaven chin is as round now as it looked when he won the Derby—for he is the first sportsman as he is the first peer of King Edward's realm. His abundant hair is parted immaculately above the brow to which *London Truth* refers as "juvenile," and his grace of gesture and of figure mark him still as the most elegant of men of leisure and of fashion. His collars and his neckties set the fashion as despotically as if King Edward himself gave the word. His country house parties make the social history of the realm. His manners, while wholly modern, maintain the best traditions of his caste. "The truest thing one can say of Lord Rosebery," opines *The Throne*, "is that there never was anyone like him in breeding, in ability and in brilliance combined." He seems, this society organ avers, to have all the wit, all the genius, all the

eloquence and all the popularity in the peerage. No living Briton with a hereditary title is so famous as Lord Rosebery, or so skilled in political manipulation, or so eagerly listened to, or so influential in shaping the public opinions upon which the destinies of the coming struggle are dependent. Yet to the English, says the *London Mail*, he is incomprehensible.

Lord Rosebery's brilliant performances in maintaining the traditions of the turf in England are known as intimately to the betting men here and abroad as is the race-track itself. "All the classic prizes have fallen to him," writes Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson in *The Badminton*, "and nearly all the rest of the most valued prizes with the exception of the Ascot gold cup." Not that Lord Rosebery has found luck a constant divinity, but she has not been fickle to him. He has tested her by the lapse of time, for his colors, as Mr. Watson observes, were registered first more than forty years ago. He was then at Oxford, where the university authorities regarded with excessive severity the connection between an undergraduate and the racing stud. Unlike the sons of other peers, he did not, while a student, bet on the horses under an assumed name. Summoned before the rector, he met the celebrated prediction that he would end badly with the still more celebrated boast: "I shall win a Derby, marry the heiress of the year and become Prime Minister." Ladas was the horse that fulfilled one part of the prophecy, and the daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild was the lady who lived out the other.

The frenzy of the scene on Epsom Downs—the paddock at Epsom adjoins the grounds of Lord Rosebery's Surrey home—when Ladas won the Derby was for a few minutes unrestrained. His Lordship was then Prime Minister, the first peer of the realm in popularity, and possibly, through his marriage, one of the very richest. "Heaven alone," cabled Chauncey M. Depew at the time, "is left to be won." The mobs of spectators and of betting men swarmed down the course. "Nothing had ever been witnessed like the sea of upturned faces and open mouths as the hurricane of applause rose from those thousands of throats." It was in some sort a hard won victory, representing the net proceeds of tens of thousands of pounds invested in one race horse after another that turned

out a disappointment. Precisely how many horses Lord Rosebery has owned during the forty years of his intimate association with the British turf it would be well-nigh impossible to say, but he lost nobly and lost much before his colors were carried to the front. Yet he has cleared, one sporting print declares, as much as a hundred thousand dollars in one year through happy bets.

Lord Rosebery is to that most diligent of all students of his personality, Mr. H. W. Massingham, who writes sympathetically of his theme in the London *Outlook*, "a peculiar and entertaining example of the kind of ornate talent which pleases the world, but is useless for its higher purposes." To the late Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery was an insoluble mystery. "I ask myself," he exclaimed once, "has he common sense?" Grace, charm, sympathy, a most delightful and irrepressible humor—these are Lord Rosebery's, according to Mr. Massingham. "The pity is that they are good for so little—in him." It might be different were his Lordship less sentimental. Of solid qualities—practical wisdom, self poise, gravity, conscientious convictions—he has always been destitute. Lord Rosebery's private belief has ever been that nothing matters much. "He is, indeed, the chosen leader of the thoughtless." His vast riches and his commanding position in the state, his golden ease of speech and his ravishing charm of manner render him the universal flatterer of a people that must be flattered with superhuman skill lest its suspicion of the flatterer's sincerity be awakened.

Nothing could, for all that, confesses this subtle critic, be more egregiously unjust than to indict Lord Rosebery for ineptitude. He proved as Foreign Secretary esurient, eager, successful. He made London over again while chairman of her famed county council. While Prime Minister he slept little, listened much, and spoke like one inspired. "His misfortune has been always the personal sensitiveness that secludes him from the rough but nurturing breath of the life that nearly all men live—the life of toil in comradeship. He has rarely understood what it means to work with others." His habit of isolation, we read, has often distressed his own particular following. It has been pursued with remorseless disregard of their interests. It too inevitably throws the man who fosters it out of the center of the general activities. Like Ulysses, he plows a lonely furrow in politics as in life. "It is the fate of Lord Rosebery, hence,

to be cast for parts that are unsuited for him. He has many gifts, but the constructive one is not among them. He has not the training for it, nor the patience, nor the knowledge. He discharges a moral debt to his country after the fashion of Mr. Micawber when he presented Traddles with his I O U."

The real obstacles to Lord Rosebery's higher success in life are formulated by Hector Macpherson in *The Contemporary Review* as first and foremost "his own cold, critical temperament," next his "morbid self consciousness" and, last of all, his "lack of fundamental coherent convictions." Lord Rosebery is ever so many kinds of a human wreck, deploring this authority. His Lordship destroyed himself in the beginning by being too brilliant, too fatally fluent and too incorrigibly pliable. He must be charming, esthetic, fascinating, and above all he must never offend by saying "No." The result was the perfect actor the world recognizes in him. One understands him best by revealing what he can not do. He can not be plain and blunt in speech. He can not be emphatic in manner. He can not be rude in action.

Nature spoiled Lord Rosebery long before his parents followed her example, Mr. Macpherson insists. Nature's favors to this peer are cataloged appealingly—they include incredible oratorical power, the loftiest social position, the temperament called artistic, the dramatic faculty and, greater than any of the rest of these, a fund of unalloyed, undiluted and unfailing humor. This last of nature's gifts completed the ruin of the spoiled child of fate, for by means of his sense of humor, avers Mr. Macpherson, Lord Rosebery is enabled to hide his "poverty of ideas and his unsteadiness of purpose." By giving a piquant flavor to all manner of oratory, he makes up to the average individual by the personal equation what he lacks in real statesmanship. "There is no limit to the splendid influence his Lordship might exert in his day and generation if, in addition to his manifold gifts and personal charms, he had a baptism of righteousness." Mr. Macpherson's own fear is that Lord Rosebery is doomed to repeat the experience of Bolingbroke. Like Bolingbroke, he has enjoyed a few years of power, and like Bolingbroke he seems fated to spend the best of his days as an ambitious aspirant to a great career. What Disraeli says of one of his characters in "Coningsby" is remorselessly applied to Lord Rosebery by this betrayer of his soul. Lord Rosebery, that is



PERFECT PEER—PERFECT SPORT—PERFECT DANDY—PERFECT GENTLEMAN

This is no abuse of terms in reference to the original of this photograph, the Earl of Rosebery, who at sixty-three looks no older than the features here indicate.

to say, is received in all circles with great deference and delight and appreciated for his intellect by the very few to whom he at all times opens himself. Yet, while affable and generous, it is impossible to penetrate him. "Tho unreserved in his manners, his frankness was limited to the surface. He observed everything, thought ever, but avoided serious discussion. If you pressed him for an opinion he took refuge in raillery and threw out grave paradoxes with which it was not easy to cope." In thus sketching the character of a great human riddle, Disraeli, says Mr. Macpherson, anticipated Lord Rosebery.

Altho, from his cushioned seat in the theater of life, his Lordship gazes out upon the human comedy—we steal a metaphor here from Mr. Macpherson's brilliant character sketch—yet is he deeply touched with a sense of the tragical in destiny. "In his temperament are blended the artistic sense of the Cavalier and the somber mood of the Puritan." Life, he believes—he said it in a speech—is but a poor thing at best. It is a series of disappointments, disillusionings, discontents. Thus the pride of the British peerage, endowed with vast wealth, many acres and a title now historic; owner of two or three of the stateliest homes in England and a villa on the Bay of Naples; winner of the Derby; favored suitor of the greatest heiress in England, who died blessing him and leaving him her immense riches; and, finally, Prime Minister of his sovereign. Life, he told the students of an ancient seat of learning in England, "stripped of its freshness, becomes reminiscent of the apples of Sodom." He bade them read the book of Ecclesiastes and to remember always that a fool is full of words.

This histrionic conception of Lord Rosebery, the theory that he deems all politics a play of which he is the star in the cast, so far from prejudicing the Britons against his personality makes them take an interest in it quite breathless and unflagging. Perhaps in mere book knowledge Lord Rosebery is richer than any other British subject who ever held a seat in Parliament, with the solitary exception of Lord Macaulay. The striking resemblance between the styles of these two in prose has been a theme for sarcastic comment in those London periodicals which deny that Lord Rosebery has any originality.

Books are to Lord Rosebery, as he confessed himself lately, a means of rest after fatigue. When his object is to be refreshed and exalted, to lose the cares of this world in

the realms of imagination, then his book becomes to him more than a means. It is an end in itself. That is why he looks so young for all his sixty odd years. Now this is a characteristic Rosebery paradox, comments the *London Nation*. The Biblical writer avers that much study is a weariness of the flesh, and the star of the House of Lords must therefore declare that books make one young. Anyhow, Lord Rosebery says again and again that books keep him refreshed, exalted and inspired. "The man with a happy taste for books," to quote his Lordship's precise words, "can come in, tired and soured tho he might be, and fall into the arms of some great author, who raised him from the ground and took him into a new heaven and a new earth, where he would forget his bruises and rest his limbs and return to the world a refreshed and happy man." Incidentally Lord Rosebery noted that he could never enjoy whisky and a good book together, and he much doubted if any mortal could; but reading and smoking together—these simultaneous activities in combination he pronounced from experience divine.

It is because Lord Rosebery is by temperament unfitted for political campaigning, to follow his critic still further, that his latest crusade for a new house of peers must dissipate itself into the vacuous. "His high strung artistic nature instinctively shrinks from displays of political pugilism. He has not Mr. Gladstone's delight in the din of battle. Lord Rosebery's success must come at once or he loses heart and seeks the solaces of solitude." That explains his weather-vane principles. He is brilliant but uncertain, and consumed with sensitive vanity. His soul is an artist's soul, but his intellect is a hair splitter's intellect. "In politics as in literature he is essentially an impressionist. When the people come for guidance, he presents them with a series of dissolving views. His speeches are so many intellectual fireworks, exquisite to gaze upon but affording no light to the footsteps." What Lord Rosebery has to learn from life is that no amount of political genius, no greatness of platform power, no personal magnetism, can take the place of intellectual conscientiousness. "Even when he does take a decisive step and nails his colors to the mast, he is haunted by a Hamlet-like indecision which makes him haul down the colors at the first convenient opportunity." His fate will be to dazzle for a little, predicts this prophet, and then vanish into outer darkness.

Science and Discovery

HOW THE TEETH OF VEGETARIANS GIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST THEM

ARGUMENTS in favor of the exclusive use by mankind of a vegetable diet can be shown, says Sir Ray Lankester, most distinguished of living zoologists, "to be based upon misconception or error," and in the London *Telegraph* he mentions some of these. But he wishes to guard against the supposition that he is convinced that animal substances form the best possible diet for man, or that an exclusively vegetable diet may not, if properly selected, be advantageous for a large majority of mankind. That question, as well as the question of the advantage of a mixed diet of animal and vegetable substances, and the best proportion and quantity of the substances so mixed, must be settled, as also the question as to the harm or good in the habitual use of small quantities of alcohol, by definite and careful experiment by competent physiologists, conducted on a scale large enough to give conclusive results. "The cogency of the arguments in favor of vegetarianism which I am about to discuss is another matter."

In the first place it is very generally asserted by those who advocate a purely vegetable diet that man's teeth are of the shape and pattern which we find in fruit-eating or in root-eating animals allied to him. This is true. The warm-blooded hairy quadrupeds which suckle their young and are called "mammals" (for which word perhaps "beasts" is the nearest Anglo-Saxon equivalent) show in different groups and orders a great variety in their teeth. The birds of to-day have no teeth, the reptile, amphibians, and fishes have usually simple conical or peg-like teeth, which are used simply for holding and tearing. In some cases the pointed pin-like teeth are broadened out so as to be button-like, and act as crushing organs for breaking up shell-fish. The mammals alone have a great variety and elaboration of the teeth.

In shape and size, as well as in number, the teeth of mammals are very clearly related to the nature of their food in the first place, and to their use as weapons of attack or of defence. When the surface of the cheek-teeth is broad, with low and numerous tuber-

cles, the food of the animal is of a rather soft substance, which yields to a grinding action. Such are fruits, nuts, roots, or leaves, which are "trituated" and mixed with the saliva during the process of mastication. Where the vegetable food is coarse grass or tree twigs, requiring long and thorough grinding, transverse ridges of enamel are present on the cheek teeth, as in cattle, deer, and rabbits. Truly carnivorous animals, which eat the raw carcasses of other animals, have a different shape of teeth. Not only do they have large and dagger-like "dog-teeth," as weapons of attack, but the cheek-teeth (very few in number) present a long, sharp-edged ridge running parallel to the length of the jaw, the edges of which in corresponding upper and lower teeth fit and work together like the blades of a pair of scissors. The cats (including the lions, tigers, and leopards) have this arrangement in perfection. They cut the bones and muscles of their prey into great lumps with the scissor-like cheek-teeth, and swallow the great pieces whole without mastication. Insect-eating mammals have cheek-teeth with three or four sharp-pointed tubercles standing up on the surface. They break the hard-shelled insects and swallow them rapidly. The fish-eating whales have an immense number of peg-like pointed teeth only. These serve as do those of the seals—merely to catch and grip the fish, which are swallowed whole.

"It is quite clear that man's cheek-teeth do not enable him to cut lumps of meat and bone from raw carcasses and swallow them whole, nor to grip live fish and swallow them straight off. They are broad, square-surfaced teeth, with four or fewer low rounded tubercles fitted to crush soft food, as are those of monkeys. And there can be no doubt that man fed originally, like monkeys, on easily crushed fruits, nuts, and roots. He could not eat like a cat. But no one has ever suggested that he should.

"A fundamental mistake has arisen amongst some of the advocates of vegetarianism by the use of the word 'carnivorous' and 'flesh-eating' in an ill-defined way. Man has never eaten lumps of raw meat and bone, and no one proposes that he should do so to-day. Man did not take to meat-eating until he had acquired the use of fire, and

had learnt to cook the meat before he ate it. He thus separated the bone and intractable sinew from the flesh, which he rendered friable and divisible by thorough grilling, roasting, or baking. To eat meat thus altered, both chemically and in texture, is a very different thing from eating the raw carcasses of large animals. Man's teeth are thoroughly fitted for the trituration of cooked meat; which is indeed as well or better suited to their mechanical action as are fruits, nuts, and roots. Hence we see that the objection to a meat diet based on the structure of man's teeth does not apply to the use of cooked meat as diet. The use by man of uncooked meat is not proposed or defended.

"Yet, further, it is well to take notice of the fact that there are many vegetarian wild animals which do not hesitate to eat certain soft animals or animal products when they get the chance. Thus, both monkeys and primitive men will eat grubs and small soft animals, and also the eggs of birds. Whilst the cat tribe, in regard to the chemical action of their digestive juices are so specialized for eating raw meat that it is practically impossible for them to take vegetable matter as even a small portion of their diet, and whilst, on the other hand, the grass-eating cattle, sheep, goats, antelopes, deer, and giraffes are similarly disqualified from eating any form of meat, most other land-mammals can be induced, without harm to themselves, to take a mixed diet, even in those cases where they do not naturally seek it. Pigs on the one hand, and bears on the other, tend naturally to a mixed diet. Many birds, under conditions adverse to the finding of their usual food, will change from vegetable to animal diet, or vice versa. Sea-gulls normally are fish-eaters, but some will eat biscuit and grain when fish cannot be had. Pigeons have been fed successfully on a meat diet; so, too, some parrots, and also the familiar barn-door fowl. Many of our smaller birds eat both insects and grain, according to opportunity. Hence it appears impossible to base any argument against the use of cooked meat as part of man's diet upon the structure of his teeth, or upon any far-reaching law of Nature which decrees that every animal is absolutely either fitted (internally and chemically, as well as in the matter of teeth) for a diet consisting exclusively of vegetable substances, or else is immutably assigned to one consisting exclusively of animal substances. There is no *a priori* assumption possible against the use as food by man of nutritious matter derived from animal bodies properly prepared."

So far as a *a priori* argument has any value in such a matter, it suggests that the most perfect food for any animal—necessarily supplying it with exactly the constituents needed by it in exactly right quantity and smallest bulk—is the flesh and blood of another animal of its own species. This is a startling theo-

retical justification—from the purely dietetic point of view—of cannibalism. It is, however, of no conclusive value; the only method which can give us conclusions of any real value in this and similarly complex matters is prolonged, full, well-devised, well-recorded experiment. At the same time, we may just note that the favorite food of a scorpion is the juice of the body of another scorpion, and that the same preference for cannibalism exists in spiders, many insects, fishes, and even higher animals.

Another line of argument by which some advocates of vegetarianism appeal to the popular judgment is by representing flesh-food derived from animals as something dirty, foul, and revolting, full of microbic germs, while vegetable products are extolled as being clean and sweet—free from odor and putrescence and from the scaremonger's microbes.

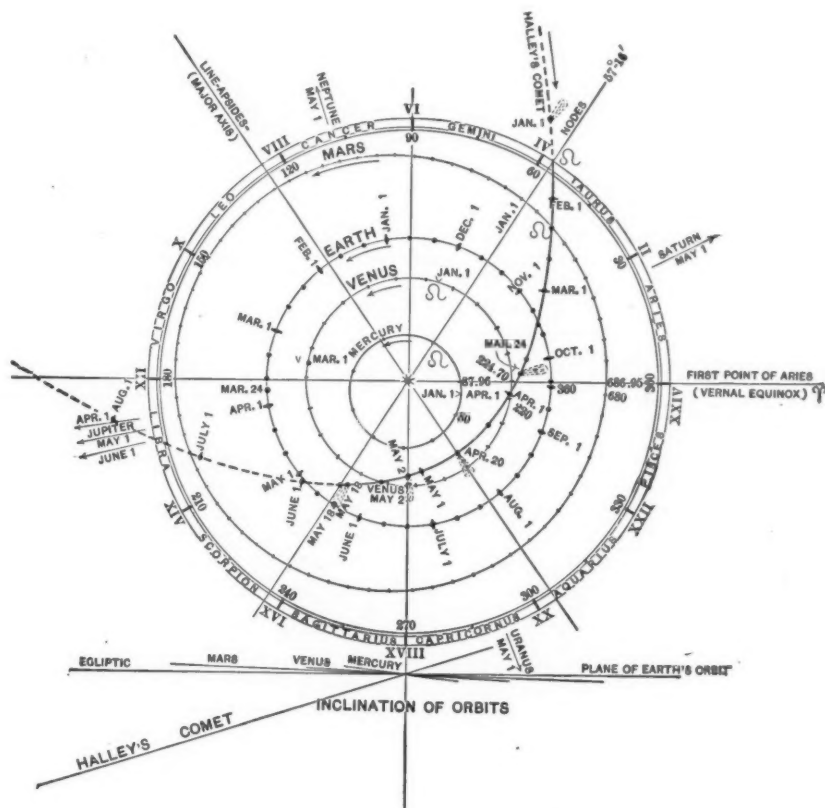
"I came across it the other day in a very unreasonable pamphlet on food by the American writer, Mr. Upton Sinclair. Putrefactive microbes attack vegetable foods and produce revolting smells and poisons in them, just as they do in foods of animal origin. It is true that on the whole more varieties of vegetable food can be kept dry and ready for use by softening with hot water than is the case with foods prepared from animals. This is only a question of not keeping food too long or in conditions tending to the access of putrefactive bacteria. It is, on the whole, more usual and necessary, in order to render it palatable, to apply heat to flesh, fish, and fowl than to fruits. And it is by heat—heat of the temperature of boiling water—applied for ten minutes or more, that poison-producing and infective bacteria are killed and rendered harmless. More people have become infected by deadly parasites and have died from cholera and similar diseases, the germs of which they have taken into their stomachs with raw and over-ripe fruit or uncooked vegetables and the manured products of the kitchen garden, than have suffered from the presence of disease-germs or putrefactive bacteria in well-cooked meat. Here, in fact, 'cooking' makes all the difference, just as it does in the matter we were discussing above of the fitness of flesh and bone for trituration of man's teeth. Once we remember that man is not fitted for the 'raw meat' diet of the carnivora, but is fitted for the 'cooked meat' diet which he has himself discovered—alone of all animals—we shall get rid of a misleading prejudice in the consideration of the question as to whether civilized men should or should not make cooked meat a portion of their diet, with the purpose of maintaining themselves in as healthy and vigorous a state as possible. Do not let us forget that ancient paleolithic cave-men certainly made use of fire to cook their meals of animal flesh."

THE APPROACHING PLUNGE OF THE EARTH THROUGH THE TAIL OF HALLEY'S COMET

AS THE time arrives for that passage of Halley's comet between the earth and the sun for which the astro-physicists and the astronomers of this globe have made such costly preparations, a well-defined fear with reference to the phenomenon asserts itself in the scientific mind. It is no such fear as made this comet a portent to the middle ages. It takes the form of uneasiness as to whether astronomers, to quote the *Paris Cosmos*, will not find themselves in the position of a municipality which, having assembled its town council and its brass band to welcome a distinguished politician at the railway station, learns that he has proceeded to his destina-

tion in an automobile. Most elaborate preparations have been effected to keep Halley's comet under instrumental observation during the whole period of this year that it remains within sight of an observatory in either hemisphere.

The celestial visitor attained its perihelion—or point nearest the sun—on the twentieth of the month just closing, while on the second of this new month of May its traverse of the orbit of Venus occurs some six million miles above that planet. This means that on Venus the comet must present an infinitely more sublime effulgence and magnitude than any terrestrial observer could be in a position to detect. It is not until the eighteenth of this



HALLEY'S COMET AND THE EARTH

Dots on the orbits show positions of planets and comet every 10 days. Positions for May 18th, 1910, are shown thus: "May 18." The ascending nodes, or points where the orbits first cross the ecliptic, are shown thus: δ . Dotted portions of the orbits indicate the parts below the ecliptic. The outer circle shows the signs of the zodiac. The celestial (heliocentric) longitude and the right ascension are indicated in hours. The Inclination Diagram shows the great angle of the comet's orbit.

new month that the comet crosses the face of the sun, when the earth will be enveloped in the tail for a period calculated in the astronomical bulletin of the Greenwich observatory as over three hours. It is not yet absolutely established by mathematical calculation, according to Professor T. J. J. See, of the naval observatory in California, that Halley's comet will pass over the sun's disk on May 18th, but it is a reasonably certain event. "If a transit is going to occur, the news will be telegraphed to the four corners of the earth so that everybody may be on the lookout for so extraordinary a phenomenon. In any case, the comet will pass quite near the sun and will be very brilliant just before and after it passes the sun's disk."

The methods most adapted for purposes of observation have been set down in categorical order, at the suggestion of the Astronomical Society of America, by Dr. W. J. Humphreys. Dr. Humphreys begins with a statement of some of the aspects of scientific ignorance concerning comets. "Whence they come, whither they go, when they leave forever; where they gather fresh material, if they do, and how; their mechanical structure; the forces that commonly bind them together; the other forces that sometimes tear them apart; the origin of the curious knots, twists and streaks in their tails, and why it is that they are self-luminous—these are among the things concerning comets that we should like to know, but which at present no physicist and no astronomer can tell us." Doctor Humphreys proceeds to indicate the nature of the observations and experiments which astronomers and physicists may make individually or in combination with a view to obtaining spectroscopic and electrical data and of ascertaining what effect, if any, the comet's passage is to have upon terrestrial phenomena. The observations which promise most to the scientist are those which may become possible during the passage of the earth through the tail of the comet—a passage much disputed at first, but now accepted as a certainty by competent observers. Such an occurrence ought to produce certain perceptible phenomena in the earth's atmosphere, says Paris *Cosmos*, altho it is not expected that they will be perceived without close observation.

There is, for example, we read in our scientific contemporary, not the least probability that the gases of the comet's tail will affect the lungs of any living being on this planet or that the cometary dust will affect the

earth's weather. Yet the contact might be perceptible to one of the senses. For instance, after the explosion of Krakatoa and also after that of Mont Pelee, a faint reddish brown ring like a corona was seen about the sun by many observers. In both cases it was due almost certainly to finely divided dust thrown up to great heights and then spread widely about the upper atmosphere. The size of these dust particles was calculated to be about equal in radius to a wave length of visible light. They were consequently excessively small, "and it is possible that after passing through the tail of a comet something of the same kind may be seen." In any event it is certain that a careful lookout for something of the kind will be kept. "We may expect that very minute particles of some kind will lie in the earth's path, and this may bring about certain modifications in our outlook upon familiar objects of the sky." Thus the color of the sun depends upon the size and number of solid and liquid particles through which we see it and may therefore be temporarily modified in the course of this coming month. "Twilight colors and the gamut of change through which they run are also dependent on the amount of dust in the atmosphere. They also might, therefore, afford some information in regard to the tail of any comet through which the earth may pass." After the eruption of Krakatoa there were seen for a number of years afterward in low latitudes faintly luminous cloud masses very high up. "It is not certain that they were due in the least to volcanic dust, but still they should be looked for since they might be created by the dust we pick up on our passage through the tail of Halley's comet." Similarly, the dust or the electrified particles of the comet's tail might affect the zodiacal light or that even more mysterious phenomenon called "false dawn." So far argues our foreign authority.

Granting then, in the words of that well known popularizer of astro-physical phenomena, Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert, who writes in *Collier's Weekly*, that "through the glowing appendage of Halley's comet, as poisonous as it is beautiful, the earth will plunge on the night of May 18th, 1910," what will happen? Nothing, replies this careful student:

"Evidently a tail is not so formidable as its chemical composition or its length of 20,000,000 to 120,000,000 miles may lead one to suppose. In truth, the air we breathe is as dense as iron in comparison with the diaphanous thinness of a comet's tail. Stars may be seen undiminished in

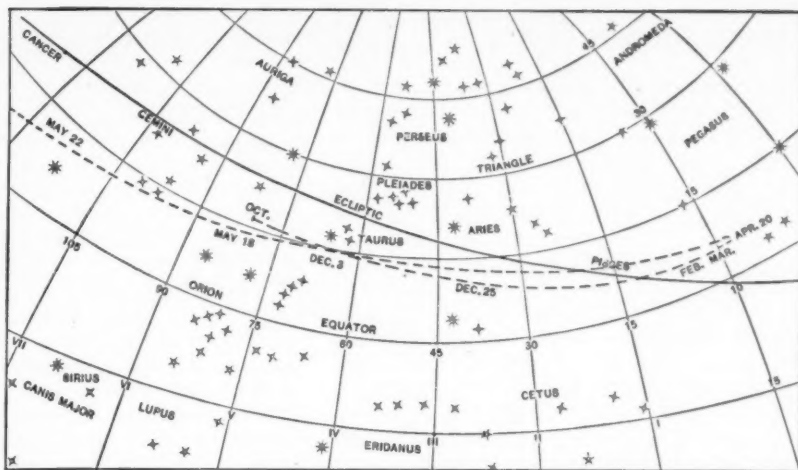
brightness through the tail. A cubic mile of it could be packed in a snuff-box. That is why the atmosphere of the earth will not be appreciably affected on the night of May 18.

"If the tail were denser than it is, this whisking of the earth might prove fatal. Suppose that hydrogen were present in large quantities in the tail. The atmosphere would become a bubble of gas, which would ignite with a terrific explosion at the touch of a flame. Suppose that the gas of the kitchen stove were abundantly present. Every animal and every human being would be suffocated as quickly as a candle is snuffed out by a gust of wind. Suppose that cyanogen were to mingle with the atmosphere. Again instant death would be the result. And lastly, suppose that the vapors composing a comet's tail were so to combine with the air that the nitrogen constituting eighty per cent. of our atmosphere would be converted into dentists' 'laughing gas.' Mankind would dance, deliriously happy, to an anesthetic death. Most of these nightmares have been luridly dwelt upon by the imaginative Flammarion. No scientist of repute takes them very seriously."

The computed time of the passage of the comet over the sun's disk, says Professor See in *Munsey's*, is between the hours of four and ten in the evening, Pacific standard time—corresponding to the hours of seven in the evening and one o'clock in the morning in New York—on May 18th, which will make the phenomenon visible chiefly along the Pacific coast and over the Pacific Ocean.

"It is not probable that Halley's comet will greatly obstruct the sun's light, but it may be sensible to observation, and that is what observers will endeavor to determine. Transits over the sun are such rare events that it is felt that every care must be taken to observe it, in the hope of extending our knowledge of the constitution of comets.

"It is unfortunate that the transit will be visible, if at all, chiefly over the greatest ocean and



THE PATH OF THE COMET IN THE SKY

The immense sweep of Halley's comet gives it an importance quite beyond that of any celestial phenomenon within the scope of human observation except the sun, for no known orbit yet traced describes so immense an ellipse within the zodiac, or rather within part of it.

from the least inhabited portion of the globe. But if the transit really occurs, the earth may pass, on the same day, through the tail of the comet, which, for a brief interval, would be one hundred and eighty degrees long. In other words, while the transit is being observed over the Pacific Ocean, the tail, extending beyond the earth, would be visible as a faint phosphorescent glow in the midnight skies of Europe and Africa, and in the evening skies of our eastern States. Accordingly, every one should be on the watch for an illumination of the sky on the evening of May 18.

"It is estimated that the greatest brilliancy of Halley's comet will occur between the 18th and the 31st of May. Just how bright it will become, we cannot yet determine; but its head, or brightest part, is likely to be as bright as Venus has recently been in the western sky, while its tail will probably be large and diffuse, and will undergo rapid changes as it passes between us and the sun.

"While the comet is so near the earth, its flight will be very rapid. In six days it will pass over the constellations Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Hydra, and Sextans; and in a month or so it will become so faint as to disappear to the naked eye. It is not probable that the comet will remain visible to the eye beyond the 1st of July; but it will be seen through telescopes till nearly the end of the year.

"Altogether it is practically certain that the present visit of Halley's comet will be the most striking phenomenon of this kind during the present generation. Therefore every one should be on the lookout for it. It is true that another bright comet might come several years hence, but the chances of its being as bright as Halley's comet are small. There is not one chance in mil-

lions that any of us will live to see another comet pass over the sun's disk."

The earth will be closest to the comet, says a writer in London *Science*, on the twelfth of May, when sun, earth and comet will be on a line, so closely, indeed, that astronomers can base upon this circumstance their prediction that the comet is to be projected upon the sun's disk. There must be a very great increase in brilliancy, owing to the approach of the comet to the sun and the earth, but it seems doubtful to this authority whether we shall be able to observe it. Through June and July the comet will be seen and well seen, but the earth and the comet will then be moving in different directions, and the increase of distance will be rapid in rate so that the decline in luster will be equally rapid.

"The outcome of the whole matter seems to be that when the comet is bright we shall not see it, and when it is faint we shall have a good view of it. That such a disappointment awaits us is the more probable, since the tail, if it has developed, is always turned away from the sun. At the present apparition, therefore, the tail will be directed towards us and we shall see it greatly foreshortened, leading to the under-estimation of its real length.

"But comets can behave in the most unexpected manner, and Halley's may well have some surprise in store for us. For instance, it has been mentioned that the comet will be projected upon the sun's disc. It is true that we in Europe shall not see this phenomenon unless we are prepared to go far north to the home of the Midnight Sun, but in the Middle and Far East the transit will be looked for with the greatest interest. We say 'looked for' advisedly, for a comet has never yet been seen projected upon the sun. It may be that Halley's will be the first to be seen in that position. The materials of which these bodies are formed are so translucent that the sun's light can penetrate without loss, but Halley's has been round the sun so many times, and preserved its substance fairly intact through so many centuries, that one may hope it is composed of sterner and more solid materials than were its predecessors which on former occasions have flitted between us and the sun. It may not be out of place to recall here—for the purpose of condemning it with all the emphasis possible—an absurd suggestion that has been made, either from mischief or from ignorance. It has been urged that on the occasion of this transit, when possibly the earth will be involved in some portion of the tail, some poisonous vapor escaping from the comet will exercise a deleterious effect upon our atmosphere. Of course, as Sir Robert Ball has pointed out, there is no scientific foundation for such a suggestion. We may not know the precise machinery by which

the tail is formed, or what gases may exist in the parts of the tail remote from the nucleus, but long immunity has taught us to anticipate no injury from a comet twelve millions of miles distant. These bodies, the lightest and most incoherent that circulate in the cosmos, have to pursue the road appointed, a road which the astronomer Halley assigned with a precision utterly unknown till his friend Newton demonstrated the effects of gravitational force. It is this circumstance which gives to this comet that bears his name an interest utterly transcending the more brilliant apparitions that have appeared in the sky. Whether we see this object with difficulty, or whether it blaze athwart the constellations, it declares the successful work of an English astronomer, it recalls the past history of a glorious science, and reminds us how much of the progress is due to our countrymen. Halley did a far greater thing than determine the return of a comet. He placed upon an irrefutable basis the validity and the sufficiency of the Newtonian hypothesis of gravitation. This is the fact we should remember when we look at Halley's comet."

More remarkable than any other suggestion with regard to the passage of the earth through the tail of Halley's comet is one to the effect that on the night of the eighteenth of May large quantities of air be bottled "to find out what is really in the comet's tail."



HALLEY'S COMET IN THE CAMERA

This photograph was made by Professor E. E. Barnard at Yerkes Observatory a month ago or more, and reveals the celestial visitor in its first splendor as caught in a negative plate.

A CHROMOTHERAPEUTIC KEY TO DRAMATIC ART

WHATEVER the effect of colored lights may or not be on the vegetable organism, there can be no doubt that upon the human organism light exerts not only a therapeutic and sanative influence, but an emotional one as well. From this point of view, it seems to that well-known authority on color and light, Mr. Charles R. Clifford, whose recent lecture before the Illuminating Engineering Society we copy in part from *The Illuminating Engineer*, that the whole history of dramatic expression on the stage will have to be written anew by an authority competent to realize and apply chromotherapeutic principles. Chromotherapy, he explains, is the science which bases itself upon the effect of colored lights in contact with the human organism. "For years Schopenhauer as well as Herbert Spencer searched for an explanation of the effects of music on the emotions. Yet the effect of color upon the nerve force of the nervous is more distinctly shown than the effect of music." What Mr. Clifford commends the man of science to is a study of the work of the illuminating engineer in staging the play "The Harvest Moon." This play might be styled, in some of its dialog, an elucidation of the emotions from the chromotherapeutic standpoint, being so accurate that as an expert Mr. Clifford deems the following dialog of great scientific value. It should be explained that Vavin, the scientist in this piece, when seen with Holcomb and Dora, the lovers of the play, before leaving them in the moonlight, leads up to the situation by presenting his views on chromotherapeutical phenomena:

VAVIN. Do you know the effect of color on the audience?

HOLCOMB. Color?

VAVIN. You have heard of Nancy, in France—the town?

HOLCOMB. Yes.

VAVIN. And Dr. Charcot?

HOLCOMB. Yes.

VAVIN. He was my friend. We made together many experiments of the effect of color upon many persons under hypnotic influence. Invariably under yellow the subject laughs; under green he is content; under red he is stimulated; if it is brown he is in fear; if violet he weeps; under blue there is a—what you call it manner?—distract?

DORA. Perplexed?

VAVIN. Perplexed.

HOLCOMB. Don't you think, Monsieur, so much attention to the light is a bit theatrical?

VAVIN. Theatrical?

HOLCOMB. Not true to life.

VAVIN. Life? Do you know, Monsieur, that 60 per cent. of the causes of falling in love are in the moonlight in life? Do you know the harvest moon?

HOLCOMB. You mean the full moon that comes at harvest time?

VAVIN. (*Nodding.*) Do you know its peculiarity? Generally the full moon rises nearly an hour later each night.

HOLCOMB. Well?

VAVIN. The harvest moon, at the full, comes up three nights almost at the same time. Did you think of that, and why do you suppose?

HOLCOMB. Why?

VAVIN. That harvesters, men and women, shall fall in love with each other. Oh, it is a droll God, Monsieur, that plays that trick for one hour on His children. Think of it, Monsieur—a harvest moon for one hour! Is that of the theater? No—it is a droll God. Now I cannot show you—I have no arrangement to get the blue light, which is mystery; and the green light, which is content, and which together make a moonlight—when two people come together, mystified and happy, and say, "Ah, this is fate, we are for each other since the beginning."

All illuminating engineers must take a lesson from the influence of light on the audience at this play, as well as from this extract, says Mr. Clifford. "No longer does the orchestra give the key to the emotions at the play. The key to dramatic art in our age is chromotherapeutic and because this scientific truth is not yet appreciated the art of criticism is misunderstood. The audience is never aroused to an extra heart beat by "the shiver music of the strings." It is the engineer who controls the lights who makes and unmakes the art of the playwright—and why? Because, replies our expert, the play is always seen by artificial light. The audience is stimulated by rays green, rays red, rays yellow. Now the Dutch savant Van Bliervliet holds that the senses directly affected by color furnish absolute nourishment to the intellectual faculties. Experiments made simultaneously upon a dozen people chosen at random showed that the most intelligent were those most easily affected by color. The same experiments showed that men of extreme sensibilities exposed to red light manifested excitement. If joy be the emotion to be inspired by a stage scene, yellow will stimulate the audience.

THE RENEWED ANTARCTIC CAMPAIGN

GERMANY has decided to compete with Great Britain and the United States in the race to the South Pole.

This announcement causes the London *Times* to remark that "the Antarctic epidemic has broken out afresh both in the old world and the new with increasing vigor and

with some virulence," and it wonders if some sort of international agreement on the subject may not become essential. In view of the fact that both the British and the American expeditions, unless present plans be modified, are to leave their respective countries this year in endeavors to reach the coveted goal, something like a sensation has resulted in geographical circles from the announcement that Sir Ernest Shackleton, notwithstanding repeated denials, intends to enter the field next year. The German expedition is likewise to start in 1911, under the command of First Lieutenant Filchner, a Bavarian officer on the great general staff in Berlin.

All the world knows now of the return of the French explorer, Doctor Charcot, from his particular department of the campaign; but it does not seem so generally understood that he is striving in every way to encourage those French explorers who think their country should be represented in the "race." As for the announcement last month that the Duke of the Abruzzi will lead an Italian campaign for the conquest of the South Pole, it is, says the *Rome Tribuna*, "wholly unauthorized," and his Highness may, for the present at least, be left out of all calculations.

Captain Scott's expedition has been in preparation for several months and his program is well known. "He frankly admits that the main purpose of his expedition is to prevent the South Pole from being shipped off elsewhere." Nevertheless, the strictly scientific side of his expedition is proceeding to its organization in a way that elicits praise from the *Paris Nature*. Captain Scott has welcomed the American expedition which is being organized by Peary as that of a friendly rival. He has just expressed his gratification at the news from Berlin that the German Government will materially aid the expedition under Lieutenant Filchner. This brave officer has somewhat modified his plans. "He does not now treat the South Pole as his goal," to quote the inspired official announcement, "for his object is to ascertain whether the Antarctic land is one continent or two immense islands." But his plan is not altogether completely outlined.

Much surprise has been expressed at the determination of Sir Ernest Shackleton to go out again, it having been supposed that he would abandon the field. It seems that he will not set forth until next year, his purpose being



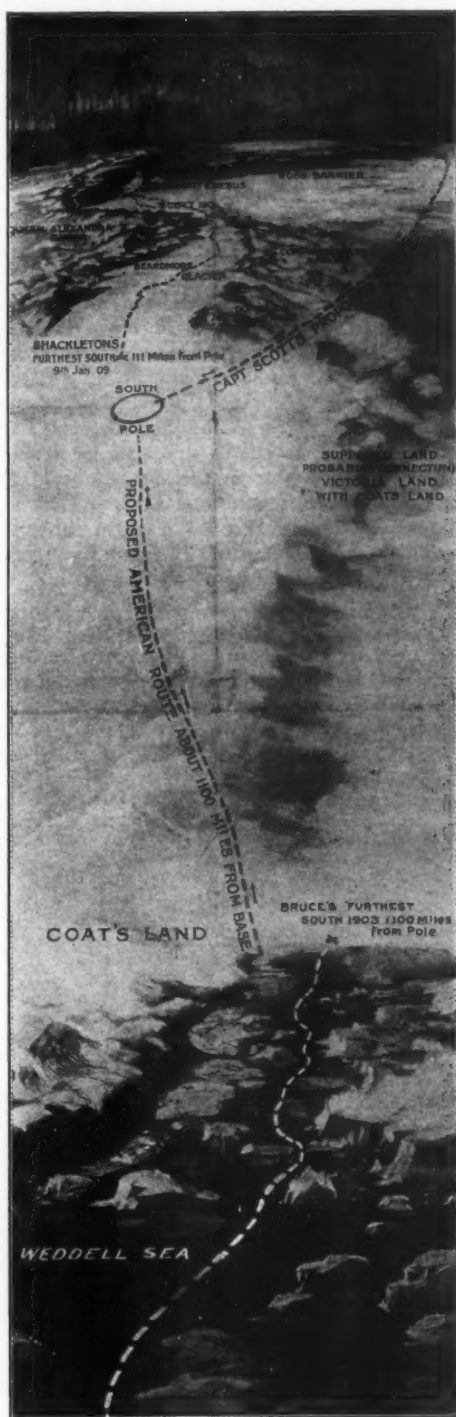
Photo by Paul Thompson

THE CHAMPION OF BRITAIN IN THE
ANTARCTIC

Captain Robert F. Scott is to head the expedition to the South Pole for which such elaborate preparations are under way.

to undertake a stretch of exploration which to London *Nature* seems "likely to be fruitful in results so far as our knowledge of the outline of the Antarctic continent is concerned." Starting from Cape Adair he proposes to proceed westward along nearly a whole quadrant of the continent to Gaussberg, the headquarters of the German expedition. "Along this stretch of coast we find a number of names, such as Adelie Land, Clarie Land, Sabrina Land, and so on, given by the expeditions of about sixty years ago, but which remain nothing but names." Whoever defines this coast line and studies its geology and carries out soundings and other scientific operations will, thinks our contemporary, render an important service to the physical sciences, "all the more if it should turn out possible to send an expedition into the interior." We quote the language of a recent memorandum from the London Geographical Society:

"With so many expeditions in preparation, surely some sort of international understanding is desirable. By all means let there be a race to the Pole; but there are other starting points as advantageous as Coats Land, and perhaps even as McMurdo Sound. At the time of Captain Scott's first expedition such an understanding did exist. The Ross Sea was virtually left to England, the Gaussberg base to Germany, the Weddell Sea to the Scotch expedition, and the coast to the south of South America to France. In the interests of science, why should not some such arrangement be made now? There seems no reason to believe that there would be any difficulty in a German expedition pushing its way inland over the plateau that probably extends from Gaussberg to the Pole. If, at the same time, a stretch of the coast line from Gaussberg round towards the Weddell Sea could be laid down, it would greatly enhance the value of the work of the expedition. The Weddell Sea side might be left to the combined efforts of Admiral Peary and Dr. Bruce, who, it is hoped, besides endeavoring to reach the Pole, would map any stretch of the coast line left uncompleted by Germany. It is stated that efforts are being made to induce Admiral Peary himself to undertake an expedition along the same lines as that contemplated by Sir Ernest Shackleton. But why duplicate expeditions to the same region when so much still remains to be done beyond the furthest point reached by Dr. Charcot? With so much enthusiasm, so much young blood, so much scientific competence and organizing ability, and so much money available for completing our knowledge of the world's geography, it would be deplorable if it were all wasted in making bee lines to the Pole and leaving the great mass of the continent as unknown as ever."



Lieutenant Filchner, the Bavarian explorer who is to lead the German expedition, will, according to an authoritative statement in the scientific organ *Prometheus*, enter the Weddell Sea and proceed along the southern coast of Coat's Land. He will then land and travel in sleighs of the newly invented type of which so much has been said in connection with the British expedition. His route will be through the interior, making for a point on the ninetyeth meridian of west longitude and a few degrees further south than his landing place. Thence, it is stated, it will be easier to advance than to return, and therefore the expedition will complete the journey across the continent to the Ross Sea, picking up a depot of provisions to be placed at the foot of the mountain range crossed by Shackleton. The provisions will be put in this spot by a subsidiary expedition from the opposite side of the continent. Preparations for the German enterprise have advanced quickly in the past two months. Lieutenant Filchner is negotiating for the purchase of two ships and he has bought many dogs and sleds.

Peary's proposal that the American expedition work from a base on the Antarctic opposite to that of the British expedition affords welcome evidence, the London *Geographical Journal* thinks, of a desire not to trespass on the sphere marked out for Captain Scott as his field of operations. It says:

"Other British explorers, however, may not view the American expedition with the same satisfaction. The Antarctic regions on the side opposite to McMurdo Sound are occupied by the Weddell Sea, where Dr. W. S. Bruce, on board the *Scotia*, discovered Coats Land in 1903. Nearly two years ago Dr. Bruce announced his intention of seeking to reach the South Pole from Coats Land as a base, and Sir Ernest Shackleton has also had under consideration the advantages of making Coats Land the base of his next Antarctic expedition.

"If Commander Peary's scheme is carried out, the British and American expeditions will be engaged simultaneously in seeking to reach the South Pole from opposite sides of the Antarctic regions. There is not much prospect, however, of the American explorers winning the race for the South Pole under these conditions. Coats Land is still virgin territory, and the most southerly point to which it has been traced is just south of the 74th parallel. An American expedition with its base at this point would, as Commander Peary says, be about 2,000 miles from the base of a British expedition with its headquarters on the shores of McMurdo Sound. It is not quite correct, however, to say that the two camps would be at approximately equal distances from the Pole. Between the most southerly known point of Coats Land and the South Pole is a distance of about eleven hundred statute miles, while between Cape Royds, on McMurdo Sound, and the South Pole is a distance of about 850 miles. Moreover, while the American explorers would be adventuring into an absolutely unknown region, the track to the South Pole from McMurdo Sound has

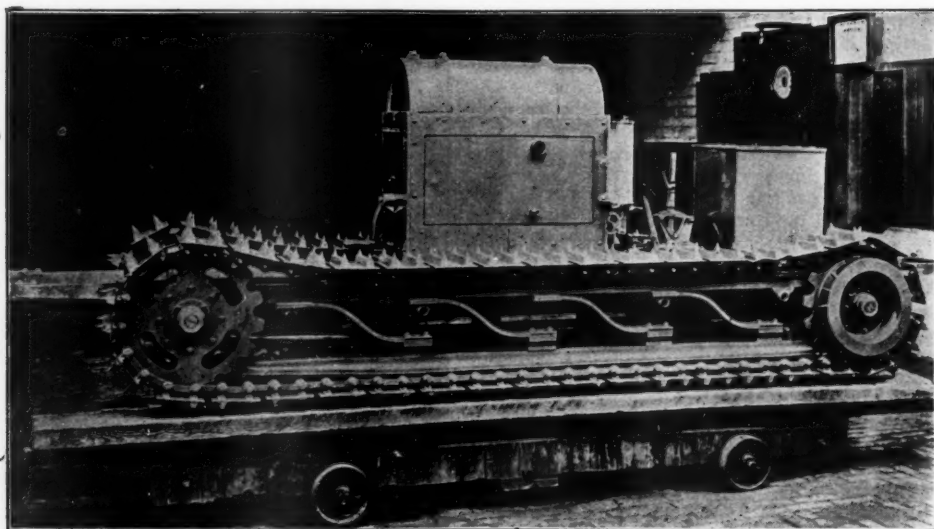


Photo by Paul Thompson

THE SNOW SLED

The driving wheels do not touch the ground and the salient feature of the apparatus is an endless chain. Captain Scott will make use of this type of sled in traversing the Antarctic ice cap.



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE ANTARCTIC PIONEER

Sir Ernest Shackleton will command an expedition to the South Pole in the event of a failure of the Scott campaign.

already been traced to within one hundred miles of its objective. This will be of immense advantage to the British expedition.

"The advance towards either Pole has been by slow and painful stages, and Sir Ernest Shackleton placed to his credit an achievement unprecedented in either the Arctic or Antarctic regions when he advanced the southern record by six degrees. But if all previous experience goes to show that the American expedition will not make the great advance of sixteen degrees from Coats Land to the South Pole, it will have abundant opportunity of adding to knowledge of the Antarctic regions south of the Weddell Sea."

In view of the misunderstanding concerning the plans of Sir Ernest Shackleton, he has made the statement, as given in the *London Standard* and revised personally by himself, that he has not abandoned the idea of Antarctic work in the future.

"Far from it; but I have no intention of trying to reach the Pole while Captain Scott is engaged in that project. There can be no question of competition between British explorers in any mere attempt to reach the Pole. But, apart from this, there is a vast amount of scientific work to be done in the Antarctic in which the more expeditions are engaged the better it will be for

science. Captain Scott has one base at McMurdo Sound and another on King Edward VII's Land, and the American base is the Weddell Sea; but there is a region extending from Cape Adair to Gaussberg that has many interesting problems. This will be the scene of the next expedition I organize.

"I propose to have a base at Cape Adair and one at Adelie Land, and the main objects of the undertaking will be purely scientific and geographical. In the region I have named there is a vast untouched area which presents problems of the highest interest to science. At this stage it would be quite premature to say that I have arranged any details, for there are many circumstances to prevent this. I hope, however, that my next expedition will leave in 1911, and that it will be on a larger scale than anything yet attempted in the Antarctic. Two ships will probably have to be engaged.

"I do not propose to appeal to the public for funds, so as not to interfere with Captain Scott's financial plans, either now or at a later date. The work I have in view has the approval of the highest in the scientific world, and already I have promises of financial support. To a certain extent I can rely upon the financial help of friends, one of the principal being Mr. Gerald Lysight, of the well-known firm of ironfounders of Somerset.



Photo by Brown Bros.

THE GERMAN CANDIDATE FOR ANTARCTIC LAURELS

First Lieutenant W. Filchner, of the great general staff in Berlin, is to command the forthcoming German expedition to the South Pole that leaves in the middle of next winter if arrangements can be completed.

As I have already said, I have not yet settled any details, but my companions will include a large number of my old staff, and Dr. Douglas Mawson, lecturer of Sydney University and the mineralogist of my last expedition, will be the scientific director, with complete charge of organization, staff, etc. This program, the details of which have yet to be arranged, represents my general desires as to the future, for Antarctic work is very near my heart."

In view of the possibility of controversy over the outcome of so many expeditions to the South Pole, the geographers of the French Academy of Sciences intend, according to the *Paris Figaro*, to make a petition for international regulation of the whole Antarctic campaign. This is especially desirable, according to the Paris scientists, if, as is possible, a French and an Italian expedition should take the field.

A PHOTOGRAPH THAT WAKES UP AND GOES TO SLEEP

CHANGEABLE photographs of an unprecedented novelty, taken after a method perfected by the secretary of the Faculty of Sciences in the University of Marseilles, M. Estanave, were lately elucidated before the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, and are now creating a sensation in the scientific papers. M. Estanave, it seems, produced what is called technically a "dia-positive" on glass of a sleeping woman. By inclining the picture ever so little and then shaking it a trifle, the eyes of the picture apparently open like the orbs of a porcelain doll. In the photograph, moreover, the entire countenance becomes radiant with the most animated expressiveness. When the photograph is inclined to its first position, the eyes slowly close once more.



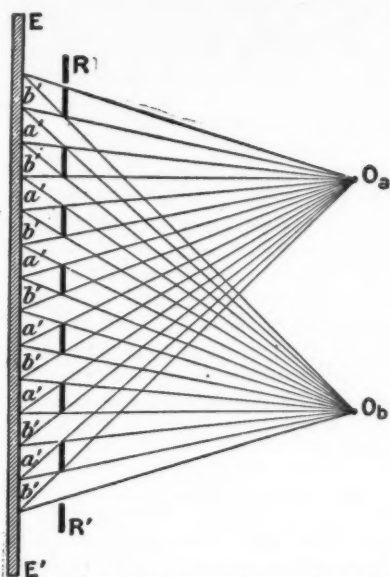
BEFORE TILTING

Unfortunately, this remarkable photograph is not susceptible of treatment for illustrative purposes in an ordinary magazine, since the necessity of employing a special half-tone screen destroys the effect on paper. *The Scientific American* reproduces the effects, and these, by special permission, we are enabled to give.

To comprehend the method whereby M. Estanave obtains his picture, we are bidden by our contemporary to consider two different photographs, the one, D, representing a sleeping lady, and the other, E, the same person awake:

"Each photographic positive is ruled horizontally from top to bottom, so that both photographs appear finely banded. If we remove from the positive D even alternate pairs of bands, and from the positive E odd alternate pairs of bands, and if we place upon the positive D the bands taken from E, and upon E the bands taken from D, we will obtain two new pictures, which we may designate D' and E'. These new pictures D' and E' are composites of D and E. If the bands are narrow enough, their discontinuity will not be noticed. The composite pictures will apparently be complete and comparable with the half-tone pictures to be found in any modern illustrated periodical.

"Let us now combine the two composites D' and E'. In other words, let us transpose strips of D' and strips of E' without disturbing their order. We obtain still another positive D'', formed by the combination of the two preceding positives. When looked at directly this new positive D'' is rather confusing; but when looked at through a glass plate ruled alternately with horizontal opaque and transparent bands of a width equal to those constituting the positive itself, quite a different effect is obtained. If we hold this glass screen in such a manner that the opaque bands cover the bands of the positive E' we will see only the bands of the positive D, and we will obtain the portrait of a sleeping woman. On the other hand, if the screen be slightly shifted so that the bands of the positive E' are covered we



MODIFIED FORM OF THE DISCOVERY

will have a portrait of a woman wide awake. Since the different effects are obtained simply by shifting the screen, the single photographic view seen through it can be caused to change its appearance very rapidly simply by changing the speed of the screen movements.

"In actual practice the ruling of the positives and the transposition of the bands, as well as the use of a suitable screen, is attended with considerable difficulty. For that reason, M. Estanave has devised a simpler method, which is illustrated in the accompanying diagram.

"Let a and b be two different objects, the luminous rays from which fall upon a sensitive plate or a ground glass EE' . In the path of these rays at a suitable distance, the horizontal ruled screen RR' is placed. In the diagram the spaces separating the lines of the screen are considerably exaggerated and the screen itself is shown in vertical section. Such is the position of the screen that the sensitive plate will receive a series of images of a' alternating with images of b' ."

"In making the positive photograph according to this method, the subject is first placed at Oa and then at Ob . At Oa the subject must appear asleep, and at Ob wide awake. A composite picture will be obtained on the sensitive plate."

If this picture be examined through a screen similar to that by means of which the picture was made, and the visual angle be varied either by shifting the eye or shifting the screen, the portrait will apparently open and close its eyes. Theoretically, several different pictures can thus be superimposed. In actual practice M. Estanave has combined three which are clearly visible. Yet there is

a limit to the number of pictures which can thus be combined, for the positives become more and more incomplete as the filiform bands composing them are more and more elongated. In the case of two aspects, the elements of an image are adjacent, the one to the other; with three aspects, the consecutive elements of an image are separated by two elements belonging respectively to each of the other images, and so on.

"In order to simplify the adjustment of the screen relatively to the composite image, and, in fact, to avoid adjustment entirely, M. Estanave employs an improved auto-stereoscopic plate which he has invented. This plate is ruled with a screen on the side which is not emulsified, the rulings being such that alternate opaque and transparent bands are produced. The new invention of M. Estanave's is so conceived that the plate serves a double purpose. The plate is mounted with the ruled surface in front; or it can be so placed that the ruled surface is either horizontal or vertical. When the ruled surface is placed horizontally, changeable photographs are obtained. With the ruling vertically placed images can be obtained directly visible to the eye with a stereoscopic effect. With two stereoscopic lenses mounted so as to obtain filiform images formed by the superposition of the two images of the object taken under the same aspect, the vertical lines of the screen select for each eye the particular image of the stereoscopic couple which is intended for it."



AFTER TILTING

Religion and Ethics

ARE FOREIGN MISSIONS WORTH THE COST?

IT IS surely significant that just at a time when the tide of missionary enthusiasm is rising to a higher point than ever before, the volume of hostile criticism is also increasing. This year is a notable one in the annals of foreign missions. The country's oldest missionary organization, the American Board, celebrates its centennial in October. The Layman's Missionary Movement is vigorously carrying forward a campaign covering over seventy centers and culminating in Chicago in May. The Student Volunteer Movement, which has won the allegiance of 25,000 collegians, and has sent over 4,000 workers to the foreign field, has lately closed a rarely enthusiastic convention at Rochester. Next June an important World Missionary Conference will be held in Edinburgh.

The story of missionary activity for a hundred years, the *New York Post* observes, is woven into the history and development of many peoples. The same paper continues:

"Since the day when Sydney Smith ridiculed his missionary contemporaries as 'apostates of the anvil and the loom,' a wonderful record has been made. Practically every country in the world is to-day open to missionaries, of whom over 22,000 are now in the field. The Bible is read in their own tongue by people speaking 500 languages and dialects. Christian believers contribute twenty-five million dollars annually for the cause. This is no mean showing. Furthermore, this centennial year can point back to a remarkable making of history. Among the political, social, and moral changes of importance have been the all-round advance of Japan, the progress of political liberty and religious tolerance in Turkey, reforms begun in the caste and marriage systems of India, the similar revolt against opium and foot-binding in China. No one can call himself well-informed nowadays who is ignorant of such progress abroad or of the main influence contributing to it."

And yet the fact remains as stated,—the volume of hostile criticism of missions is growing. The comment of Richard Barry is typical. Mr. Barry is a war correspondent, magazine writer and staff correspondent of *Pearson's Magazine*. He has spent four of the last six years traveling in the Far East

and in South America. He attended recently an enormous missionary mass-meeting in the New York Hippodrome, and frankly confesses that the experience amazed him "I never saw," he says, "a more representative gathering of the men of New York. I never saw a more representative audience of men of substance and standing at any meeting, political, religious or commercial. I was surprised. I had no idea a missionary meeting could draw men that way." Then he says (in *Pearson's Magazine*):

"The exercises that followed were intensely interesting because they were so novel. The usual 'missionary' talk, which every American has heard from his youth up, was eliminated. Instead, we heard a business talk from business men. Naturally it won their hearts, or, rather, their pocket-books. It was understood later that the money pledged as an immediate result of that meeting would come up beyond the quarter-million mark."

"Here is a statement made by George Sherwood Eddy, of India, one of the speakers at that meeting, a statement which drew and is drawing money from the pocketbooks of American business men:

"The Japanese government spent \$50,000,000 recently in the United States solely because the Japanese engineers in charge of the work had been educated in the United States at the expense of the American missionaries, and had there imbibed Yankee notions which made it impossible for them to build a railroad along any other than American lines. Therefore, in one swoop, American commerce reaped a direct return of \$50,000,000 from missionary effort."

Mr. Barry compares this statement with a similar argument advanced by the Rev. Arthur Judson Brown, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions: "In Korea I traveled in a car made in Delaware, drawn by a locomotive from Philadelphia over Pittsburg rails, fastened by New York spikes to Oregon ties. I sat down to a meal that included Chicago beef, Pittsburg pickles and Minnesota flour. We could afford to support all the missionaries in Korea for the large and growing trade which they have developed with this country." He makes the comment:

"Another 'business' appeal! The missionaries built your trade up; therefore build up the mis-

sionaries. The missionaries developed the trade with Korea! . . . The missionary appeal is now a 'business' one—frankly, openly, with determined foresight and vast organization."

Well then, Mr. Barry proceeds, if the missionary trade is a business, it should be examined critically from a business point of view; and so examined, he says, it must be pronounced a failure. Taking up, first of all, the statement of Mr. Eddy in regard to Japanese engineers, he finds it sophistical and absurd. "It is true, he concedes, "that a small handful of Japanese engineers were educated by missionary money, tho only a small minority ever became even professed Christians. In fact, any professed Christian is not welcome in the employment of the Japanese government. It is also true that the Japanese recently spent fifty millions in this country for railroad improvement; but that small handful of engineers had little if anything to do with the placing of the orders." Going on to a consideration of the larger question of the efficiency of present missionary methods, Mr. Barry declares:

"It was stated in one of the conventions in February, as an argument that would induce double contributions, that it took one dollar to carry another dollar to the heathen of foreign lands. In other words, only fifty cents out of every dollar contributed here for foreign missions ever is spent directly on the mission fields.

"A statement that came to me several years ago, nearer the source of actual experience, is one, however, that I prefer to use. It was made to me by an American missionary while we were traveling together down the Yang Tse Kiang. He had just come from a five years' service in interior China, and he said that for every dollar he spent among the Chinese in his district, *for their own good*, it cost the Foreign Missionary Board \$10.75."

In other words, about one dollar in twelve actually gets to the heathen. "When we drop a dollar in the plate Sunday morning, serene in the consciousness of a worthy act, we may pause to reflect that less than a dime of it will even get to the Indians or the Chinese or the Africans." And how, asks Mr. Barry, is that one dollar in twelve spent? He answers:

"Two classes of men go to foreign missions—the great and the petty, and the great are vastly in the minority. The ordinary, everyday, well-rounded, normal man seldom goes. There have been some missionaries who have been great men, tho most of that caliber are dead. They were

the pioneers, lit with the flame of holy purpose, making no appeals to business men for 'business' reasons, casting no thought for the morrow nor for material comfort, vitalized and irradiated with their apostolic zeal, true disciples of the Christ.

"Most of the missionaries of to-day are of a far different type. I do not speak from hearsay, but from observation. I have traveled in nearly every 'heathen' country. I have seen these men at their work. I have watched them go to and fro. And I have attended more than one missionary convention here. At the conventions here the only subject I have heard discussed (off the platform, when men usually get to talking about what really interests them) has been—how can we get our pay raised?"

In even stronger terms, Mr. Thomas E. Watson, the eccentric but able Populist leader, indicts the missionary methods of to-day. He has published a brochure entitled "Foreign Missions Exposed."* He says that he used to believe in the missionary movement, but that gradually he was led to study it, with disillusionizing results. At the present time, while "heartily favoring foreign missions," he contends that "the present system of doing the work is unscriptural, unwise, unpatriotic and unnatural."

Taking China as a representative mission eld, Mr. Watson points out that here is a country which contains some 400,000,000 souls, and yet there are only 6,388 working Protestants among them. There are but 200,000 names on the church books. "What a small drop in that vast bucket!" he exclaims. Even the Rev. A. H. Smith, in his book, "The Uplift of China," is constrained to admit, "The masses in China are as yet unaffected by Christianity," and to add, "During the current year (1906) practical war existed between Roman Catholics and Protestant Christians." Japan has thirteen Methodist churches, but of these only three are self-supporting. In Brazil there are twenty-four churches of the same denomination, nineteen of which have to be subsidized. The Central Mexican Mission has not a single self-supporting church. The Mexican Border Conference is in the same fix. Mr. Watson continues:

"Now let us see what the Baptists are doing in the foreign field. Let us see to what extent their schools and colleges in heathendom are self-supporting.

"On page 27 of 'Mission Economics,' by Rev. C. H. Carpenter, is found a summary of the subsidies paid for schools and native workers, from

* FOREIGN MISSIONS EXPOSED. By Thomas E. Watson. Reprinted from Watson's Magazine, Atlanta, Georgia.

1875 to 1884, inclusive; also the amount contributed by the natives.

"In the Japan Mission we spent of our own money \$31,534. The Japs chipped in to the lavish extent of one hundred and forty-five dollars.

"Our ducats went into the Shan schools to the merry tune of \$15,675.57. The natives rolled up a help-out fund of fifty-four dollars. In Kakhyen, our share in the expense was \$1,200.51. The natives shelled out \$55.20.

"At the Thatone Mission we appear to have fished for four years without getting a single solitary bite. Not even a nibble. Yet we squandered \$865.65, and we didn't pull the heathen for one red cent.

"We Baptists are justly proud of our Karens. Whenever a Methodist yells 'China!' at us, we holler back, 'Karens!'

"Well, we turned loose \$137,000 on the schools of Karens, and the natives uncoupled from \$28,800.

"In Assam we seem to have fallen down badly. The schools there cost us \$50,000, and the natives came across with only \$257."

The upshot of the whole argument is that enormous sums are contributed to the accomplishment of very meager results. When it comes to answering the question *why* the missionary appeal exerts such lure, Mr. Watson is not at a loss. He says:

"Why do boys run off from home to join the army, or go to sea? Because it appeals to their imagination. To put the plow-gear on old Mike, the mule, and go to the field where the steady feet must walk one monotonous furrow after another, with loose soil getting into the shoes and the hot sun baking the head, is honorable but not romantic.

"But to run away and join the army! To slip off some night and go to sea! *There's* novelty for you, and romance and adventure. The imagination kindles at the thought, fancy paints such a career in colors of uniform brightness, and there they go, the Peter Simples and Barry Lyndons and all their intermediate types,—to learn in due time that it might have answered quite as well to stay at home.

"Something of the same feeling tempts men and women into Foreign Missions. The Orient especially appeals to the imagination. The East,—the venerable, mysterious, poet-sung East,—revives recollections of the cradle of the race, the dead civilizations of a remote past, the legends of Patriarchs and Apostles, the traditions of conquerors and empire-builders, the fabulous stories of boundless wealth, ancient rivers whose names are interwoven with the mightiest events of time. hoary cities and monuments and ruins that reach back into the twilight of history; and languages, customs, manners, beliefs, that link one to the very beginnings of things. These create a pro-

found interest in the human heart, cast a spell over the mind and attract us to the East with that nameless charm which has fascinated men of all classes since the time of Alexander the Great. . .

"Is it any wonder, then, that the Western churches should fall under the witchery of the East? Is it any wonder that the enthusiastic young evangelist should burn and glow at the very thought of planting the banner of Christ on the walls of Teheran, of Soochow, of Tokio, of Benares? By no means. On the contrary, he would be a dullard indeed if his imagination were not fired by the prospect."

Both Richard Barry and Thomas Watson feel that the money now given to foreign missions might much better be contributed to religious enterprises and philanthropies at home. "For the saving of the *world*," Mr. Barry observes, "let us trust the Maker of the world. There is a man's-size job right here in saving ourselves. We are a little more competent for the work at home. Over there we are out of our element. We have a chance here; none there." Mr. Watson suggests:

"Suppose the same amount of money had been applied to Home Missions, and that the same devoted men and women had toiled for sixty years in the home field,—would we now have the awful conditions which threaten the future of this republic?

"Could not the white-slave traffic be stamped out? Could not the reeking slums be redeemed? Could not the ravening brutes who pursue unprotected women be put under lock and key? Could not the depravity which has taken possession of the stage be shamed and checked? Could not the ban be put upon women who smoke and drink? Could not the morals of our young people be elevated? Could not the Augean stables of municipal government be cleaned out? Could not the newspapers and the publishing houses be compelled to deny publicity to items and to books which appeal to evil passions? Could we not lift the standards of right-living until it would be impossible for cynics like Harriman, who boasted that he could buy courts and legislatures, to be publicly honored by our Chambers of Commerce?

"Who does not know that the asylums, sanitariums, hospitals and penitentiaries cover a multitude of sins? Who can be ignorant of the awful waste of human life in sweat-shops, rolling-mills, mines, match-factories, railway service and packing establishments? Who does not know that in every one of our larger cities there are dens of shame where women are held in bondage for the vilest purposes? Who can pick up a metropolitan paper without seeing news items and advertisements which reveal social conditions that wring one's heart and almost stupefy one's thoughts?

"Could we not concentrate our aims and our energies and redeem our own land first?"

The obvious rejoinder to such pleas as those of Mr. Barry and Mr. Watson is that foreign and home missionary enterprises are not of necessity mutually exclusive; that, on the contrary, they may and do exist side by side, the one encouraging and strengthening the other. The contemporary understanding seems to *Harper's Weekly* to be that whatever makes Christian people and civilization tends to "save souls," so that "the missionary effort of our generation is directed not only to preaching and evangelization and the making of converts, but very largely to establishment of schools and hospitals, the care of orphans and the sick, and to practical demonstration of what Christian civilization means and is, and what results it can show to recommend it." *The Evening Post* reinforces this statement:

"It is common now to call our country the

'melting pot' of the world. Here the foreign missionary challenge is brought to our homes in Chinese, Japanese, Armenian, Slav, Syrian, Magyar and the ignorant and degraded of a score of other races. During the past year the home mission workers of all denominations have been calling more loudly than ever for preachers who can speak several languages. The task of religious assimilation is even more difficult than that of social and civic; yet the report of a recent immigration investigation said: 'The churches have the greatest force at command to blend and fuse diverse and often conflicting elements.' Thus far it cannot be said that as a whole they have fully grasped their opportunity and responsibility.

"Then there is the work of American missions in the city. . . . It is true that many of the evils to be attacked relate simply to men's duties as citizens; and also that their obligations as Christians overleap mere bounds of nationality or patriotism. But it is equally true that a more vital Christian citizenship at home is needed to give warmth and force to the message we are sending to distant lands."

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S LATEST EXCURSIONS INTO THE PSYCHIC BORDERLAND

UNDETERRED by the hostile comments of ardent Spiritualists on the one side, and of skeptical scientists on the other, Sir Oliver Lodge continues to pursue his investigations in psychic research. His persistence is characterized by Andrew Lang as one of real moral courage, —he has a scientific reputation to take care of, yet he speaks his mind as freely as if he had none. His attitude, moreover, tends to convey even to those who are indifferent to psychic investigation a sense of its vital, perhaps epoch-making, significance. He claims to have made important discoveries, and to be on the verge of others much more important. Not long ago, he uttered the memorable statement, "I am of those who, tho they would like to see stronger and more continued proofs, are of opinion that a good case has been made out, and that as the best working hypothesis at the present time it is legitimate to grant that lucid moments of intercourse with deceased persons may in the best cases supervene." In his latest book,* he says: "The evidence for the survival of man, that is, for the persistence of human intelligence and individual personality beyond bodily

death, has always been cumulative; and now, through recent developments of the ancient phenomena of automatic writing, it is beginning to be crucial."

This evidence is presented at great length in the new book. What Sir Oliver has done has been to go through the Proceedings and Transactions of the Society for Psychical Research, and to extract the essence. The result of his labors is described by the London *Saturday Review* as "very imposing." "The mass of evidence collected," it says, "on such subjects as crystal-gazing, dowsing, telepathy, automatic writing and speech, must be taken account of in future by all serious students of human faculty."

Telepathy, or thought-transference, Sir Oliver regards as proved beyond any cavil. He gives many striking examples in this field, both experimental and spontaneous. At sessions specially arranged, one person, "the agent," has thought of an object, and another person, "the percipient," has endeavored to obtain an impression of the image. Proper precautions have of course been taken against error or possible deception. Remarkable successes have attended these experiments. At one sitting, for instance, sixteen trials were made, and ten of these were right. The

*THE SURVIVAL OF MAN: A STUDY IN UNRECOGNIZED HUMAN FACULTY. By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. Moffat, Yard & Company.

chances of such a large proportion, a commentator observes, were less than one in ten millions.

Examples of spontaneous telepathy given are no less convincing. There is an account, for instance, of how Mrs. Severn, a niece of John Ruskin, residing on Coniston Lake, was awakened one morning by a vivid sensation of a blow on the upper lip; and it turned out that at that very moment her husband, sailing on the lake, had been struck on the upper lip by the swinging round of the tiller of his boat. Telepathic impressions are frequently visual, and the greater number of the apparitions, according to these records, occur at some crisis in the life of the agent, especially at the shock of a fatal accident. Sir Oliver cites one story of the death of a tramp under a train, conveyed in a dream to a man he had never known, to show how the influence of such an event can sometimes be carried not merely to those who would naturally be concerned, but to complete outsiders. Visual apparitions of this kind, it is suggested, are the basis of ghost-stories in all ages. Many modern "ghosts" have seemed to be clothed. This was because the image transmitted from mind to mind was of a clothed person. Sir Oliver is careful to state that it is "not safe to assume anything more than a psychological basis for a fantasm." He is not convinced that apparitions have ever been photographed.

Phenomena of automatic writing and speech are treated in considerable detail. They may conceivably be explained by ordinary telepathy, or by clairvoyance, or by the action of the "subliminal consciousness" of the medium, or by the active intervention of the spirit of a deceased person. Women, it seems, make the best mediums, and the most remarkable results have been attained through Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Verrall. Eusapia Paladino, whose manifestations are of an entirely different (because chiefly physical) character, has been frequently detected cheating, but these two have a clean record. Mrs. Piper, one of the most famous of modern mediums, declared that she was "controlled" by a French physician, "Dr. Phinuit"; yet he talked no French. This is explained on the hypothesis that the normal self of Mrs. Piper stains her queer "subliminal" self that knows, apparently, so many things outside her normal knowledge.

A study of "cross correspondence" is one of the novel features of the book. "We have," says Sir Oliver, "in the course of the last few years been driven to recognize that the

controls are pertinaciously trying to communicate now one, now another, definite idea by means of two or more different automatists, whom at the same time they are trying to prevent from communicating telepathically and unconsciously with one another; and that, in order to achieve this deliberate aim, the controls express the factors of the idea in so veiled a form that each writer indites her own share without understanding it. Yet some identifying symbol or phrase is often included in each script, so as to indicate to a critical examiner that the correspondence is intended and not accidental; and, moreover, the idea thus cooperatively expressed is so definite that when once the clue is found, no room is left for doubt as to the proper interpretation." Some messages are thought to have been received in "cross correspondence" from F. W. H. Myers through Mrs. Verrall and other mediums; and an account is given of communications believed to have been received through Mrs. Verrall and a Mrs. Forbes from the latter's son, who fell in the Boer War.

The vital question is, of course, Do any of these cases *prove* posthumous activity? Mr. Myers was so eager to provide proof for his colleagues of the Society for Psychical Research that he wrote a message before he died, enclosed it in a sealed envelope, and deposited it with Sir Oliver Lodge. Mrs. Verrall believed she had received this message, and attempted to divulge it in a solemn conference. The result, in this case, was a complete failure. There was no resemblance between her supposed "communication" from Mr. Myers and the actual writing in the envelope. Other tests have turned out more happily. Thus, the "spirit" of "Blanche Abercromby" wrote so like her incarnate self that surviving friends identified her handwriting.

Sir Oliver gives three tests of identity: (1) By gradually accumulated internal evidence; (2) By cross correspondence, or the reception of unintelligible parts of one consistent and coherent message, through different mediums; (3) By criteria specially characteristic of the supposed communicating intelligence. With his usual candor, he admits that, if the knowledge displayed by a medium is possessed by any living person, it must be referred to that source, rather than to a person now dead. He makes the further observation:

"It would appear that the state after death is not a sudden plunge into a stately, dignified, and especially religious atmosphere. The environ-

ment, like the character, appears to be much more like what it is here than some folk imagine. . . . A few of the controls when recently deceased (a pious old lady in particular is in my mind) have said that the surroundings were more 'secular' than they expected; they have indeed expressed themselves as if a little disappointed, tho they nearly always say that the surroundings are better than they are here. . . .

"Those who interpret the parables in such a way as to imagine that dignified idleness is the occupation of eternity will probably find themselves mistaken, and will realize that as yet they have formed a very inadequate conception of what is meant by that pregnant phrase 'the joy of the Lord.'"

The affirmative conclusions reached by Sir Oliver Lodge were, of course, shared by his predecessor in psychical research work, the gifted F. W. H. Myers, and by the friend of both, Dr. Hodgson. But the late Professor Sidgwick died unconvinced, and Frank Podmore, who has exhaustively studied the evidence, is still skeptical. Another member of the Society for Psychical Research, Charles Calloway, has this comment to make (in the *London Literary Guide*):

"Whether or not we believe will largely depend upon our preconceptions. That men like Hodgson and Lodge, who commenced their research in a spirit of impartial inquiry, became convinced of communication between the living and the dead is enough to raise the investigation above the level of contempt or ridicule. The testimony of Myers is of less value. He started with a prepossession, and his poetical nature strongly biased an intellect of undoubted grasp and penetration. Putting on one side the mass of imposture and self-deception which has naturally repelled scientific minds, there remains, in the opinion of the present writer, a large residuum of phenomena which demands attention. A wonderful extension of human faculty by which the world of living intelligences becomes penetrable to a single eye is not inherently incredible. But how can a conscious mind continue to think and act in the absence of its brain? By using another brain, such as Mrs. Piper's? How, then, does it exist when it can find no brain to occupy? And if it is not associated with matter, what is it at all? But the identity of these departed ones, is, even according to Sir Oliver, still unproved, and science is waiting for more conclusive evidence.

"There is also the difficulty suggested by evolution. If the spirit of Myers may speak to us through Mrs. Piper, surely the spirit of Launce's dog may communicate through a conscious being, canine or human. Why not extend the hypothesis to the serpent and the fish? Why should not

the spirits of departed bees send messages to their living friends? Where shall we draw the line?"

Andrew Lang confesses himself puzzled. "There *are* things," he exclaims, "not dreamed of in our philosophy." With reference more particularly to the strange cases of "cross-correspondence," he says (in *T. P.'s Weekly*):

"Many facts impress me so strongly that (setting aside collusion, as I do) I can frame only two hypotheses to account for the facts: (1) Mr. Myers is inspiring the automatists, or (2) something which we call 'the subconscious self' of Mrs. Verrall, personating Mr. Myers, has invented the whole scheme, *without Mrs. Verrall's knowledge*. . . . This second theory is more startling to my mind than the first, for what is this subliminal self that can work such marvels, 'and the same with intent to deceive'? Is it the Father of Lies, that old serpent, the Devil? Observe that if it be the subliminal self, it is a cunning and deliberately fraudulent self, attempting to produce belief in the survival of death by the spirit of Mr. Myers."

The Saturday Review, in a surprisingly sympathetic critique, leaves the impression that students in psychic research are doing a great service to human knowledge. It says, in part:

"To account for some of the evidence published in the last few years it seems to be necessary either to assume that there is a kind of reservoir of thought which may be tapped anywhere by the mind in certain abnormal states; or to accept the simpler but, to many people, less credible hypothesis of communication from the spirits of the dead. Thus, for example, such close similarities of topic and phrase have been found in writings produced by different automatists at the same time in different parts of the world as would seem to preclude the explanation of chance coincidence; and it is at any rate plausible, tho perhaps not necessary, to maintain that some mind somewhere, conscious or subconscious, has been deliberately distributing these cognate phrases to the various writers. Even so, however, this mind might be the subconscious mind of one of the automatists. The alternative hypothesis would be that it is, what it purports to be, the mind of a person now deceased. It seems difficult to say which view ought to be provisionally accepted. Those to whom survival after death seems incredible will accept the former; those to whom it seems probable or certain may accept the latter. But this subjective credibility or incredibility is matter not of science, but of bias. . . . The important thing is that the material is there, and is constantly accumulating. And the more good minds can be brought to bear both upon its collection and its interpretation, the quicker we shall advance in a subject beset with great difficulties, but offering also great rewards."

"THE CHIEF END OF MAN"

"OUR duty of all duties," says Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, "is to transmit the sacred torch of life undimmed, and if possible a little brightened, to our children's children in *saecula saeculorum*: This is the chief end of man and of woman." President Hall bases his plea on a recognition of the fact that "all posterity slumbers now in our bodies, as we did in our ancestors." The welfare of all the future is committed to our honor and virtue. "The basis of the new biological ethics of to-day and of the future," he continues, "is that everything is right that makes for the welfare of the yet unborn, and all is wrong that injures them, and to do so is the unpardonable sin—the only one nature knows." Just as the mortal cells and organs of the body and all their activities throughout our individual lives are only to serve the deathless germ plasm, so "every human institution, home, school, state, church, and all the rest, exist primarily in order to bring children and youth on and up to their highest possible maturity of body and soul, and the value not only of all institutions, but of art, science, literature, culture and civilization itself, are ultimately measured and graded by how much they contribute to this supreme end."

With these tremendously impressive words, President Hall opens an address on sex-hygiene recently delivered before the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis in New York, and printed in the London *Eugenics Review*. He goes on to say:

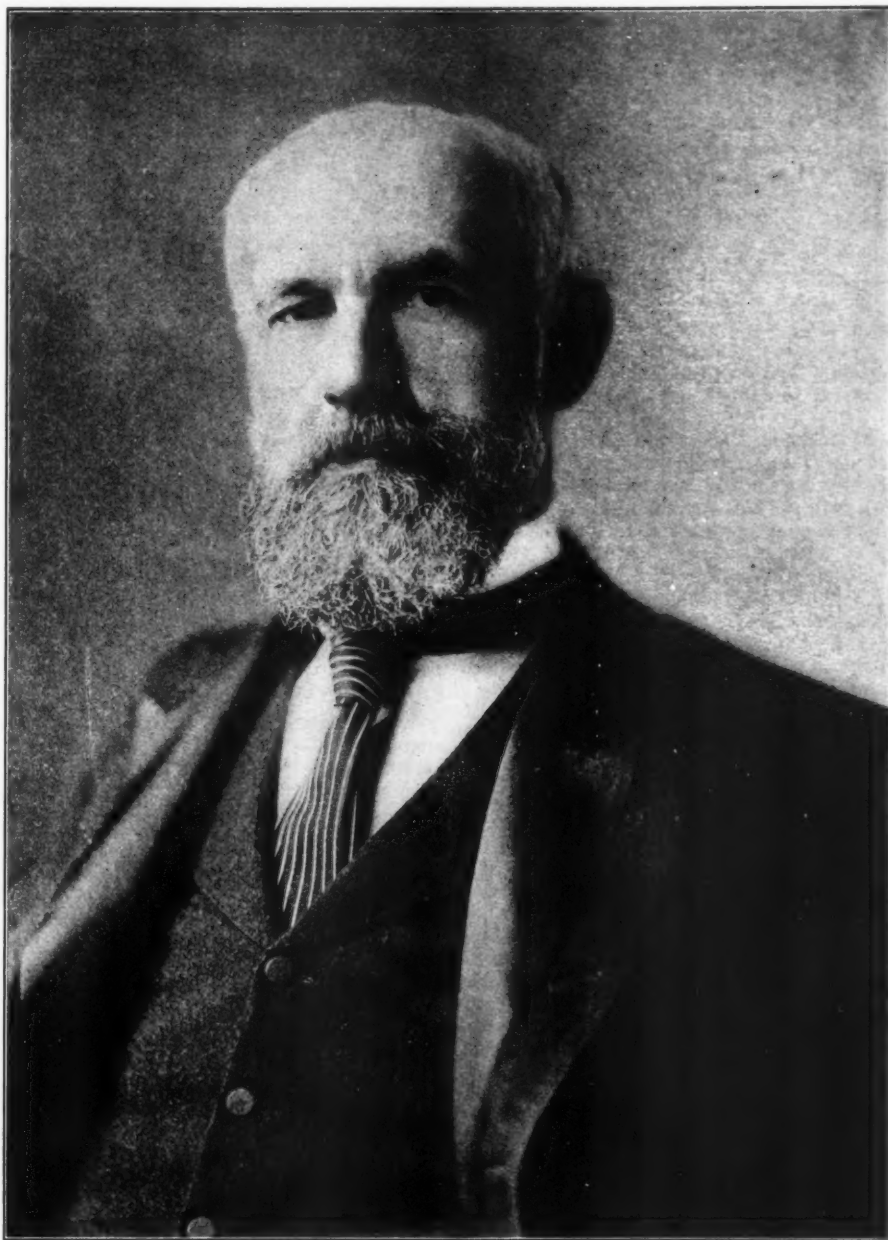
"Our religion began in the promise to, and covenant with, Abraham that if he lived aright his seed should be as the stars of heaven for multitude, and the essence of Christianity was the effort to fix the highest of all human sentiments upon the loftiest of all objects and thus to bring salvation by ennobling love. Hence, both Testaments are in a sense a continued love story, the romance of humanity with God. On this view, if we say that God himself when biologically interpreted is simply posterity personified, he would again be worthy of the supreme reverence, devotion and service of those who are now prone to neglect and forget him."

There is much in the Old Testament regarding the fall of man, but the real "fall," President Hall contends, began when procreative functions were perverted. In this, we are told, man differs from all animals. His

special temptation is to mortgage posterity by consuming in his own self-gratification energies that belong to the future. "Like fire," President Hall reminds us, "sex is a good servant, but a tyrannous master, and how few are they to-day entirely unscathed by its conflagrations or its smoldering inner calentures. Prostitution, abortion, preventives, precocity, sex diseases, divorces, defective parenthood, race suicide, inability to nurse, declining birth-rate in every country in Western and Central Europe and still more so in this country for native-born population—all these are only a few of the more salient outcrops of the one great fact of growing abnormality of the sex function which some anthropologists now think marks the same stage of race senescence as began the decline and fall of the great nations of old."

President Hall is himself not inclined to take so pessimistic a view. He points out that ours is pre-eminently an age in which sex, both on its healthy and pathological sides, is being seriously studied as never before. The studies of even its perversities, repulsive as they are, have been valuable, while just now the researches of such men as Freud, Jung, Bleuler and Riklin in Germany, and of Janet and his group in France, have shown its profound and often all-conditioning ramifications. We are also learning how sex has permeated all religions, the chief problem of which, some are now boldly saying, has been and must be to regulate and explain sex in its wider relationships, thus including not merely phallic types of worship which once covered the world, but even the religion of totemic clans. "From all these sources," President Hall remarks, "new data are rather suddenly at hand for a far deeper and broader knowledge of sex than ever before, and this seems now certain to rescue the subject from the sex-intoxicated mystics and from the tendency of even sane men to become dogmatic, extravagant, if not absurd, upon this subject as upon no other."

The old prudery and false reticence, President Hall notes, are giving way all along the line. Not only are sex-themes freely and frankly treated in novels, drama and works of art, but staid professors like Ehrenfels, of Prague, are developing a radically new sex-ethics, while Sir Francis Galton's eugenic schemes involve the endowment of wedlock for the fit. In the Mannheim Conference on



A PROPHET OF EUGENICS

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, declares the prime duty of man is to "transmit the sacred torch of life undimmed, and if possible a little brightened, to our children's children *in saccula saeculorum*."

sex-pedagogy in 1905, not one voice dissented from the proposition that sex-knowledge should be imparted to boys in secondary schools. In Finland, Switzerland and Hungary such instruction has been for some years authorized by law, and it has also been given in a dozen or more of the largest German cities. "The church has a duty in this respect," says President Hall, "which it is happily just beginning to realize in a few places. Extension schoolhouse lectures should be offered to mothers and also to fathers, as they should in most young people's clubs and societies, Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leagues, Young Men's Christian Associations, and the now very many other associations for the young, of whatever faith." He adds:

"Medical knowledge, indispensable as it is, is not enough, but the prophylactic needed is vastly larger. Nature's method is to long-circuit and evolve ever more widely irradiating secondary sex qualities, plumes, wattles, antlers, organs of offense and defense, balzing and tumbling and all the varieties of love antics and the showing-off instinct that are involved in the function of sexual selection. So many, if not most, of the best qualities of the human body and mind are built upon the basis of sex, and from which evolve deportment, manners, dress, ornament, the spirit of personal loyalty and devotion, the antique idea of friendship, the sentiment of honor, and above all, the nobler and purer expressions of love, and even religion itself, so that it is plain that whatever strengthens these tends to sublimate, spiritualize and normalize sex. The ideals of body keeping, physical perfection and strength, agility, skill, beauty, the full development of shoulders, chest, arms, loins, legs, a ruddy cheek, clear eye, love of exercise, of cold water and cleanliness, of nature afield, of contest and competition involving victory and defeat, the legitimate ambition of being a splendid animal with a strong and flexible voice, defiance of wind and weather, a normal appetite and sane regular sleeping habits, hearty, free, open manners, a love of the Turner's ideal —'frisch, frei, fröhlich, fromm'—a laudable passion to excel, a love of rhythmical movements as exemplified in periods of history when dancing was most varied and vigorous and did most to cadence the soul to virtue and preform it for religion; those who know, feel, do these things are developing probably the most effective of all checks and come thus against every kind of sexual aberration. It is incalculably harder to develop these results than it is to give a few lectures on sex dangers, but it is as much more effective as it is harder. It is these things in which the sexually corrupt are crippled and here those who know too much of Venusberg cannot enter. If this is so, then every introduction of a motor element in

place of the old sedentary modes of training makes for chastity."

It should never be forgotten, President Hall urges, that during the trying period of adolescence every intellectual interest is a sedative or alternative of the sensuous side of sex, while merely formal school topics, dull teaching, listless routine, restless attention, are almost of themselves temptations to passion, "which always presses for entrance into unoccupied minds and moments and, wherever there are unused functions, tries to sap them." Teachers and courses which fail to recognize this must be held to account for their part of the blame for sexual errors now brought against students only.

Again, puberty is the birthday of feelings and emotions that are destined to rule us all our lives.

"Young people need to glow, tingle and creepitate with sentiments, and the appetite for excitement and sensation is at its height in the teens. . . . Excitement the young must and will have, for the feelings are now in their very life. If they cannot find it in the worthy, they are strongly predisposed to seek it in the grosser forms of pleasure. Hence, every glow of esthetic appreciation for a great work of art, every thrill aroused by an act of sublime heroism, every pulse of religious aspiration, weakens by just so much the potential energy of passion, because it has found its kinetic equivalent in a higher form of expression. It is for this reason that some of our German co-laborers on this theme have advocated a carefully selected course of love stories chosen so as to bring out the highest, most chivalric side of the tender passion at the age when it is most capable of idealization, and still more in that country and now lately here have seen the necessity of encouraging theater-going to plays palpitating with life, action and adventure that emotional tension may be discharged not merely harmlessly, but in a way elevating in the middle teens. Even melodrama, gushy and tawdry tho it may seem to adults, has been sometimes authorized. The statistical studies lately made of children's attendance upon and love of the theater as well as of their passion for assuming rôles of many kinds in ever so fragmentary a way have come to us pedagogs of late almost as the revelation of a new power in human nature, the educational utilization of which, when we learn how to do the most and best with it, will be comparable to the harnessing of a new power of nature into the service of man."

In concluding, President Hall voices his conviction that religion, even if it were pronounced a myth and a superstition by adults,

would have to be kept, and its function modified, for the young.

"Its great themes are life, death, virtue, sin, duty and responsibility, love and service of God and man. These awaken old phylogenetic echoes in the youthful soul which bring it into salutary *rapprochement* with the past of the race in which, if evolution is true, the best has survived and the worst perished. Those who have been most truly religious have most sought purity and alliance with the power that works righteousness. The chief sin of the world is in the sphere of sex, and the youthful struggle with temptation here is the only field where the hackneyed expressions of being corrupt, polluted, lost, and then rejuvenated, of being in the hands of a power stronger than human will, become literally true. Especially if

the theme of the religion of the future be the relation of the individual to the race and to posterity, and if the world to-day is increasingly in need of a new dispensation of sexual theory and practice, we shall have to have a national, industrial, social, political as well as religious revival, such as the world has seen but once or possibly twice since the Renaissance. If this ever comes, it can only spring from a sense of demerit intensified almost to the point of moral despair, and this folk psychology shows us can only arise from a conviction of impending racial decadence and sterility. This, I believe, we cannot expect because we have already begun to glimpse the magnitude and importance of this subject from so many sides and to work against downward tendencies so that what we must look forward to is a reform and progress that will come by methods of evolution and not those of revolution."

IS RELIGION THE ONLY POWER THAT CAN REGENERATE MEN?

"RELIGION alone, among all the forces at work for the improvement of humanity, has power to alter the character and regenerate the soul of evil people." So Harold Begbie declares in his "Twice-Born Men,"* the most notable book on religious conversion that has appeared since William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." His statement is challenged by some, but is backed by a series of human documents so vivid and compelling as to have already arrested the attention of leading thinkers in England and America. Mr. Begbie may over-state his case, but he cannot fail to impress upon every reader a sense of the continuing vitality of evangelical methods.

The field in which he worked, and on which he makes his report, is a slum quarter in London. He went there after reading James's book, to find whether men are still "converted" in our day. He sought out the Salvation Army headquarters and talked with the men it had redeemed. What he saw and heard was more wonderful than anything he had believed possible. It touched him to the quick. He says he is still overwhelmed when he thinks that "all the terrible tragedy, all the infinite pathos, all the amazing psychology, all the agony and bitter suffering, all the depth and profundity of spiritual experience" that he knows, were discovered in a single quarter

of London, a few shabby streets huddled together on the western edge of the metropolis.

As published in England, Mr. Begbie's book carries the title "Broken Earthenware." His papers give the actual records of the shards of cracked and soiled human crockery that he picked up. He deals with the lowest of the low—tramps, thieves, drunkards, prostitutes. Horrible and loathsome most of them are in their outward aspect, yet he found that all had souls that could be "saved," and he came to the conclusion that Christianity was the only agency that could effectively deal with them.

The first type described is "The Puncher," a ferocious prize-fighter, the terror of his neighborhood. It was his boast that never once was he beaten by his own weight. He haunted saloons and was under the influence of drink much of the time. In one year he was seventeen times convicted and imprisoned, chiefly for drunkenness. His activities as a racing "tipster" also brought him into conflict with the police. He treated his wife abominably, and finally determined to murder her. Her weakness and meekness "got on his nerves." Altogether, he was about as hopeless a blackguard as could be conceived.

But in the most desperate hour of his life, when he saw, in his mind's eye, his wife murdered and himself dying on the scaffold, a strange thing happened. A Salvationist accosted him in the street and told him simply and straightly that he could never be happy until his soul was at peace. He said this em-

* TWICE-BORN MEN: A CLINIC IN REGENERATION. By Harold Begbie. Fleming H. Revell Company.

phatically, then added: "God has a better life for you, and you know it." The prize-fighter strode across the street and entered a saloon. His wife waited at the door. What happened next is best told in Mr. Begbie's own words:

He says that while he stood drinking in the bar, feeling no other emotion than annoyance at the Salvationist's interference, suddenly he saw a vision. The nature of this vision was not exalted. In a flash he saw that his wife was murdered, just as he had planned and desired; that he had died game on the scaffold, just as he had determined; the thing was done; vengeance wreaked, apotheosis attained—he had died game: he was dead, and the world was done with. All this in a flash of consciousness, and with it the despairing knowledge that he was still not at rest. Somewhere in the universe, disembodied and appallingly alone, his soul was unhappy. He knew that he was dead; he knew that the world was done with; but he was conscious, he was unhappy.

"This was the vision. With it he saw the world pointing at his son, and saying, 'That's young —, whose father was hanged for murdering his mother.'

"A wave of shame swept over him; he came out of his vision with this sense of horror and shame drenching his thought. For the first time in all his life he was stunned by realization of his degradation and infamy. He knew himself. . . .

"Drunk as he was, he went straight out from the public-house to the hall where the Salvation Army was holding its meeting. His wife went with him. He said to her, 'I'm going to join the Army.' At the end of the meeting he rose from his seat, went to the penitent's form, bowed himself there, and like the man in the parable cried out that God would be merciful to him, a sinner. His wife knelt at his side.

"He says that it is impossible to describe his sensations. The past dropped clear away from him. An immense weight lifted from his brain. He felt light as air. He felt clean. He felt happy. All the ancient words used to symbolize the spiritual experience of instant and complete regeneration may be employed to describe his feelings, but they all fail to convey with satisfaction to himself the immediate and delicious joy which ravished his consciousness. He cannot say what it was. All he knows is that there, at the penitent form, he was dismantled of old horror and clothed afresh in newness and joy."

It is easy enough to say that this was the result of "subconscious mentation." He had long meditated the crime of murdering his wife. He had long brooded upon the glory of dying game. An explosion of nervous energy, of the kind suggested in "Macbeth," presented him with anticipatory realization of

his thought. But *how* did shame come to this abandoned man? And what, in the language of psychology, is shame? How does grey matter become ashamed of itself? Moreover, says Mr. Begbie, "there is this to be accounted for: the immediate effect of the vision."

Another type is described under the title "A Copper Basher." He was one who from youth had been obsessed by the passion for crime. His crime was not crime on the grand scale; it was mean, savage, beastly, cowardly and odious crime. He stole from old women and drunken men; he waylaid policemen and clubbed them from behind with a piece of iron. He spent twelve years in prison.

The reaction came at last, and seems to have followed a conversation with the Salvationist ex-prize-fighter, now transformed into a zealous propagandist. "The Puncher" talked to him in quiet, sensible fashion. What a rotten life he was living! Life passing, middle age approaching, and twelve years of prison! Was the game worth the candle? Was he happy? The young thief's degeneracy was spiritual rather than carnal. His was a brain concentrated on crime. The Salvationist gospel had helped men to conquer drink and lust. Could it convert the *thought* of this man? It could and did. As Mr. Begbie tells the story:

"Danny came to the Salvation Army meeting; he felt a light of illumination break through his soul at the adjutant's assurance of God's *love* for the worst of men; he realized all of a sudden the need for love in his own barren heart, and in that spirit—the spirit of a broken and contrite heart—he knelt at the penitent form, and for the first time really reached into the infinite. He prayed for mercy; he prayed for strength.

"He rose from his knees a changed man.

"This change was absolute and entire. From being cruel, he became as tender as a woman. From being a cunning thief, he became scrupulously honest. From being a loafer and unemployed, who had never done a single day's work in his civil life, he became an industrious workman. From being basely selfish, he became considerate for others, giving both himself and presently his money to the service of religion. 'The greatest change in Danny,' said a friend who knows him well, 'is his gentleness. He couldn't hurt a fly now, and any tale of cruelty or suffering, especially where children are concerned, fairly breaks him down.' What a revolution in personality! What a new birth!"

A third typical instance is that of a thief and drunkard who fell so low that he lived

on the earnings of a prostitute. He was aware that everybody despised him. He had already seen the inside of jail. He knew that he was vile, degraded, and friendless. One day, his companion in sin and misery was imprisoned, and while she was in jail he attended some meetings of the Salvation Army and determined to reform. For the first time in his whole life he felt himself surrounded and supported by pure affection.

When his companion came out of prison, he met her and told her what had happened. He was ready to marry her, if she were willing; but she reviled him. Then he set out to find his mother.

"Look quietly and steadily at the effects of conversion, the fruits of repentance, in this man's soul, I think they are worth considering. Remember what he had been, the lowest of the low; consider the privation, destitution, and crime of his earliest childhood; see him as he was all through his life, a thief, pander, bully, and abandoned drunkard; and then mark him after momentary conversion, continuing his hard work, quietly maintaining his honesty and sobriety under the mocking persecution of his former partner in crime, and, above all things, setting himself to discover the whereabouts of his mother—that mother to whose neglect he might justly have attributed all the suffering, ignominy, and spiritual ruin of his life—in order that he might save her soul."

The end of this story is told by Mr. Begbie:

"Burrup's home is one of the brightest and happiest in London. It is full of the decorations and showiness with which a London workman loves to manifest both his prosperity and his domesticity, and all these fine things are kept in a state of glory by the saved mother, who now has no thought but of showing her gratitude to her son with duster and broom, and serving him all the days of her life. She is converted to his religion, and son and mother are as loyally and devotedly attached to each other as any pair of human beings in the world. He loves to put by his savings to give his mother little treats and surprises—oh, quite little treats and surprises, for they are poor people; and she on her part loves to make him some tempting dish for his supper, and by her labor to keep his linen and his wardrobe in apple-pie order to show her gratitude for his love and her own pride in her son. They are quite beautiful in their love, and if Burrup is proud of anything in his life it is that he can support his mother."

Thus the record runs. Mr. Begbie's book is but a new version of the old miracle, the miracle of Saint Paul, of Pascal, of Bunyan,

and it is no less impressive because it is familiar. The question is bound to be asked, How does it all happen? and no one has yet been able to give a convincing answer. An equally absorbing question is that which stands at the head of this article. Mr. Begbie's reply is given in the words quoted, but other commentators take issue with his conclusion. Professor James himself does not believe that religion is the *only* force that can alter character and regenerate the soul of evil people; and Sidney Low points out in the London *Nation* that science has its victories, no less than religion. To cite his exact language:

"General Booth's miracles are only faint copies of those familiar in the history of all Christian and Mahometan revivalist sects and movements. They have been performed over and over again when Methodism has developed a spasm of energy, they were capped by Moody and Sankey, and they were achieved on a large scale in very strange circumstances by the Mahdi in the Sudan. 'Conversion,' it seems clear, comes from an emotional stimulus working on a temperament more or less neurotic, touched with the abnormality perhaps of genius, perhaps of degeneracy, perhaps of hysteria, perhaps—like all Mr. Begbie's cases but one—of drink. He is surely wrong in declaring religion is the only exciting cause. Patriotism will often produce the same effect. Has he read the records of Japan? Or the story of Germany in the Napoleonic War? Or the veracious chronicle of Mlle. Boule-de-Suif? I do not mean to be flippant in referring to this last example. It was a true instance of conversion, tho religion had nothing to do with it. And Mr. Begbie is on insecure ground when he issues a challenge to science. Let science perform the miracles of the 'Army,' he says. Science has done them, as Mr. Begbie will see if he looks at the writings of those who have studied suggestion in the schools of Nancy and Salpêtrière. Any modern text book on hypnotism will furnish him with scores of cases of criminals and degenerates who have been turned by suggestion to habits of decency, order, and honest living. If this treatment of moral and mental disorders has not been regularly practiced, it is because it is so uncertain in its results. It does not appear capable of being applied to humanity at large. Most of Charcot's successes were obtained with hysterical women. Most of General Booth's, if we may judge from Mr. Begbie's record, are wrought on men diseased by drink and debauchery. In such cases the emotional stimulus has peculiar psychic effects; and I see no reason why treatment by conversion should not be studied as scientifically and dispassionately as treatment by hypnotic suggestion. I think the conclusion will be that the one is as limited in

its curative application as the other; but both may be valuable remedies for certain intractable and obscure diseases, moral and physical. We may believe in miracles; but we ought not to expect them."

This verbal duel between Mr. Begbie and Mr. Low has aroused a lively discussion in London. *The Nation* prints letters on both sides of the controversy. One correspondent, a physician, Dr. Maurice B. Wright, takes this ground:

"I for one am extremely glad that the cudgels have been taken up by those who hold opposite views to Mr. Sidney Low and others like myself, who believe that the phenomena of conversion can be explained by the methods of psychological analysis. What, if any, are the essential differences between the two schools of thought? In the first place, what are the phenomena of conversion which are under analysis? Both schools of thought will, I think, agree that conversion, as described by Mr. Harold Begbie, implies a sudden change in the moral attitude of an individual, the breaking up of old, firmly associated ideas, and a sudden formation of entirely new mental associations. There are three salient features in these conversions: firstly, the change is a sudden one; secondly, it is ushered in by some form of strong emotion; thirdly, the change is out of proportion to the means used to produce it when judged by everyday experience of the relationship between cause and effect.

"From the point of view of the Churchman, the apparent disproportion between cause and effect is explained by the action of a power extraneous to the organism, which, using the preacher as an instrument, produces the effect upon the person converted.

"From the point of view of the psychologist, the apparent disproportion between cause and effect is due to the non-recognition of a power within the mind of the convert, the power of some stratum of mind or personality under certain conditions, to act upon suggestions received to an extent which would be impossible under normal conditions."

A second writer, C. Lyall Cottle, argues that the force behind the change accompanying conversion is the same in all cases. "It is the vitalizing power of personality," he says, "operating on the soul of man. And what power can be more regenerating and more permanently illuminating than continuous living intercourse with Jesus Christ, who is surely the Son of God?" A third correspondent, the Rev. James Evans, a Presbyterian minister, says:

"The power which converted the slum drunkards and debauchees twenty centuries ago con-

verted St. Paul, who had not been a drunkard, 'but was blameless in the eye of the law,' and who wrote so profound and intellectual a letter as the Epistle to the Romans.

"The same power, through St. Paul's ministry, converted the matter-of-fact Roman and the wise Greek. This power must be something unique. I fully agree with Mr. Begbie that only religion can bring about real conversion. To co-ordinate religion with hypnotism and patriotism would be convenient, no doubt, in a scientific interest; and no objection could be urged against such arrangement, were it shown that religious conversion is not essentially different from a mere naturalistic process, such as hypnotic 'conversion.' But are not the conversions which Mr. Begbie describes something other and higher than a naturalistic process? In other words, are they not miracles of grace?

"Mr. Low concludes his excellent article thus: 'We may believe in miracles, but we ought not to expect them.' My answer is that we do believe in miracles; and, somehow, we cannot do without them."

Mr. Begbie himself has also a word of rejoinder to make. "It is as true," he concedes, "that hypnotism can occasionally turn an almost dipsomaniac, if he desire to be saved, into a teetotaler, as that Salvation Army conversion can turn a similar drunkard or a sensual monster into a saint. But, the immense difference!"

"Science cures a malady; conversion creates a soul. Mr. Low's criticism, in fact, underlines the chief contention of my book. I say that science can save a man from himself, but cannot give him the impulse to save others. The whole wonder and the chief beauty of conversion, under the Christian influence, is that it renders fair what was foul, and afterwards creates in the converted and cleansed soul a resistless passion for saving other souls which are yet sunk in degradation and despair.

"I do not think that it is either fair or wise to make a comparison between the mad and unreasoning fanaticism of the Mahdi's followers with the quiet, self-sacrificing, and most gentle tenderness of those Salvationists, men and women, who, without sounding a trumpet before them, devote their days and nights to nursing the sick, to comforting the sorrowful, and to saving the lost, in neighborhoods of horror and contagion. Mr. Low may account on physical grounds for the mental disturbance at the moment of 'conversion,' but who of us will dare to attempt on purely human grounds an explanation for the beauty and the sublime devotion of the after-life?"

Music and Drama

SHAKESPEARE AS A MATCHMAKER

THE contention of Mr. Frank Harris that the greatest Elizabethan had the soul of a woman, is strengthened by the recent discoveries of Prof. Charles William Wallace. The author of "Romeo and Juliet" is revealed to us by indisputable evidence in the feminine rôle of matchmaker in a bourgeois household. Harris constructed a fantastic nightmare of Shakespeare out of his poet's imagination. Prof. Wallace lacks the genius of Mr. Harris, but with the long patience of the scholar he has unearthed facts, homely enough in themselves, that bring the great Elizabethan humanly nearer to us. Prof. Wallace's discovery is set forth for the first time in *Harper's Monthly*. Every man who lives fifteen years in one community is likely, Prof. Wallace remarked to himself, to be involved in some legal contention. Aided by his wife, he diligently searched millions of documents deposited in a public record office at London, the great national archive of England. Merely the manipulation of the skins on which the records are kept and the attempt to decipher the sense of the crabbed script requires a patience that is almost angelic. Prof. Wallace was fortunate enough to discover the needle in the haystack—a number of depositions bearing the signature of Mr. William Shakespeare. In all there are twenty-six documents in the case; the name of Shakespeare appears in nine. The result, to quote the *Evening Post*, may look large or small according to the imagination the reader brings to the scrutiny.

"In May of 1612 'William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon' testified in a suit concerning dowry brought by Stephen Bellott against his father-in-law, Christopher Mountjoy. In the testimony, it appears that Shakespeare had been a lodger with the Mountjoys since 1598. It was he who, at the request of Mme. Mountjoy, deceased, had arranged the marriage between the daughter, Mary, and the brisk young prentice Stephen. This was in 1604. The Mountjoys were French Protestants, the father's profession that of wig-maker. After the mother's death, father and son-in-law unhappily fell into the way of 'wiggling' each other at the expense of the business. The young folks went to lodge with George Wilkins, a mediocre playwright, whose dramas of 'Pericles' and 'Timon of Athens' Shakespeare

amiably retouched, the latter considerably. Stephen sued for his wife's dowry and other matters connected with the shop. Clearly Shakespeare had interested himself deeply in these young people, for pretty much all the other witnesses as to the terms of the match simply quote 'one Wm. Shakespeare.' He himself played a diplomatic part, spoke well of both parties to the suit, and by what means a most opportune lapse of memory absolutely failed to recall the dowry stipulated in the match he himself had made. Apparently, he had intended that his old landlord should suffer no financial distress in addition to the desertion of a daughter and an active associate. Mr. William Shakespeare's noncommittal ways left the suit in such shape that the court passed it on to the French Protestant Church for subsequent arbitration."

The sentimental gain of this discovery is well interpreted by the *Evening Post's* editorial writer. We are now, he tells us, able to stand at the corner of Silver and Monkwell streets and say to ourselves that "Henry V," "Much Ado," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Troilus and Cressida," "Measure for Measure" and "Othello" were written at this place. One likes to speculate on the reason that drew Shakespeare to take refuge in a French family:

"We catch the cheerful babel that must have passed between the lodger and young Mary Mountjoy in the broken French of King Hal and the entrancing English of his French Kate. As a compliment to the author's landlord, the name Mountjoy was conferred upon a herald in the play of Henry V. Apart from such literary echoes of the lodging in Silver Street, one welcomes the picture of Shakespeare as the friend and confidant of the family, their counselor at different turns, and later the would-be adjuster of their quarrels. The witnesses in the obscure suit of Bellott vs. Mountjoy, mostly people of humble estate, evidently knew Shakespeare familiarly. In short, without straining hypothesis, the scanty records of his trial present the author of the 'Sonnets' and 'Hamlet' in a positively neighborly and serviceable light. It is pleasant also to think of Ben Jonson, Nathaniel Field, Thomas Dekker and others around the corner in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Nor is it a trivial bit of antiquarianism to show that in passing from Mountjoy's to the Globe Theater Shakespeare had to pass the house in which lived the lad John

Milton, later to be the author of the first tribute in verse that Shakespeare has yet received."

Professor Wallace disabuses our minds of the superstition that Shakespeare was unable to write his name. The script of Shakespeare's time, we are told, resembles the modern German. Those familiar with only our Roman writing are likely to think that Shakespeare and all others who used the modified Gothic wrote illegibly or ignorantly. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare, Professor Wallace declares, wrote the hand well. The mystery that enshrouds Shakespeare's personality, we are told, is made up largely of our own ignorance and the perverse inclination to sit and fiddle in the dark rather than walk in the sun. "The fact is, we have more documentary evidence about Shakespeare than

about any other dramatist of his time. Prior to the researches of myself and my wife, there were just thirty-five contemporary documents bearing his name, besides the references of contemporaries, entries of plays for publication, title pages, etc. There is also a mass of documentary evidence on his family, neighbors, associate actors, fellow-dramatists, and the theaters, more or less contributive to his biography. Tireless workers have assembled these, most of whom," Prof. Wallace admits, "have been eager to help us to exact knowledge." But in spite of these discoveries we cherish the Shakespeare of our imagination. "If," concludes Prof. Wallace, "the documents be slight and their matter trivial, they have at least lifted the veil for a moment and shown us a man among men, whom we call poet and seer, and know as friend."

BERNARD SHAW'S GLORIFICATION OF "ELEKTRA"

CRITICS of Strauss's music-drama, "Elektra," in this and in other countries may voice their disapproval of it, may pronounce it "mörbid," "pathological," and worse, but George Bernard Shaw regards it as one of the greatest art-creations of our time. Replying to a derogatory article on the opera in the *London Nation*, in which Ernest Newman, a distinguished critic, charges Strauss with failing to distinguish between music and "abominable ugliness and noise," Mr. Shaw declares: "This lazy petulance which has disgraced English journalism in the forms of anti-Wagnerism, anti-Ibsenism, and, long before that anti-Handelism (now remembered only by Fielding's contemptuous reference to it in 'Tom Jones'); this infatuated attempt of writers of modest local standing to talk *de haut en bas* to men of European reputation, and to dismiss them as intrusive lunatics, is an intolerable thing, an exploded thing, a foolish thing, a parochial boorish thing, a thing that should be dropped by all good critics and discouraged by all good editors as bad form, bad manners, bad sense, bad journalism, bad politics, and bad religion."

"Elektra," Mr. Shaw opines, so far from being "abominable" or "ugly," is a marvelous transcript of the emotion of its librettist and composer. The effect they have sought to convey is that of a tortured soul struggling against great odds. Elektra, be it remem-

bered, stands alone. She has seen her father, Agamemnon, foully slain by her mother, Clytemnestra, now united in lustful relation with Ægistheus. These two guilty ones seem to have triumphed, and they laugh at the raging soul of Elektra. But in her heart there grows a great purpose. Before her is one ambition, one hope, one deed. She feels herself the instrument destined by fate to restore the moral equilibrium of the world. She is Jesus, Savonarola, Galileo, Bruno. She is the great heart that sees too clearly the world's woe, and breaks in the hour of its own triumph. As Bernard Shaw puts it:

"What Hofmannsthal and Strauss have done is to take Clytemnestra and Ægistheus, and by identifying them with everything that is evil and cruel, with all that needs must hate the highest when it sees it, with hideous domination and coercion of the higher by the baser, with the murderous rage in which the lust for a lifetime of orgiastic pleasure turns on its slaves in the torture of its disappointment and the sleepless horror and misery of its neurasthenia, to so rouse in us an overwhelming flood of wrath against it and ruthless resolution to destroy it, that Elektra's vengeance becomes holy to us; and we come to understand how even the gentlest of us could wield the ax of Orestes or twist our firm fingers in the black hair of Clytemnestra to drag back her head and leave her throat open to the stroke.

"That was a task hardly possible to an ancient Greek, and not easy even to us who are face to

face with the America of the Thaw case, and the European plutocracy of which that case was only a trifling symptom. And that is the task which Hofmannsthal and Strauss have achieved. Not even in the third scene of 'Das Rheingold,' or in the Klingsor scenes in 'Parsifal,' is there such an atmosphere of malignant and cancerous evil as we get here. And that the power with which it is done is not the power of the evil itself but of the passion that detests and must and finally can destroy that evil, is what makes the work great, and makes us rejoice in its horror."

That the power of conceiving so impressive an idea should occur in the same individual as the technical skill and natural faculty needed to achieve its complete and overwhelming expression in music, is, Mr. Shaw thinks, a stroke of the rarest good fortune that can befall a generation of men. "I have often said," he continues, "when asked to state the case against the fools and money-changers who are trying to drive us into a war with Germany, that the case consists of the single word, Beethoven. To-day I should say with equal confidence, Strauss."

"In this music drama Strauss has done for us just what he has done for his own countrymen: he has said for us, with an utterly satisfying force, what all the noblest powers of life within us are clamoring to have said, in protest against and defiance of the omnipresent villainies of our civilization; and this is the highest achievement of the highest art.

"It was interesting to compare our conductor, the gallant Beecham, bringing out the points in

Strauss's orchestration, until sometimes the music sounded like a concerto for six drums, with Strauss himself, bringing out the meaning and achieving the purpose of his score so that we forgot that there was an orchestra there at all, and could hear nothing but the conflict and storm of passion. Human emotion is a complex thing: there are moments when our feeling is so deep and our ecstasy so exalted that the primeval monsters from whom we are evolved wake within us and utter the strange tormented cries of their ancient struggles with the Life Force. All this is in 'Elektra'; and under the bâton of Strauss the voices of these epochs are kept as distinct in their unity as the parts in a Bach motet. Such colossal counterpoint is a counterpoint of all the ages; not even Beethoven in his last great Mass comprehended so much. The feat is beyond all verbal description: it must be heard and felt; and even then, it seems, you must watch and pray, lest your God should forget you, and leave you to hear only 'abominable ugliness and noise,' and, on remonstrance, lead you to explain handsomely that Strauss is 'vulgar, and stupid, and ugly' only 'sometimes,' and that this art of his is so 'ridiculously easy' that nothing but your own self-respect prevents you from achieving a European reputation by condescending to practice it."

The first production in London of "Elektra," says Mr. Shaw, in concluding, marked "a historic moment in the history of art in England, such as may not occur again within our lifetime"; and Strauss, he adds, "shares with Rodin the enthusiastic gratitude and admiration of the European republic, one and indivisible, of those who understand the highest art."

"STRIFE"—JOHN GALSWORTHY'S POWERFUL LABOR PLAY

IRONY is the key-note of John Galsworthy's art even when he preaches the doctrine of compromise. He stands critically aloof from his puppets. "Strife," one of his most characteristic ironical dramas, produced with distinguished success at the New Theater, has won approbation, alike from radical and conservative. Miss Emma Goldman speaks of Galsworthy's work as the most important labor play since Hauptmann's "Weavers." National attention was focused temporarily upon the play by its suppression through the Mayor of Philadelphia, when the strike in that city was at its height. "Strife" was originally written with an English setting, but the author has transferred the scene to America for the American pro-

duction. Our selections are made by courtesy of the New Theater, from the American version. The types created by Mr. Galsworthy's vigorous imagination are universal, not national. The chief protagonist of capital, John Anthony, President of the Ohio River Tin Plate Mills, and the leading protagonist of labor, David Roberts, are both violent extremists. They serve each a definite function in the rearrangement of the social order, they are foemen worthy of each other's steel, but society at large—this seems to be the burden of the playwright's contention—will always choose the path of mediocrity and of compromise.

The first act takes place in the dining room of the manager of the mills, Francis Under-

wood, son-in-law of the president. A long protracted strike has eaten up the dividends of the company and reduced the working men to starvation. The latter, led by Roberts, are so inordinate in their demands that the Union has withdrawn its assistance from them. A joint meeting of the directors and of representatives of the working men, in the presence of Simon Harness, delegate of the Tin Workers' Union, has been called to consider the situation. The directors, Edgar Anthony, Frederic H. Wilder, William Scantlebury and Oliver Wanklin, Henry Tench, secretary of the company, Francis Underwood, and the workingmen's committee, consisting of James Green, John Bulgin, Henry Thomas and George Rous, headed by Roberts, are facing each other in an animated discussion. "What we're working for," cries Thomas, "is just simple justice." Here Roberts launches into a venomous diatribe.

ROBERTS. Justice from Pittsburg? What are you talking about, Henry Thomas? Have you gone silly? (*Thomas is silent.*) We know very well what we are—discontented dogs—never satisfied. What did Mr. Anthony tell me up in Pittsburg? That I didn't know what I was talking about. I was a foolish, uneducated man, that knew nothing of the wants of the men I spoke for.

EDGAR. Do please keep to the point.

ANTHONY. (*Holding up his hand.*) There can only be one master, Roberts.

ROBERTS. Then, be Gad, it'll be us. (*There is a silence; Anthony and Roberts stare at one another.*)

UNDERWOOD. If you've nothing to say to us, Roberts, perhaps you'll let Green or Thomas speak for the men. (*Green and Thomas look anxiously at Roberts, at each other, and the other men.*)

GREEN. (*An Englishman.*) If I'd been listened to, gentlemen—

THOMAS. What I've got to say is what we've all got to say—

ROBERTS. Speak for yourself, Henry Thomas.

SCANTLEBURY. (*With a gesture of deep, spiritual discomfort.*) Let the poor men call their souls their own!

ROBERTS. Ay, they shall keep their souls, for it's not much body that you've left them, Mr. (*with biting emphasis, as tho the word were an offense*) Scantlebury! (*To the men.*) Well, will you speak, or shall I speak for you?

ROUS. (*Suddenly.*) Speak out, Roberts, or leave it to others.

ROBERTS. (*Ironically.*) Thank you, George Rous. (*Addressing himself to Anthony.*) The President and Board of Directors have honored us by leaving Pittsburg and coming all this way to

hear what we've got to say; it would not be polite to keep them any longer waiting.

WILDER. Well, thank God for that!

ROBERTS. Ye will not dare to thank Him, when I have done, Mr. Wilder, for all your piety. Maybe your God up in Pittsburg has no time to listen to the working man. I'm told He is a wealthy God; but if He listens to what I tell Him, He will know more than ever He learned out on Squirrel Hill.

HARNES. Come, Roberts, you have your own God. Respect the God of other men.

ROBERTS. That's right, sir. We have another God down here; I doubt He is rather different to Mr. Wilder's. Ask Henry Thomas; he will tell you whether his God and Mr. Wilder's are the same. (*Thomas lifts his hand, and cranes his head as though to prophesy.*)

WANKLIN. For goodness' sake, let's keep to the point, Roberts.

ROBERTS. I rather think it is the point, Mr. Wanklin. If you can get the God of Capital to walk through the streets of Labor, and pay attention to what he sees, you're a brighter man than I take you for.

ANTHONY. Attend to me, Roberts! (*Roberts is silent.*) You are here to speak for the men, as I am here to speak for the Company. (*He looks slowly round. Wilder, Wanklin and Scantlebury make movements of uneasiness, and Edgar gazes at the floor. A faint smile comes on Harness's face.*) Now then, what is it?

ROBERTS. Right, sir! (*Throughout all that follows, he and Anthony look fixedly upon each other. Men and Directors show in their various ways suppressed uneasiness, as though listening to words that they themselves would not have spoken.*) The men can't afford to travel up to Pittsburg, and they don't trust you to believe what they say in black and white. They know what letters are (*he darts a look at Underwood and Tench*) and what Directors' meetings are: "Refer it to the manager—let the manager advise us on the men's condition. Can we squeeze them a little more?"

UNDERWOOD. (*In a low voice.*) Don't hit below the belt, Roberts!

ROBERTS. Is it below the belt, Mr. Underwood? The men know. When I came up to Pittsburg, I told you the position straight. An' what came of it? I was told I didn't know what I was talkin' about. I can't afford to travel up to Pittsburg to be told that again.

ANTHONY. What have you to say for the men?

ROBERTS. I have this to say—and first as to their condition. Ye shall 'ave no need to go and ask your manager. Ye can't squeeze them any more. Every man of us is well-nigh starving. (*A surprised murmur rises from the men. Roberts looks around.*) Ye wonder why, I tell ye that? Every man of us is going short. We can't be no worse off than we've been these weeks past. Ye needn't think that by waiting ye'll drive us to come in. We'll die first, the whole lot of us. The men

have sent for ye to know, once and for all, whether ye are going to grant them their demands. I see the paper in the Secretary's hand. (*Tench moves nervously.*) That's it, I think, Mr. Tench. It's not very large.

TENCH (*Nodding.*) Yes.

ROBERTS. There's not one sentence of writing on that paper that we can do without. (*A movement amongst the men. Roberts turns on them sharply.*) Isn't that so? (*The men assent reluctantly. Anthony takes from Tench the paper and peruses it.*) Not one single sentence. All those demands are fair. We have not asked anything that we are not entitled to ask. What I said up in Pittsburg I say again now: there is not anything on that piece of paper that a just man should not ask, and a just man give. (*A pause.*)

ANTHONY. There is not one single demand on this paper that we will grant. (*In the stir that follows on these words Roberts watches the Directors and Anthony the men. Wilder gets up abruptly and goes over to the fire.*)

ROBERTS. D'ye mean that?

ANTHONY. I do. (*Wilder, at the fire, makes an emphatic movement of disgust.*)

ROBERTS. (*Nothing it, with dry intensity.*) Ye best know whether the condition of the Company is any better than the condition of the men. (*Scanning the Directors' faces.*) Ye best know whether ye can afford your tyranny—but this I tell ye: if ye think the men will give way the least part of an inch, ye're making the worst mistake ye ever made. (*He fixes his eyes on Scantlebury.*) Ye think because the Union is not supporting us—more shame to it!—that we'll be coming on our knees to you one fine morning. Ye think because the men have got their wives an' families to think of—that it's just a question of a week or two—

ANTHONY. It would be better if you did not speculate so much on what we think.

ROBERTS. Ay! It's not much profit to us! I will say this to you, Mr. Anthony—ye know your own mind! (*Staring at Anthony.*) I can reckon on ye!

ANTHONY. (*Ironically.*) I am obliged to you! ROBERTS. And I know mine. I tell ye this: the men will send their wives and families to the poor-house; an' they will starve sooner than give way. I advise ye, Mr. Anthony, to prepare yourself for the worst that can happen to your Company. We are not so ignorant as you might suppose. We know the way the cat is jumping. Your position is not all that it might be—not exactly!

ANTHONY. Be good enough to allow us to judge of our position for ourselves. Go back, and reconsider your own.

ROBERTS. (*Stepping forward.*) Mr. Anthony, you are not a young man now; from the time I remember anything ye have been an enemy to every man that has come into your mills. I don't say that ye're a mean man, or a cruel man, but ye've grudged them the say of any word in their own fate. Ye've fought them down four times. I've heard ye say ye love a fight—mark my words

—ye're fighting the last fight ye'll ever fight—(*Tench touches Roberts' sleeve.*)

UNDERWOOD. Roberts! Roberts!

ROBERTS. Roberts! Roberts! I mustn't speak my mind to Mr. Anthony, but Mr. Anthony may speak his mind to me!

WILDER. What are things coming to?

ANTHONY. (*With a grim smile at Wilder.*) Go on, Roberts; say what you like!

ROBERTS. (*After a pause.*) I have no more to say.

ANTHONY. The meeting stands adjourned to five o'clock.

WANKLIN. (*In a low voice to Underwood.*) We shall never settle anything like this.

ROBERTS. (*Bitingly.*) We thank the President and Board of Directors for their gracious hearing. (*He moves towards the door; the men cluster together stupefied; then Rous, throwing up his head, passes Roberts and goes out. The others follow.*)

ROBERTS. (*With his hand on the door—maliciously.*) Good day, gentlemen! (*He goes out.*)

HARNESS. (*Ironically.*) I congratulate you on the conciliatory spirit that's been displayed. With your permission, gentlemen, I'll be with you again at half-past five. Good morning. (*He bows slightly, rests his eyes on Anthony, who returns his stare unmoved, and, followed by Underwood, goes out. There is a moment of uneasy silence. Underwood reappears in the doorway.*)

WILDER. (*With emphatic disgust.*) Well! (*The double doors are opened.*)

ENID UNDERWOOD. (*Standing in the doorway.*) Lunch is ready. (*Edgar, getting up abruptly, walks out past his sister.*)

WILDER. Coming to lunch, Scantlebury?

SCANTLEBURY. (*Rising heavily.*) I suppose so, I suppose so. It's the only thing we can do. (*They go out through the double doors.*)

WANKLIN. (*In a low voice.*) Do you really mean to fight to a finish, Mr. Anthony? (*Anthony nods.*) Take care! The essence of things is to know when to stop. (*Anthony does not answer. Very gravely.*) This way disaster lies. (*He goes out through the double doors.*)

ENID. I want to speak to father, Frank. (*Underwood follows Wanklin out. Tench, passing round the table, is restoring order to the scattered pens and papers.*)

ENID. Aren't you coming, father? (*Anthony shakes his head. Enid looks meaningly at Tench.*) Won't you go and have some lunch, Mr. Tench?

TENCH. (*With papers in his hand.*) Thank you, ma'am, thank you! (*He goes slowly, looking back.*)

ENID. (*Shutting the doors.*) I do hope it's settled, father!

ANTHONY. No!

ENID. (*Very disappointed.*) Oh! haven't you done anything? (*Anthony shakes his head.*) Frank says they all want to come to a compromise, really, except that man Roberts.

ANTHONY. I don't.

ENID. It's such a horrid position for us. If

you were the wife of the manager, and lived down here, and saw it all. You can't realize, dad!

ANTHONY. Indeed?

ENID. We see *all* the distress. You remember my waitress Annie, who married Roberts? (*Anthony nods.*) It's so wretched, her heart's weak; since the strike began, she hasn't even been getting proper food. I know it for a fact, father.

ANTHONY. Give her what she wants, poor woman!

ENID. Roberts won't let her take anything from us.

ANTHONY. (*Staring before him.*) I can't be answerable for the men's obstinacy.

ENID. They're all suffering. Father! Do stop it, for my sake!

ANTHONY. (*With a keen look at her.*) You don't understand, my dear.

ENID. If I were a Director I'd do something.

ANTHONY. What would you do?

ENID. It's because you can't bear to give way. It's so—

ANTHONY. Well?

ENID. So unnecessary.

ANTHONY. What do *you* know about necessity? Read your novels, play your music, talk your talk, but don't try and tell *me* what's at the bottom of a struggle like this.

ENID. I live down here, and see it.

ANTHONY. What d'you imagine stands between you and these men that you're so sorry for?

ENID. (*Coldly.*) I don't know what you mean, father.

ANTHONY. In a few years you and your children would be down in the condition they're in, but for those who have the eyes to see things as they are and the backbone to stand up for themselves.

The second act introduces us to Roberts's cottage. Mrs. Roberts is evidently suffering from lack of sustenance, but she refuses Enid's proffered assistance. The women have to bear the brunt of the suffering. Sentiment among the workers is beginning to shape itself against Roberts. Thomas declares that the strike is against religion. Madge, his daughter, a sweetheart of Rous, Roberts's staunchest supporter, attempts to induce both her father and Rous to return to the fleshpots of capitalism, before they go to the decisive meeting of the strikers.

MADGE. You'll be late, father; they're beginning. (*She catches him by the sleeve.*) For the love of God, stand up to him, father—this time!

THOMAS. (*Detaching his sleeve with dignity.*) Leave me to do what's proper, girl!

(*He goes out. Madge, in the center of the open doorway, slowly moves in, as though before the approach of some one.*)

ROUS. (*Appearing in the doorway.*) Madge! (*Madge stands with her back to Mrs. Roberts,*

staring at him with her head up and her hands behind her. Rous has a fierce, distracted look.) Madge! I'm going to the meeting. (*Madge, without moving, smiles contemptuously.*) D'ye hear me?

(*They speak in quick, low voices.*)

MADGE. I hear! Go, and kill your own mother, if you must.

(*Rous seizes her by both her arms. She stands rigid, with her head bent back. He releases her, and he, too, stands motionless.*)

ROUS. I swore to stand by Roberts. I swore that! Ye want me to go back on what I've sworn?

MADGE. (*With soft, slow mockery.*) You are a pretty lover!

ROUS. Madge!

MADGE. (*Smiling.*) I've heard that lovers do what their girls ask them—(*Jan, her little brother, sounds the cuckoo's notes on the flute*)—but that's not true, it seems!

ROUS. You'd make a scab of me!

MADGE. (*With her eyes half closed.*) Do it for me!

ROUS. (*Dashing his hand across his brow.*) Damn! I can't!

MADGE. (*Swiftly.*) Do it for me!

ROUS. (*Through his teeth.*) Don't play the wanton!

MADGE. (*With a movement of her hand towards her little brother—quick and low.*) I'd do that to get bread for the children.

ROUS. (*In a fierce whisper.*) Madge! Oh, Madge!

MADGE. (*With soft mockery.*) But you can't break your word for me!

ROUS. (*With a choke.*) Then, Begod, I can! (*He turns and rushes off. Madge stands, with a faint smile on her face, looking after him.*)

This conversation is followed by the big scene of the play. In a gray, failing light, we see an open muddy space crowded with workmen. There is a rude platform of barrels and boards. Harness, Rous and Thomas preach reconciliation. Their speeches are followed by fiery denunciation from Roberts. "That young man," he shouts, pointing to Rous, "says I have hell fire on my tongue. If I had I would use it all to scorch and wither this talking of surrender. Surrendering is the work of cowards and traitors."

HENRY ROUS. (*As George Rous moves forward.*) Go for him, George—don't stand his lip!

ROBERTS. (*Flinging out his finger.*) Stop there, George Rous, it's no time this to settle personal matters. (*Rous stops.*) But there was one other spoke to you—Mr. Simon Harness. We have not much to thank Mr. Harness and the Union for. They said to us, "Desert your mates, or we'll desert you." An' they did desert us.

EVANS. They did.

ROBERTS. Mr. Simon Harness is a clever man,

but he has come too late. (*With intense conviction.*) For all that Mr. Simon Harness says, for all that Thomas, Rous, for all that any-man present here can say—we've won the fight. (*The crowd sags nearer, looking eagerly up. With withering scorn.*) You've felt the pinch o' in your bellies. You've forgotten what that fight 'as been; many times I have told you; I will tell you now this once again. The fight o' the country's body and blood against a blood-sucker. The fight of those that spend themselves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of merciful Nature. That thing is Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price. Don't I know that? Wasn't the work o' my brains bought for thirty-five hundred dollars and hasn't five hundred thousand dollars been gained them by that thirty-five hundred without the stirring of a finger. It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's Capital! A thing that will say—"I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows—you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one cent of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's Capital. Tell me, for all their talk, is there one of them that will not fight against an Income Tax to help the poor? That's Capital! A white-faced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain? When I went this morning to those old men from Pittsburg I looked into their very 'earts. One of them was sitting there—Mr. Scantlebury, a mass of flesh nourished on us: sittin' there for all the world like the stockholders in this Company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends—a great dumb ox that can only be roused when its food is threatened. I looked into his eyes and I saw *he was afraid*—afraid for himself and his dividends, afraid of the very stockholders he stands for; and all but one of them's afraid—like children that get into a wood at night, and start at every rustle of the leaves. I ask you, men—(*he pauses, holding out his hand till there is utter silence*)—give me a free hand to tell them; "Go you back to Pittsburg. The men have nothing for you!" (*A murmuring.*) Give me that, an' I swear to you, within a week you shall have from Pittsburg all you want.

EVANS, JAGO AND OTHERS. A free hand! Give him a free hand! Bravo—bravo!

ROBERTS. 'Tis not for this little moment of time we're fighting—(*the murmuring dies*) not for ourselves, our own little bodies, and their wants, 'tis for all those that come after throughout all time. (*With intense sadness.*) Oh, men—for the love o' them, don't roll up another stone upon their heads, don't help to blacken the sky, an' let the bitter sea in over them. They're welcome to the worst that can happen to me, to the worst that can happen to us all, aren't they—aren't they,—if we can shake (*passionately*) that white-

faced monster with the bloody lips, that has sucked the life out of ourselves, our wives, and children, since the world began. (*Dropping the note of passion, but with the utmost weight and intensity.*) If we have not the hearts of men to stand against it breast to breast, and eye to eye, and force it backward till it cry for mercy, it will go on sucking life; and we shall stay forever what we are—(*in almost a whisper*)—less than the very dogs.

(*An utter stillness, and Roberts stands rocking his body slightly, with his eyes burning the faces of the crowd.*)

EVANS AND JAGO. (*Suddenly.*) Roberts!

(*The shout is taken up. There is a slight movement in the crowd, and Madge, passing below the towing-path, stops by the platform, looking up at Roberts. A sudden doubting silence.*)

ROBERTS. "Nature," says that old man, "give in to Nature." I tell you, strike your blow in Nature's face—an' let it do its worst!

(*He catches sight of Madge, his brows contract, he looks away.*)

MADGE. (*In a low voice, close to the platform.*) Your wife's dying!

(*Roberts glares at her as if torn from some pinnacle of exaltation.*)

ROBERTS. (*Trying to stammer on.*) I say to you—answer them—answer them—

(*He is drowned by the murmur in the crowd.*)

THOMAS. (*Stepping forward.*) Ton't you hear her, then?

ROBERTS. What is it?

(*A dead silence.*)

THOMAS. Your wife, man!

(*Roberts hesitates, then with a gesture, he leaps down, and goes away below the towing-path, the men making way for him. The standing barge-man opens and prepares to light a lantern. Day-light is fast failing.*)

MADGE. He needn't have hurried! Annie Roberts is dead. (*Then in the silence, passionately.*) You pack of blinded hounds! How many more women are you going to let to die?

(*The crowd shrinks back from her, and breaks up in groups, with a confused, uneasy movement. Madge goes quickly away below the towing-path. There is a hush as they look after her.*)

LEWIS. There's a spitfire for ye!

BULGIN. (*Growling.*) I'll smash 'er jaw.

GREEN. If I'd 'a been listened to, that poor woman—

THOMAS. It's a judgment on him for coing against religion. I tolt him how 'twould be!

EVANS. All the more reason for sticking by 'im. (*A cheer.*) Are you goin' to desert him now 'e's down? Are you goin' to chuck him over, now 'e's lost 'is wife?

(*The crowd is murmuring and cheering all at once.*)

ROUS. (*Stepping in front of platform.*) Lost his wife! Ay! Can't ye see? Look at home, look at your own wives! What's to save them?



THE IRONIC CLIMAX OF GALSWORTHY'S PLAY: "SO THEY HAVE THROWN US BOTH DOWN, MR. ANTHONY."

The characters reading from left to right are Albert Brunning as Daniel Roberts, the labor leader; Robert Homans as Simon Harness; Louis Calvert as John Anthony, the capitalist protagonist, and Beatrice Forbes-Robertson as Enid Underwood, Anthony's daughter.

Ye'll have the same in all your houses before long!

LEWIS. Ay, ay!

HENRY ROUS. Right! George, right!

(*There are murmurs of assent.*)

The last act takes place in Underwood's artistically furnished drawing room. The news of Mrs. Roberts's death has penetrated to the directors' ears. They are beginning to fear for their reputations as well as for their pockets. Young Anthony, deserting his father, practically charges them with murder. An amendment is made to accept the plan of a compromise proffered by Harness. John Anthony turns his face to his son Edgar. "A woman has died. I am told that her blood is on my hands; I am told that on my hands is the starvation and the suffering of other women and of children."

EDGAR. I said "on *our* hands," sir.

ANTHONY. It is the same. (*His voice grows stronger and stronger, his feeling is more and more made manifest.*) I am not aware that if my adversary suffer in a fair fight not sought by me, it is my fault. If I fall under his feet—as fall I may—I shall not complain. That will be my look-out—and this is—his. I cannot separate, as I would, these men from their women and children. A fair fight is a fair fight! Let them learn to think before they pick a quarrel!

EDGAR. (*In a low voice.*) But is it a fair

fight, father? Look at them, and look at us! They've only this one weapon!

ANTHONY. (*Grimly.*) And you're weak-kneed enough to teach them how to use it! It seems the fashion nowadays for men to take their enemy's side. I have not learnt that art. Is it my fault that they quarreled with their Union too?

EDGAR. There is such a thing as Mercy.

ANTHONY. And Justice comes before it.

EDGAR. What seems just to one man, sir, is injustice to another.

ANTHONY. (*With suppressed passion.*) You accuse me of injustice—of what amounts to inhumanity—of cruelty—

(*Edgar makes a gesture of horror—a general frightened movement.*)

WANKLIN. Come, come, Mr. Anthony.

ANTHONY. (*In a grim voice.*) These are the words of my own son. They are the words of a generation that I don't understand; the words of a soft breed.

(*A general murmur. With a violent effort Anthony recovers his control.*)

EDGAR. (*Quietly.*) I said it of myself, too, father.

(*A long look is exchanged between them, and Anthony puts out his hand with a gesture as if to sweep the personalities away; then places it against his brow, swaying as tho from giddiness. There is a movement towards him. He waves them back.*)

ANTHONY. Before I put this amendment to the Board, I have one more word to say. (*He looks from face to face.*) If it is carried, it means that

we shall fail in what we set ourselves to do. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe to all Capital. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe ourselves. It means that we shall be open to constant attack to which we as constantly shall have to yield. Be under no misapprehension—run this time; and you will never make a stand again! You will have to fly like curs before the whips of your own men. If that is the lot you wish for, you will vote for this amendment. *(He looks again, from face to face, finally resting his gaze on Edgar; all sit with their eyes on the ground. Anthony makes a gesture and Tench hands him the book. He reads.)* "Moved by Mr. Wilder, and seconded by Mr. Wanklin: 'That the men's demands be placed at once in the hands of Mr. Simon Harness for settlement on the lines indicated by him this morning.'" *(With sudden vigor.)* Those in favor: Signify the same in the usual way! *(For a minute no one moves; then hastily, just as Anthony is about to speak, Wilder's hand and Wanklin's are held up, then Scantlebury's, and last Edgar's, who does not lift his head.)* Contrary? *(Anthony lifts his own hand. In a clear voice.)* The amendment is carried. I resign my position on this Board. *(There is dead silence. Anthony sits motionless, his head slowly drooping, suddenly he heaves as though the whole of his life had risen up within him.)* Fifty years! You have disgraced me, gentlemen. Bring in the men!

(He sits motionless, staring before him. The Board draws hurriedly together, and forms a group. Tench in a frightened manner speaks into the hall.)

WILDER. *(Hurriedly.)* What's to be said to them? Why isn't Harness here? Ought we to see the men before he comes? I don't—

TENCH. Will you come in, please?

(Enter Thomas, Green, Bulgin and Rous, who file up in a row past the little table. Tench sits down and writes. All eyes are fixed on Anthony, who makes no sign.)

WANKLIN. *(Stepping up to the little table, with nervous cordiality.)* Well, Thomas, how's it to be? What's the result of your meeting?

ROUS. Sim Harness has our answer. He'll tell you what it is. We're waiting for him. He'll speak for us.

WANKLIN. Is that so, Thomas?

THOMAS. *(Sullenly.)* Yes. Roberts will not be coming, his wife is dead.

SCANTLEBURY. Yes, yes! Poor woman! Yes! Yes!

FROST. *(Entering from the hall.)* Mr. Harness, sir!

(As Harness enters Frost retires. Harness has a piece of paper in his hand; he bows to the directors, nods towards the men, and takes his stand behind the little table in the very center of the room.)

HARNESS. Good evening, gentlemen.

(Tench, with the paper he has been writing, joins him; they speak together in low tones.)

WILDER. We've been waiting for you, Harness. Hope we shall come to some—

FROST. *(Entering from the hall.)* Roberts!

(He goes. Roberts comes hastily in, and stands staring at Anthony. His face is drawn and old.)

ROBERTS. Mr. Anthony, I am afraid I am a little late; I would have been here in time but for something that—has happened. *(To the men.)* Has anything been said?

THOMAS. No! But, man, what made ye come?

ROBERTS. Ye told us this morning, gentlemen, to go away and reconsider our position. We have reconsidered it; we are here to bring you the men's answer. *(To Anthony.)* Go ye back to Pittsburg. We have nothing for you. By no jot or tittle do we abate our demands, nor will we until the whole of those demands are yielded!

(Anthony looks at him but does not speak. There is a movement amongst the men as though they were bewildered.)

HARNESS. Roberts!

ROBERTS. *(Glancing fiercely at him, and back to Anthony.)* Is that clear enough for ye? Is it short enough and to the point? Ye made a mistake to think that we would come to heel. Ye may break the body, but ye cannot break the spirit. Get back to Pittsburg, the men have nothing for ye!

(Pausing uneasily he takes a step towards the unmoving Anthony.)

EDGAR. We're all sorry for you, Roberts, but—

ROBERTS. Keep your sorrow, young man. Let your father speak!

HARNESS. *(With the sheet of paper in his hand, speaking from behind the little table.)* Roberts!

ROBERTS. *(To Anthony, with passionate intensity.)* Why don't ye answer?

HARNESS. Roberts!

ROBERTS. *(Turning sharply.)* What is it?

HARNESS. *(Gravely.)* You're talking without the book; things have traveled past you. *(He makes a sign to Tench, who beckons the Directors. They quickly sign his copy of the terms.)* Look at this, man! *(Holding up his sheet of paper.)* "Demands conceded, with the exception of those relating to the engineers and hot mills men. Double wages for Saturday's overtime. Night-shifts as they are." These terms have been agreed. The men go back to work again tomorrow. The strike is at an end.

ROBERTS. *(Reading the paper, and turning on the men. They shrink back from him, all but Rous, who stands his ground. With deadly stillness.)* Ye have gone back on me? I have stood by ye to the death; ye waited for that to throw me over!

(The men answer, all speaking together just above their breath.)

ROUS. It's a lie!

THOMAS. Ye were past endurance, man.

GREEN. If ye'd listen to me—

BULGIN. *(Under his breath.)* Hold your jaw!

ROBERTS. Ye waited for that!

HARNESS. *(Taking the Directors' copy of the*



L'illustration.

"I CALL AND THE TREMBLING HORIZON OBEYS!"

Chantecler summons the sun. One by one, at his command, the peaks and trees are lighted up in due order. Conscious of his high duty, he resists the importunities of the hen-pheasant to show favoritism to certain hills in which she has an interest.

terms, and handing his own to Tench.) That's enough, men. You had better go.

(The men shuffle slowly, awkwardly away.)

WILDER. (In a low, nervous voice.) There's nothing to stay for now, I suppose. (He follows to the door.) I shall have a try for that train! Coming, Scantlebury?

SCANTLEBURY. (Following with Wanklin.) Yes, yes; wait for me.

(He stops as Roberts speaks.)

ROBERTS. (To Anthony.) But ye have not signed them terms! They can't make terms without their President! Ye would never sign them terms! (Anthony looks at him without speaking.) Don't tell me ye have! for the love o' God! (With passionate appeal.) I reckoned on ye!

HARNESS. (Holding out the Directors' copy of the terms.) The Directors have signed!

(Roberts looks dully at the signatures—dashes the paper from him and covers up his eyes.)

SCANTLEBURY. (Behind his hand to Tench.) Look after Mr. Anthony! He's not well; he's not well—he had no lunch. If there's any fund started for the women and children, put me down for— for a hundred.

(He goes into the hall, in cumbrous haste; and Wanklin, who has been staring at Roberts and Anthony with twitchings of his face, follows. Edgar remains seated on the sofa, looking at the ground; Tench, returning to the bureau, writes

in his minute-book. Harness stands by the little table, gravely watching Roberts.)

ROBERTS. Then you're no long President of this Company! (Breaking into half-mad laughter.) Ah! Ha—ah, ha, ha! They've thrown ye over—thrown over their President. Ah—ha—ha! (With a sudden dreadful calm.) So—they've done us both down, Mr. Anthony?

(Enid, hurrying through the double doors, comes quickly to her father.)

HARNESS. (Coming down and laying his hands on Roberts's sleeve.) For shame, Roberts! Go home quietly, man; go home!

ROBERTS. (Tearing his arm away.) Home? (Shrinking together—in a whisper.) Home!

ENID. (Quietly to her father.) Come away, dear! Come to your room!

(Anthony rises with an effort. He turns to Roberts, who looks at him. They stand several seconds, gazing at each other fixedly; Anthony lifts his hand, as though to salute, but lets it fall. The expression of Roberts's face changes from hostility to wonder. They bend their heads in token of respect. Anthony turns, and slowly walks towards the curtained door. Suddenly he sways as though about to fall, recovers himself, and is assisted out by Edgar and Enid; Roberts remains motionless for several seconds, staring intently after Anthony, then goes out into the hall.)

TENCH. (*Approaching Harness and wiping his brow. Harness, pale and resolute, regards with a grim half-smile the quivering Tench.*) What did he mean by, "Done us both down?" If he has lost his wife, he oughtn't to have spoken to Mr. Anthony like that!

HARNESS. A woman dead; and the two best men both broken!

(*Underwood enters through the double doors.*)

TENCH. (*Staring at him—suddenly excited.*)

D' you know—these terms, they're the *very same* we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this—and—and what for?

HARNESS. (*In a slow, grim voice.*) That's where the fun comes in!

(*Underwood without turning from the doors makes a gesture of assent.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

WHEN "CHANTECLER" COMES TO AMERICA

THE Bird of France, Chantecler, is spreading his wings for the New World. *Hampton's Magazine* will familiarize us with the text of Rostand's sensational drama, and not later than October our most popular actress will hail the sun with the triumphant chant of his illustrious rooster. Remembering the cock-a-doodle-do emitted by Miss Adams in the part of "Peter Pan," we feel a thrill of anticipated delight in the prospect. At the close of her present tour, Mr. John D. Williams, business manager for Charles Frohman, informs us, Miss Adams will at once plunge into rehearsals. The English version will be made

by Louis Napoleon Parker, the translator of "L'Aiglon."

The actress has already begun her preparation for the most momentous rôle in her artistic career. In the hands of the elder Coquelin, who unfortunately died before Rostand's play actually came to a first performance, but who devoted almost a decade of thought and preparation to the part, Chantecler was a creature of gayety, with rarely a grave moment, an observer of the world and its ways, an inventive, resourceful and somewhat artful creature of buoyant self-belief, who at times fell away to mere vanity—or, as the saying is, cockiness. By the death of



L'Illustration.

THE TEMPTATION: "RESTE UN JOUR SANS CHANTER. . ."—ACT. IV.

The Pheasant-hen, reenacting the celebrated scene from the third chapter of Genesis, exhorts Chantecler not to sing.

*L'illustration.*

CHANTECLER AND THE TOADS

A fantastic scene in the forest. Recollecting that Chantecler is of human size, it is apparent that all the other beasts of Rostand's creation are super-animals with regard to size.

Coquelin the rôle devolved upon Guitry, to whose mind Chantecler was above all the great worker. As played by Guitry, Chantecler is "presque un dieu"—almost a god. He is a hero, a creature of gravity, a lover of beauty, a thinker.

Altho there will be no opportunity for Miss Adams to see the Guitry performances of "Chantecler" before she essays the rôle herself, she has already fixed upon a definite idea of Chantecler that will govern her entire performance of the part. To the mind of the American actress, Chantecler is a composite of gravity and gayety. He is the symbol of work chosen before sensual inclination among men. The theme of "Chantecler," she thinks with Guitry, is to do one's work even if it costs one's love and one's life. Chantecler lives to learn that the sun rises without regard to him; he finds that his work is not so important as he thinks, as many a human has found out; but he persists just the same. He says: "I call the dawn; but I do more than that. When the days are gray and all the poor hearts cannot see the light, the sound of my voice assures them that the sun is there

nevertheless." "Chantecler" is thus, in Miss Adams's mind, an exquisite poetic lesson in the doctrine of faith and hope through work.

The costumes for the American production of "Chantecler" will be copied after plates received from Paris, under the supervision of John W. Alexander, President of the American Academy of Design. The ingenuity of French costumers was severely tried by the demands of M. Rostand's grotesque idea. Thus there were doubts as to whether or not the actors' faces were to be visible. To create the illusion of a real barnyard there should be no human faces; yet, on the other hand, after having deprived the actor of the use of his hands and arms, and shut his body up in a stiff cuirass of feathers, he could not, remarks the *Times*, be expected to portray much dramatic action if his face too were hidden from view. The difficulty was solved finally by making different categories of costumes. The actors who are merely silent figures of the barnyard are garbed entirely as birds, their faces and heads being entirely covered with feathers. Often the actor has been forced to take extraordinary positions. All

sorts of arrangements of wires and cords had to be thought out. In some cases the actor stands upright, and by the help of strings manages to make the rest of his costume follow the demands of the character. In others, as with some of the toads, the actor is almost seated and has to crawl rather than walk. Many characters have but few words to say, not enough to make their facial expression of vital importance, but enough to make it necessary for them to use their voice to its full advantage. "These characters," we are told, "have the top part of their faces entirely covered, which makes it possible to combine human expression with the animal form. Under the rooster's head the face of M. Guitry stands out, as does that of Mme. Simone under the plumage of the hen pheasant."

"Those who have seen the performance are of the opinion that the costumes of the supers are better than those of the principals. The reason is plain. As the actors' faces are hidden from view, the actors can take positions which make the whole bird seem more true to life, more so than where the bird has to stand up straight.

"The procession of roosters, hens of all kinds, is said to be most attractive, while the tiny downy chicks that also figure in the barnyard scene are just like the little yellow balls of fluff we see at this season. After the eye is accustomed to the proportions and has accepted them the illusion is said to be complete in the first act, so realistically is it staged.

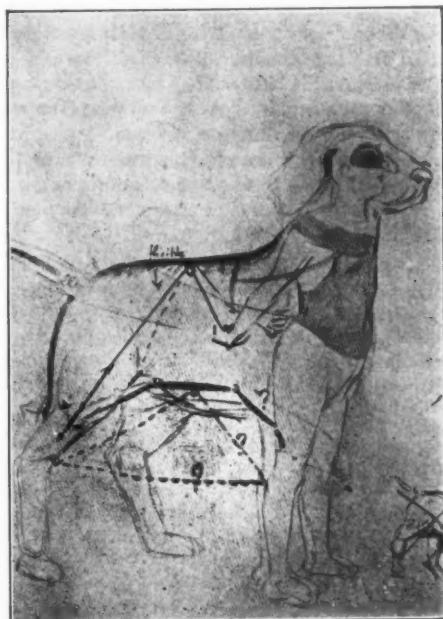
"In the third act, at the guinea hen's reception, the roosters are most varied and wonderful. Asiatic fowls, fowls from China and India, from America and Canada, and Australia, glorious in their plumage, are scarcely put to shame by the peacock, who also comes to the impromptu five o'clock tea, where it delights in spreading out its gorgeous feathers as a magic fan studded with jeweled eyes.

"In the drama there are also some big animals, a donkey, a cat, a dog, and naturally there was quite some difficulty in maintaining the same scale when these animals were to be portrayed. They are so large as to be 'superanimals!' as Nietzsche might have called them."

The Chantecler costume is composed of four pieces, the cock's head, the body, the legs and the tail feathers. The head is topped by a magnificent red comb. The beak forms the visor of a helmet, as it were, while the actor's face appears beneath it, with a huge pendente on either side. A mass of orange and green feathers denotes the transition between the neck and the rest of the body, which is composed of a sort of doublet to which the wings are sewed. The legs of the actor are

covered by feathered trousers, which turn into painted tights toward the lower part of the legs and end as claws. The tail feathers are attached to an immense wire skeleton and fastened to the body by means of a belt. The hen pheasant's plumage is somewhat fantastic. In nature this fowl wears a modest gray dress, but for the purpose of the play she is arrayed in a fiery red with wonderful greenish wings and a magnificent yellow for her face and neck.

There are some who seem to think that Edmond Rostand has degraded his art by deserting the eyrie for the poultry yard. Yet, Edwin E. Slosson remarks in *The Independent*, no lesser than Benjamin Franklin proposed the turkey as the ornithological emblem of the United States, arguing that this stately domestic and useful fowl would far more appropriately represent our country than would that bloodthirsty bird, the eagle. The history of France, Dr. Slosson continues, has been a fight between the cock and the eagle from the time when Caesar's standards invaded Gallia. The revolution won its first victories under the flag of the cock, but the Roman eagles were distributed by Napoleon to his regiments when he set out to conquer Europe. The revolution of 1830 brought back the *Cog*



L'Illustration.

THE DOG PATOU

This picture illustrates the mechanism that animates M. Rostand's canine.



L'illustration.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE NIGHT BIRDS

The night birds, assembled in solemn conclave to consider measures against the sun, glower upon the sleeping kingdom of its illustrious champion.

Gaulois, but Napoleon III. suppressed it by his *coup d'état* of 1851, and took in its place the eagle of empire. But his eagle refused to perch upon the cactus and led him to Sedan, as it had led Bonaparte to Waterloo.

Rostand's "*Chantecler*," Dr. Slosson avers, is a fascinating medley of sense and nonsense, of satire and symbolism, of quaint interpretations of animal life and acute reflections on human life, in which the sublime and the ludicrous are joined in the same couplet and beautiful lyrics are interspersed with the badinage of the boulevards. It violates most of the rules of rhetoric except in prosody. On account of its puns, slang, symbolism and local allusions to literary and political controversies of the day, Dr. Slosson thinks, it is essentially untranslatable.

"English has two vocabularies, a common one for everyday wear and a Sunday suit for poetry. French has no such choice of words, so Maeterlinck and Rostand can show us the poetry of common things without jarring our literary sensibilities, as an English poet is apt to do when he attempts the same. Besides, the French are tolerant of identical rhymes and plays upon words in serious passages, such as we have discarded since Shakespeare. The translator will find that 'rooster' has few suitable rhymes and is not at home in an esthetic environment. Our 'cock-a-doodle-do' will not fit into the verse as well as

the French 'co-co-ri-co,' which has the double advantage of being more poetic and more onomatopoeic."

The writer in a measure contradicts his own statement of the untranslatability of Rostand's text by a charming rendering of scattered bits of *Chantecler*'s "Hymn to the Sun."

"This perpetual cry that ascends from the earth
Is Love's quivering call that the light may have birth.

'Tis the frenzied, the agonized accent of yearning

For the gold we call Day with its largesse returning

To all who await it; the pine tree's rough boss,
Its roots in the wood path all covered with moss,
The delicate beards of the oat-heads erect,
The least little pebble with mica-scales flecked,
That beseech all the lovers of light who desire
Their luster, their tint or their plumes tipped with fire.

The grass wants a rainbow impearled on each glaive,

The forest, an altar-fire ending its nave.

This cry which mounts through my throat to the Heaven

Is the cry of all nature which feels unforgiven,
As tho in disgrace shut away by the sun
And punished, unknowing what crime it had done;

All who suffer from weariness, cold and affright;
Deprived of their work and unweaponed by
Night;

The shivering rose in the dark and alone,
The hay lying damp on the ground where 'twas
mown,

The tools left outside, by the reapers forgot,
That rust on the grass and repine at each
spot.....

'Tis the cry of the field, all alive with its wheat
Pushing upward to revel in sunlight and heat;
Of the blossoming trees that would blossom still
more;

Of green clusters of grapes that would ripen their
store.

'Tis the cry of all health, of all joy and all
beauty

For the light of the sun to illuminate duty.

The better to voice this multiple chorus

My soul swells within me and I send out sonorous,

Peremptory and proud, such a clarion call

That crumbles the Night down like Jericho's
wall

I call! and the trembling horizon obeys!

I call! Vainly Night tries to bribe me with
grays.

I chant a clear note. All at once I am smit

And recoil with my plumage encarmined and
lit

By the level light striking me straight in the
eyes;

And I know that I, Chantecler, made the sun
rise!

With all his vaingloriousness (Dr. Slosson continues his admirable interpretation), Chantecler is dignified and, in some aspects, a pathetic figure, winning our sympathy through his obvious sincerity and earnestness. He is the Awakener of the World, causing to open the flower, the window, the eye and the soul.

"But what wakens you?"

"The fear of forgetting."

To the astonished query of the pheasant, "And you believe that at your voice the whole world is bathed in light?" Chantecler replies very simply:

"I do not know how it is with the world, but I sing for my own valley, and I trust that in every valley there is some cock also doing his duty."

"Nevertheless he is willing to call her his 'Col-laborator' and to ascribe to her influence the unusual beauty of this particular sunrise. He even goes so far as to intimate that he has ordered up the sun as much to bring out the golden sheen of her necklace as to light up his valley.

"She on her part, notwithstanding that her plumage has given the impression that she has a masculine disposition, inspires and consoles him

in the good old feminine fashion, bestowing on him a caress for every crow, and laying her head on his breast in order that she may hear it before the world does; she would 'listen to the sunrise first in his heart.'

"And then, when the roosters down below, tardily awakened, begin to crow, she is highly indignant at their presumption. Chantecler, however, is more tolerant. Let them join in the chorus; they all assist, tho unconsciously, in dissipating the darkness. He takes, nevertheless, a just pride in his priority.

"I sang to the dark as they sing to the light,
I have faith to believe in the sun in the night."

Yet sometimes he doubts the reality of his own achievement and beseeches the hen-pheasant to encourage him with her confidence.

CHANTECLER. Tell me again . . .

HEN-PHEASANT. How handsome you are!

CHANTECLER. No, no, that doesn't matter.

HEN-PHEASANT. You have sung beautifully!

CHANTECLER. Say that I have sung badly, but tell me that I . . .

HEN-PHEASANT. Yes, yes. I admire you.

CHANTECLER. No! tell me that it is true, what I have been telling you.

HEN-PHEASANT. What?

CHANTECLER. That it is I who make . . .

HEN-PHEASANT. Yes, my glorious Chantecler, it is you who make the sun rise.

He elopes with the hen-pheasant to the forest; she, jealous of his art, contrives to rob him of his confidence in himself, or what Ibsen would call his life-lie. She covers his eyes with her wings so that he does not see the sun rise until it is fully up and discovers that nature is not dependent on him. But, in a measure, he regains confidence in himself.

"If his art is not so important to the world as he thought, it may not be altogether without value. Anyway, his duty is more to life than to art, and he will return to it. He has never, in fact, been so completely alienated from domesticity as the Hen-pheasant had supposed. Every day, unknown to her, he has telephoned to the farmyard by means of a morning-glory vine, to inquire how many chickens had been hatched and to give advice as to their training. He returns home a sadder and a wiser fowl, for he has learned some lessons in the forest. He has listened to the prayer that ascends nightly to the God of the Little Birds, asking for protection against their enemy, man, in the name of their patron saint, Francis of Assisi, who alone among men had preached to them. He had heard the nightingale sing and received a lesson not only in music but in devotion to duty. As one nightingale is shot another takes up the song, 'for there must always be a nightingale in the forest.'"

Literature and Art

GERMANY'S MOST REPRESENTATIVE WOMAN PAINTER

THE "greatest woman painter in the world to-day"—this is the designation bestowed upon the Baroness Hermione von Preuschen by the German Ambassador. An enthusiastic Dutch poet and critic, Barend Canter, speaks of her as "the most gifted German woman of the present time." France, England, Germany, have vied in paying tributes to this poet-painter. "When," remarks Arsène Alexandre in the *Figaro*, "I try to interpret the poetical genius of Mme. de Preuschen, I seem to see in it an exalted pessimism and a pagan mysticism of the kind that has taken such a strong hold upon Germany owing to the influence of Boecklin. . . . Women artists are often mild or clever reflections of some master whom they admire and tacitly follow. But here we have an independent individuality, if not a rebel, whose very faults are worth more than her negative qualities, and who has other remarkable traits which her landscapes and her flowers alone bring forward. She is a figure in the art-world which one cannot pass by with indifference."

A friend of kings, a portrayer of emperors, herself portrayed by an empress, a painter among poets, a poet among painters, this remarkable woman came to us with many credentials, but for some inexplicable reason America decided to snub her. Her work was exhibited in New York and Philadelphia, but we have vainly conned the press for one serious word of appreciation or censure. "A valiant and combative personality," exclaims the Paris *Fronde*, "her brave paintings, a little hard in color, have much of the cleverness of the virtuosos of the brush, while some of her canvases, imbued either with a delicate poetry or typical of a grand and almost savage severity, are those of a master." But *The Evening Post* is silent. The voice of James Huneker in *The Sun* is hushed. The art critic of *The Times* is wrapped in impenetrable silence. The Baroness, however, resting on her European laurels, was undismayed by her New York failure. "Americans," she remarked to a *World* reporter, "are only about fifteen years old. You all take life with deadly seriousness which young people of that age naively assume."

"I find that your women are much more clever than the men. Your women have read and studied; they know beautiful things when they see them. They understand good paintings and good music. Your men—br-r-r! They are impossible—simply impossible to talk to. I suppose the reason is that they are so busy making money."

"You, like the Japanese, are terribly—terribly—oh, I think you call it swell-headed. But the world cannot go on without you. You are our bank and our market. If America should sink to the bottom of the ocean Europe would perish of starvation."

Yet the Baroness detects poetry even in our artistic desolation; not, to be sure, in our picture galleries, but in—our stockyards.

"I think the most truly poetic thing you have in America is the stockyards in Chicago. I was enraptured with them and every one laughed at me. But they are great—magnificent—the feeding place of a nation, of a world. They were like a description of Dante's."

"I have said that your women were book-clever. They are also very beautiful, some of them. But oh! they are frightfully conceited! And they show such awful unoriginality in dress. All wear their hair in exactly the same manner. A little while ago they made their heads into a biscuit-quilt—and now it is a round frying pan; because it is 'the style' your ladies must make themselves hideous."

"America is young, and it has the faults and the virtues of its youth. It goes in for fine new movements, like civic improvement and woman suffrage and easy divorce. Those are all good things that we are too old and stupid to perceive in my country. You think you are perfect—that is the main trouble. But in spite of that you are improving all the time. Some day I am sure you will even have an original poet."

Hermione von Preuschen, to quote *Le Soir*, is not inspired by visions of beauty, but she seeks the source of her unusual work in dreams, or rather in nightmares. Her technique, despite assurances to the contrary, is at times curiously amateurish. American critics lack perhaps the intuition necessary to detect the genius of the painter under the glaring blemishes of her manner. The poet is always present in her paintings, the painter invariably intrudes in her verse. That makes her work vastly interesting, but it is difficult to determine whether we are swayed by



HERMIONE VON PREUSCHEN IN HER GREEK VILLA

The temperamental artist is here shown seated in the portico of the Berlin villa designed by herself in imitation of a Greek temple.

the art or the artist. Her personality, no doubt, is even more picturesque than her work. Her vague mysticism and her preference for the repellent establishes her as the typical representative of the modern German woman. The scion of an old aristocratic family, Hermione von Preuschen went through a bitter struggle with her relatives before she secured for herself the right to develop her personality and devote herself to a professional life. The Baroness leaped into sudden fame with her celebrated portrayal of "Mors Imperator." The canvas was refused at the exhibition in Berlin as one likely to offend His Majesty William I. The artist sought an audience with the sovereign, showed him photographs of the canvas, and, on being told that His Majesty could see no objection to her exhibiting her picture, promptly placed it on view. The controversy which had raged about the painting and the attitude of the Emperor drew such crowds to the exhibition that the artist within a few months had gained a fortune. Of her later works, "Circe and the Swine" has been hardly less discussed in the German press and the art magazines. Numerous caricatures of the painting have made it probably the best known figure piece in contemporary German art.

We learn from Amelia von Ende that Hermione von Preuschen studied first with Ferdinand Keller in Karlsruhe, later in Berlin and in Paris. From flower-painting she rapidly passed to figures, and it is characteristic of her temperament as of her reading of life that her first symbolical figure-painting was "Evoë Bacche." This was followed by "The Couch of Cleopatra," "The Temple of Venus," "Irene von Spilimberg" (owned by the art gallery of Metz), "Mors Imperator" (in a private collection in Switzerland), "Sphinx of Life," "Asrael," "Circe and the Swine," "Woman," "Fame," "Vampire," "Life Hunger," "Leda" and "Moloch." The Prince Regent of Bavaria owns twelve of her canvases; others are in the possession of the German Emperor, the Grand Duke of Baden, the late Queen of England, Artist Gussow, and others. The Baroness's women are flame-headed like herself. Circe is depicted as a nude woman with hair of Titian red and dark mocking eyes, standing amid her lovers, transformed by her magic into a herd of swine. "This painting," remarks the *Journal des Arts*, "is amusing in motive and bathed in vernal color and atmosphere. The nude is admirably treated; the foreshortening of the right arm is drawn by a master hand." In her "Vam-

pire" the face of the woman is hidden, and bat wings sweep up from her shoulder. The *Cri de Paris* detects in this picture what may be said to be "horrible beauty." The allegories which the artist exhibits under the title "Sphinx-Woman" and "Asrael, Angel of Death," are, we are told by *L'Evénement*, distinctly Teutonic. Their symbolic romantic character, distressing at times, is always interesting by reason of their impressive vitality. The one talent lacking, this critic contends, is a little more Latin grace united with German robusticity. But to quote Mrs. von



"MORS IMPERATOR"

Hermione von Preuschen's most famous painting, at first rejected by the art authorities in Berlin, but now the solid basis of her international reputation.



PAINTED BY AN EMPRESS

Baroness von Preuschen, a friend of kings, a portrayer of emperors, is herself portrayed in the above painting by the late Empress Frederick.

Ende again, we must accept the best of this poet-painter as a true reflection of the forces at work in the soul of the German woman in the past decade. She even anticipated by a few years the sudden awakening of the German woman to the consciousness of her right of personality and her possibilities of realization in larger spheres of life than that suggested by the famous imperial alliteration, "Küche, Kirche und Kinder." Her first poems, "Regina Vitae," and her first figure painting, "Evoë Bacche," voiced that longing for the fulness of life which the writer insists, in the *Deutsche Vorkämpfer* of New York, has since found expression in the visionary mysticism and the rhapsodical élan of Maria Janitzchek's and the erotic fervor and subtle artistry of Marie Madeleine's verse.

"Wife and mother as well as artist, Hermione von Preuschen is a dual nature. While her intellect grapples with serious vital problems, her heart is swayed with emotions and her imagination is haunted with fleeting dreams. Neither her pen nor her brush can keep pace with the phantasmagoric flight of her fancy and can visualize the ideas which pour in upon her with amazing



"ASRAEL"

The black-winged Angel of Death, as conceived by Hermione von Preuschen, broods over a field of poppies.

abundance and rapidity. Her rich inner life is supplemented with varied experiences gleaned at home and in her travels far from the beaten track of the world's tourists. Her feverish activity and intensity may account for the lack of careful execution noted in some of her paintings. Once an idea is approximately embodied on canvas she rarely stops to put on finishing touches, for her brain is already alive and fermenting with new ideas craving expression. In her conversation, too, which is that of a brilliant and cultured woman of the world, charming by a natural simplicity and grace, she frequently strays with bewildering rapidity from one subject to another.

"Art has been the *mater consolatrix* of this unusual woman, whose first matrimonial venture was a dismal failure, while her subsequent ideal marriage with Konrad Telmann was cruelly cut

short by death. The portrait which she painted of her husband the night after his death is proof of the close connection between her life and her art. She had a right to call one of her volumes of verse 'Erlebte Gedichte'—Poems That Were Lived. Her writings are tinged with a pessimism which is as much a feature of the *Zeitgeist* as it may be a fruit of her bitter experience. But underneath the minor chords, with their astonishing variety of modulations, is felt to be vibrating a note of strength and health, of genuine joy in life. The Teutonic Faustian skepticism is balanced by the truly Gallic ease with which she accepts the inevitable. She is a woman of wide human sympathies and a thoroly modern temperament. The impression which her personality leaves in the memory is that of a whole-souled, big-hearted woman, whose most striking features are perhaps her wholesome sincerity and almost robust strength. Altogether she is the most characteristic representative of the modern German woman that has yet visited America."



"CIRCE AND THE SWINE"

Circe is depicted by Hermione von Preuschen as a nude woman, with hair of Titian red and dark, mocking eyes, standing amid her lovers, transformed by her magic into a herd of swine.

MAETERLINCK'S NEW TYPE OF HEROINE

"I HAVE never met," says Maeterlinck, "a single woman who did not bring to me something great"; and much of his best work is a tribute to womanhood. He evidently feels, as Ibsen did, that woman is superior to man; that she has a greater idealist intensity; that in her own domain of love and sentiment she is more uncompromising. The long list of Maeterlinck's heroines begins with the Princess Maleine, a *primitif* type of the kind portrayed on the canvases of the old Dutch masters and the pre-Raphaelite group. It includes the mystic maidens of "The Intruder" and "The Blind," and all the "Seven Princesses." It reaches its culmination, probably, in the *Mélanide* set to deathless music by Debussy. "*Mélanide* is to Maleine," James Huneker declares in one of his essays, "what a full-length finished portrait in oils is to a tentative sketch. She is Maeterlinck's loveliest, if not most credible creation." He continues:

"She comes from a strange country whose name is never known, and she goes out to a still stranger country. . . .

"The figure of *Mélanide* appeals. She is so helpless that even her husband forgives her infidelity to him. He wears her on his heart, yet he has never known her. She loves his brother, and then her husband gains the first flaming glimpse of her soul. He is appalled at its depths, this birdlike soul he mistook for a child's. It was Maeterlinck's supreme gift of presenting a woman's heart, through which pass 'noble thoughts . . . like great white birds,' in the body of a girl.

"The scene in which she stands on the tower combing her unbound hair in the moonlight is magical in its evocation. It is like some far-away legend come to life. And *Mélanide* goes to her death like the hesitating little woodland creature she is. Since Shakespeare, no poet has fashioned such an exquisite soul, not even Hauptmann with his *Rautendelein* in 'The Sunken Bell.'"

According to Mr. Huneker, the women created by Maeterlinck are variations upon two distinct types—the naive woman, a toy in the hands of fate; and the volitional woman, the woman who dares. All the women so far described, from Princess Maleine to *Mélanide*, belong to the first type. The second type does not emerge until after Maeterlinck's marriage with Georgette Le Blanc, and is attributed to her influence. Now we see an entirely different kind of woman—Aglavaine, Joyzelle, Monna Vanna and Ariane. These later hero-

ines are quite as unique as the earlier, and represent something much more vital.

In the eyes of Madam Maeterlinck herself, who has lately published (in *The Fortnightly Review*) a subtle and fascinating paper on "The Later Heroines of Maurice Maeterlinck," they appear as women who incarnate the whole struggle of their sex toward truer ethics, loftier ideals. This is doubtless what Maeterlinck intended to convey. His wife's interpretation throws a flood of light on his meaning, and reveals profoundly subversive motives. Conservative thinkers are sure to challenge Maeterlinck's conception of the "new woman."

Take his Aglavaine, for instance, in "Aglavaine and Sélysette." Face to face with this heroine, what strikes us first of all? It is, says Madam Maeterlinck, "the new atmosphere, the air, the moral substance which she brings and which will feed all the elements of transformation that really create a world between the drama of 'Aglavaine and Sélysette' and its predecessor, 'The Death of Tintagiles.'" Madam Maeterlinck goes on to say:

"If we cross the threshold of the castle inhabited by the heroes of this play, we understand that all is changed. It is just a family gathered round the hearth; but this family, for the first time in Maeterlinck's dramas, is composed of reasoning beings, who seek to conduct themselves in accordance with their reason. In the foreground we see the dominating and active intelligence of Aglavaine, which seems incessantly to thrust aside the instincts within and around it. All mystery has now fled. Two beings love each other; another supervenes; and jealousy tangles and disentangles the drama. The world into which we penetrate speaks our language, thinks; feels, loves as we do; all the interest of the poem and all its beauty lie in the manner wherein those beings will act one towards the other. The two women love *Mélanare*, and yet they love each other and would see each other happy. Aglavaine wishes to raise Sélysette, Sélysette wishes to follow Aglavaine; but the strength of the one acts upon the weakness of the other as sea-air acts upon too frail an organism: it kills instead of invigorating; poor Sélysette will die of it. Sélysette still belongs to the women of the past; and the conflict will arise not only between the two heroines, but between two races of souls; and, when we come to the tragic catastrophe, that is to say to the triumph of weakness over will, it indeed seems as if the poet himself had solved the problem regretfully, drawn on by the movement of the stage."

The crisis in the play arises out of the fact that *Mélanare* and Sélysette are married.



Courtesy of New York Times.

MAETERLINCK'S WIFE AND INTERPRETER

With her body, as well as with her pen, Madam Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck, the gifted actress and critic, interprets the heroines of her husband.

What really happens is that Aglavaine attracts Mélénaire by her beauty of soul, vigor of brain and temperamental intensity, and that Sélysette commits suicide in consequence. We know how such a situation would be greeted in real life. Aglavaine would be overwhelmingly condemned, and might even be held to account for Sélysette's self-murder. Yet the Aglavaine of the play and of Madam Maeterlinck's interpretation is an extraordinarily noble figure. Sélysette, Madam Maeterlinck says in effect, ought not to have committed suicide. In time, everything would have adjusted itself. "The predestined love" (that is, of course, the love of Aglavaine and Sélysette's husband) "would have assumed or resumed its rights; the other would have faded gently in the course of the years. And, had the two women remained equally fond, it is probable that here again the weight of the hours and the days would gradually have buried ill-will and intolerance." Madam Maeterlinck goes on to comment:

"When poor Sélysette kills herself, distraught with jealousy and despair, she intoxicates herself with words which she interprets falsely and clothes a mad and wicked act in sublime sentiments: she speaks of self-sacrifice and beauty while obeying the instinct and an unconscious desire for revenge. And the child deludes herself so thoroly, distorts the truth of her action so absolutely, that she makes all those who contemplate it share her error. Sélysette is generally praised and admired, while Aglavaine is blamed and condemned. But, if we judge Aglavaine's ethics in proportion to their terrible consequences, what shall we think of the consequences of Sélysette's suicide? It not only spreads its deathly shadow over the two beings whom it strikes: it taints a right and proper idea and condemns the idea of beauty and equity which Aglavaine represents. It destroys will, discourages effort, punishes love! . . . Great designs could not find room in Sélysette's frail soul. They were bound to shatter it."

If the message of "Aglavaine and Sélysette" is that love existed before marriage and may sometimes subvert it, the meaning of "Joyzelle" seems to be: A woman is even justified in committing crime for love's sake. The specific crime that Joyzelle almost commits is murder, to which she is tempted by Merlin, the enchanter. Merlin himself saves the situation, and unravels a tangle of his own creating. He simply wanted to test her courage, and he finds that, as Madam Maeterlinck puts it, she has no other faith than her love. "Joyzelle is the triumph of a will all lit up with love."

"Monna Vanna's" significance is very different. In this case a married woman consents to sacrifice her honor in behalf of the public good, and goes out to meet her fate. By a train of circumstances she could not foresee, her sacrifice is made unnecessary. She returns to her husband and is greeted with lack of faith and trust. Then she turns and leaves him.

All this seems right and inevitable to Madam Maeterlinck.

"I will not insist upon a woman's character so wonderfully called for by circumstances. Certainly Vanna was ready, she had had the happiness of living in the light of the good philosopher Marco, her intelligence was prepared, her training kept her above ordinary life. She was bound to be on the immediate level of the great event that questioned her and bound to reply to it without hesitation.

"Monna Vanna's heroism is not very surprising, for the will of which she gives proofs is obedient rather than directing; she responds to events, she obeys her heart; it is her heart that gives her strength; and this strength is that of all the heroines of history. In circumstances different, too similar in the main, Charlotte Corday, Joan of Arc and many others, to save their people, made the sacrifice which events imposed upon their nobility of soul. In proportion as she raises herself and frees her real nature, woman must foresee new forms of heroism. Is there no other beauty than that which is bespattered with blood or which modesty hides and awaits the reward of the god which it has built to its own measure?"

Ariane, of "Ariane and Barbe-Bleu," is another embodiment of woman the deliverer. She goes into the palace of Bluebeard to rescue his wives, but she finds they prefer to remain enslaved. The meaning here is so clear that none can mistake it. Madam Maeterlinck comments:

"Ariane is the apostle of the poet's philosophy. One might call her the deliverer of thought, for her action passes above and beyond life; she does not wish to fight and does not seek to conquer; she wishes to raise, to harmonize, to unite and to deliver not by fighting, but by intelligence. She has no other desire than the passionate love of knowledge; she has all the audacity that provokes love, exerts courage, calls for action; she is led by that divine curiosity which seems to stretch our mind like a bow, to shoot our will beyond the explored boundaries. Ariane is the informed and definite consciousness that seeks to manifest itself, I will even say to reproduce itself like all things that have accomplished their evolution. Our heroine has all the energy and all the judgment of Aglavaine, all the enlightened simplicity of Monna

Vanna, but she uses her qualities as a workman of genius uses his tools; she herself discovers the act to which she can apply the new force of which she disposes; she does not obey this or that conviction; her intelligence simply follows its own laws and responds to the eternal problem of feminine slavery.

"The story of Ariane is simple and contained in few words: a symbolic tale represents her in the enchanted palace of Bluebeard. *She has married him the better to understand the secret of his life and to deliver his imprisoned wives.* The wives prefer their gilded cage to all the beauties of the unknown; and Ariane departs alone. In truth, she is mind measuring itself with matter for the liberation of the weak enchained by fear.

"Ariane, after descending for a moment, luminous and fair, into the gloom where anxious lives suffer and weep, returns to the light without being understood by those whom she wished to save from ignorance and dullness. Smiling and serene, she passes through the mystery, employing by turns her goodness and her knowledge; then she goes away; and the creatures quickened for a moment by the flame are quenched again and the darkness sinks once more over the poor world of which she has given us a glimpse, even as night falls after the course of day.

"It would really be a pity to seek a conclusion here or to wish to find anything in it but that divine passage of light across shadow, of intelligence over strength, of beauty which, for a brief moment, spreads its gleaming wings over inferior life."

Ariane, coming through that array of beautiful women, appears to Madam Maeterlinck the very symbol of a superior being, which "seeks, hesitates, strays, suffers, passes by a thousand roads, stumbles against a thousand difficulties," yet is strengthened and refined in the process. "It can stray henceforth, but never be lost, for its errors and mistakes will always return, like a docile and submissive flock, to take refuge in the shelter of its character. That is the great example which Ariane gives us."

"She is a character; and that is what makes her so rare among women. If it be really necessary for us to seek a support, is it not madness to want it outside ourselves? Let our own character be our asylum, let us learn to respect the empty temple! Who speaks of setting up idols in it, of placing a god there, of burning incense, when our life does not last long enough to finish even its first columns! Let us pay homage to those who were quicker and more lucid workmen and who have succeeded, in the short space of their lives, in tracing upon the infinite sky a few proud and definite lines. As for us women, let us work humbly to build up our character. There is no other morality. But, while chance,

adventure, life in a word, are endlessly building around man, who will help woman to lay the first stones? For centuries we have hailed in her a beauty that consisted in effacement. The women who charm the most appear in the past like those adorable frescoes which old walls still offer to our eyes, half-discolored, pale and ideal: frozen in contemplative attitudes, they have the faces of virgins and lilies in their hands."

The new heroines of Maeterlinck, we are told finally, were not only intended to be patterns. In reality, "they all form but one pattern, which is developed through different circumstances and in the poet's very thought; they are born like proofs of one and the same statue, perfecting themselves in an ideal mold." They attract blame and admiration alike; they are the first victims of new forces which they do not yet know how to control. "They are beings of contrast: their pride is made of humility, their liberty of obedience, their gladness of melancholy; and it is rare for them, in the brief space of life, to find in the midst of all these contradictions the equilibrium that gives happiness or the peace that ensures its duration. They are shaken by a thousand doubts, a thousand anxieties: one would believe them to be led by a fierce selfishness, but this selfishness is to their hearts what a cruel armor would be to their delicate flesh."

If Aglavaine, Joyzelle, Monna Vanna and Ariane could all voice their feelings in one utterance, Madame Maeterlinck thinks it would be something like this:

"We are not gentler, nor better, nor more loving than our sisters in the past; but our goodness is subject to different laws. Our love is no less tender, but it is built on more durable foundations. We are not greater, but less accessible; not haughtier, but less shy. We know how to break the bonds which chance fastens round our cradles; we no longer consent to accept the weight of the fatalities wherewith men are pleased to burden us. We proudly bear the harsher penalty of our own errors. We walk alone in the darkness, hitting ourselves, hurting ourselves incessantly. We have not even the consolation of holding one another by the hand, for we know nothing of one another. Our work is slow and underground. Apparently vainglorious and almost brazen, free and unsubjected, marching in the light of day, without faith or principles, we are in reality the submissive slaves of to-morrow. Beneath our songs of gladness—for we must be full of joy!—rises a sorrowful prayer which no god hears. . . . Nobody understands our obscure duty! . . . Sprung from the present, we are daughters of the future; and it is sad but natural

that this moment which creates us should distinguish us imperfectly. Our sacrifice has neither name nor object. We immolate ourselves for a vague ideal which our intelligence stammers forth, but which our future sisters will read without difficulty. Under our air of strength and daring we remain, like our grandmothers before us, pious and patient workwomen. Like them, we silently and dreamily spin our flax as we gaze up at the sky; but the immense fabric that shall be born of it later will be woven of our random dreams, our secret tears, our grievous blunders, our unheeded wishes. If the mothers do not cut swaddling-clothes out of it for the new-born

babes, they will find for them in this ideal texture a moral peace and gladness, a wide and salutary morality that will wrap all their existence in happiness and strength. . . . Our virtue, therefore, lies wholly in the thanklessness of our task; for we are rarely loved. . . . To hasten our work, would that men might understand us a little better, fear us a little less. Let them learn at last that, since centuries and throughout the ages, there has been but one divine woman, lover, mother, and sister! If, at the present moment, we appear different and rebellious, it is only so that we may one day offer them stronger companions and nearer to perfection!"

SOME NEW "SNAPSHOTS" OF THE FRENCH ROMANTICS

FOR twenty years or more, Madame Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson) has been one of the most distinguished interpreters of French literary genius for English readers, and of English genius for the French. Poet, essayist, historian and biographer, she writes with equal subtlety and charm in both languages. She has been the friend of Taine, Gaston Paris and Anatole France, and M. France is said to have drawn one of his heroines from her. She is, above all, as the *London Nation* says, "one of the happiest and most imaginative critical writers of her day." Of "The French Procession,"* her latest volume of essays in English, Madame Duclaux writes, in a prefatory letter to Vernon Lee: "The throng is too close for me to distinguish every figure, but, here and there, some accident of pose, some wandering gleam of light, throws into strong relief some wonderful creature infinitely French, a marvel in himself and a compendium of his age. Then here come I with my 'snapshot' and try to take his likeness—the silhouette of a soul as it passes across my field of vision."

This dazzling "procession" naturally separates itself into three main divisions: the classic figures of the eighteenth century, the Romantics, and the modern "Sons of Science." It is with certain groups in the middle division that we are concerned, because here, it seems, the "kodak" of Madame Duclaux has been at work with the most interesting and picturesque results.

The Romantic Revolution in France occupied almost the entire nineteenth century. Its origins were various and not confined to France. Rousseau—"the man from the Alps"—was its great precursor. "When the world-

spirit desires to fertilize the ideas of a people, there is no great difference in the proceeding from Nature's ordinary plan, which is always the introduction of a germ from without," writes Madame Duclaux.

Into the Paris of 1750, then, that "world of reason and synthesis, of systems and formulas," the world-spirit introduced Jean-Jacques. The writer continues:

"His genius is made up of what was lacking in his life—like a cast whose hollows produce a substantial model. The man who (as he often assures us) never knew the fulness of love and equal marriage, the man who lived with a disolute mistress a dozen years older than himself, or else with an ignorant servant-maid, invented the heroic passion of 'La Nouvelle Héloïse,' and the noble married friendship of Julie and her husband. The father who exposed his babies, brooding on that crime, brought up the son he never knew with all the novel excellence described in 'Emile.' The lackey, the secretary, accustomed to dine below the salt, evolved in a perfect passion for equality, the terms of a new social contract which should exterminate a privileged aristocracy and announce the sovereignty of the nation. The exile, condemned to dwell on the monotonous plains of Chenonceaux or in the streets of Paris, remembered his Alps with such a pang that he caused a new vision of nature to enchant the eyes of all the world. In his miserable lodging and his cumbrous Armenian gown, the starveling copyist discovered the value of fresh air, exercise, cold water, and, for the new-born, of mother's milk, till he set loose from his garret the startling conception of hygiene. . . . Few subjects are more calculated to awake in the reflective mind a mood of indulgent irony than the moral failure of the Restorer of the Home, the sentimental collapse of the Apostle of the Heart. . . . Something were missing in the world if we had not heard his voice—the very voice of Mother Nature—

* DUFFIELD & COMPANY.

querulous, tender, anxiously scolding, yet inspired. He loved much, and he *was* much. No man was ever so unforgettably himself as the absurd, detestable, delectable Jean-Jacques."

Rousseau, however, was not the only foreign influence to bring about the Romantic Revolution. Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant were also Swiss. "Werther" came from Germany and "Ossian" from Scotland. Romantic ideas were carried back into France by the *émigrés* in 1814. Chateaubriand, Madame Duclaux reminds us, wrote both "Atala" and "René" while living as an exile in London. With the publication, in 1802, of his "Génie du Christianisme," the Romantic movement in France was really inaugurated. Victor Hugo, its "*enfant sublime*," however, was only just born. Madame Duclaux pictures Hugo in his childhood, running wild in an old Paris garden, gay, dreaming, happily mothered. The following "flash-light" illumines his whole career:

"Madame Hugo was a woman of spirit, who, at the risk of her neck, had saved the life of many a non-conforming priest in Vendée. For a year and a half she hid, in a chapel of her great neglected garden, a comrade of her husband's, Victor's godfather, General Lahorie, whom the Government had condemned to death for his share in Moreau's conspiracy against Napoleon. The children were forbidden to approach that ruined chapel in their games; but one night, when Paris was *en fête*, celebrating some new victory of the Empire with the thunder of cannonades and the lighting of soaring rockets, Victor, walking in the garden near the chapel, saw, in the dusk of the trees, a man with a stern face, deep eyes, gray hair, who briskly came forward, laid his hands on the shoulders of the little lad (his godchild), and exclaimed: 'Child, remember this: Liberty, first of all!' The great murmur of Paris rose above the wall, the trees were pink in the reflection of the fireworks, the glory of Napoleon seemed to fill the skies; and the man returned to his hiding-place. But the day came when Lahorie ventured beyond that friendly refuge, when the State seized him in an unforgetting grip, when a volley of shots rang out against the wall, and Victor remembered then how his dead godfather had said to him one day, laying a heavy hand on his shoulder—

"*Enfant, souviens toi de ceci: Avant tout la liberté!*"

This garden taught Hugo the love of nature and the lesson of liberty. It was also his

Paradise, for in it blossomed his love for Adèle Foucher—the "Beatrice of his childhood and youth." Madame Duclaux writes:

"At five and twenty, Victor Hugo was the center of a group of poets, among whom he strode like a prince in his court. He was little their senior, but something pure and grave and lofty in mien and manner made him appear both older and taller than he was. . . . On the fine spring evenings of 1827, the young Romantics would meet at Hugo's house, and, after the five o'clock dinner of those distant days, they would sally forth all together to see the sun set over the Seine from the top of the towers of Notre Dame. Madame Victor Hugo was the life, or, since she was rather a nonchalant young beauty, let us say the charm, the grace, of these reunions. As the spring drew on, they would troop out to the Plain of Montrouge, the young men tramping along the dusty country roads, while Victor discoursed imperturbably, magnificent, antithetic, sometimes a little stupid in his splendor. . . . Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve on these occasions would listen to the husband and look at the wife."

In the great struggle then taking place between Romanticism and Classicism, Sainte-Beuve fought on the side of the Romantics. But when the fictitious "Life, Poetry and Thoughts of Joseph Delorme" appeared, purporting to be the literary remains of a consumptive medical student, edited, with a Life, by Sainte-Beuve, it was evident that the "editor" was bored by Romanticism. Perhaps the silent Madame Hugo also was bored, for she said to Sainte-Beuve, in speaking of Joseph Delorme, "*Si je l'avais connu, je l'aurais consolé*" [If I had known him, I should have consoled him]. Delorme's editor was not slow to profit by her sympathy. When, in 1836, on the occasion of her daughter's first communion, Adèle Hugo finally dismissed Sainte-Beuve, and, desperately, he turned his face toward Switzerland and "Port-Royal," Romanticism was dead within him. "The idea of liberty," writes Madame Duclaux, "which lies at the bottom of Romanticism and on which is founded the militant church of Lamennais, faded; and he perceived necessity, not only with the eyes of a man of science, but with something of the grim faith of a Calvinist or a Jansenist."

Despite the "instinctive feud" which existed between Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, it is the opinion of Madame Duclaux that of all the

great men produced by the Romantic Revolution, these two giants had the most in common. "There was in Balzac," she says, "something of the commercial traveller, a Bohemian vulgarity, an exuberant self-satisfaction, something of the prodigal and the parvenu, which hurt the Attic delicacy of Sainte-Beuve, who had a tendency to blame, as blatant, minds with more genius than he thought it quite distinguished to possess. And Sainte-Beuve seemed to Balzac the essence of petty affectation, drear gentility, and colorless ennui." They jostle each other in Madame Duclaux's procession, "were ever ready to fuse into venomous speech and hostile action." Nevertheless, she writes:

"Each had an insatiable curiosity, a similar power, a refinement of psychology in searching the dark places of the soul; each followed the psychologist's instinct, which classes men rather by their temperament than by their actions. . . . Whereas nearly all the men of 1830 were lyrical and sentimental, Balzac and Sainte-Beuve alike were intellectual and social. . . . For the methods of Sainte-Beuve renewed the science of criticism exactly in the same sense as the imagination of Balzac re-created the modern novel. Each of them sought to surprise the secret in the heart of an individual, and yet was concerned with that psychological unit considered as a factor in the history of a society. . . . No less than Sainte-Beuve, Balzac was ever intellectually absorbed by what he called 'the general interests of humanity.' . . . This feeling for society in all its phases, this continual striving to realize an ideal unity, this sense of cause and effect and the interdependence of parts distinguishes Balzac, despite his exorbitant fantasy, from the true Romantics of his time."

"At the extremest point of the romantic Kamtschatka," wrote Sainte-Beuve, "M. Baudelaire has built a singular sort of kiosk, all in marquetry work of the most composite originality; let us call it Baudelaire's Folly." It amused Baudelaire to write himself down a Romantic poet, which, technically, he was; but he had a genuine horror of Romantic ideas. Nature, impulse, spontaneity, free-will, had no place in his cosmos. His opinions, says Madame Duclaux, were in reality catholic and regular. Not so his life and art! She writes:

"Here is an artist who almost achieved greatness, who (in Victor Hugo's phrase) created a new sort of shudder—a '*frisson nouveau*.' Here is a man who could imprison in a line the sense

of the remote, the immense, the eternal, here is a poet who might have ranked with the immortals. Paradoxical, subtle, involved, exasperated as he was, still a Heine, a Leopardi, a Rossetti, were souls no less complicated; but Baudelaire was perverse. A revolt against Nature cannot long make for Beauty; and, too often, in his search for the Kamtschatka of loveliness—that last final point of exquisite perfection—he takes the wrong turning, brings us up with a shock against some hideous show of ugliness or vulgarity, and with an art at once brutal and refined exhibits a Chamber of Horrors. The love of the rare may easily become a disease of the soul, for only a line divides the rarity from the monster. . . . As for women, who absorbed so much of Baudelaire's time, his thoughts, and his health, he had for them at bottom a most entire contempt, as for beings instinctive and spontaneous—mere animals barely disengaged from the weeds and mire of Mother Nature. 'They are so natural!' he used to say with the emphasis of disgust. As a 'dandy' he despised them; as a Catholic he considered them '*une des formes séduisantes du diable*' [one of the seductive forms of the devil]; wondered they were admitted into churches; nor cared to disguise that, in spite of an assiduous politeness, he confounded them (with generals, academicians, liberals, philanthropists, utilitarians, progressists, utopists of all kinds, Belgians, free-thinkers, democrats, Victor Hugo, and A. de Musset) in the negligible horde of inferior creatures, of whom the lowest form of life was George Sand."

Comte Arthur de Gobineau—"Gobineau, Prophet," as Madame Duclaux dubs him—was an early apostle of aristocratic energy. "Slim, dark, pale, with pleasant, rather conceited, manners, a candid, witty smile, great strength of will, and a natural eloquence," he held a brief, before Nietzsche, for the superman. "According to him," says Madame Duclaux, "humanity was divided into four categories—blockheads, brutes, rascals, and the sons of kings." He himself, of course, was the son of a king! And your real king's son is immortal. "He dies, but his incorruptible atoms recombine, and from their ashes Royal souls revive." Also, the king's son is not subject to the ethics of our dust. "Right is right and wrong wrong for the mere man; but wrong may very well be right for the children of the king." It is very possible that Nietzsche listened "half-unconscious to the French Count's romantic chatter."

In Gobineau's "mythopoetic" History of the Persians, he did not even pretend to an ac-

curate narrative, but rather to the reconstitution of a *milieu*. "But where M. de Gobineau showed the full vivacity of his imagination," says Madame Duclaux, "was in the constitution of his own genealogy. He began life as the grandson of a *Conseiller au Parlement* of Bordeaux; he died the descendant of Odin!" . . . But *le Gobinisme*, as this doctrine is now called, has its more serious aspect. Nationalism, Imperialism, Militarism, Anti-Semitism, "and all the cultus of Domination," are they not, asks Madame Duclaux, its offspring in France today? M. Maurice Barrès is its chief disciple; Anatole France its great opponent: "M. France, whom the nations delight to honor, but whom they might quite conceivably have summoned in the police courts (like Socrates) or shot to death on a barricade—had things been just a little otherwise."

Alfred de Musset appears in a romantic slouch hat and mantle, smiling, half-mocking, with the "Ballade à la Lune" in his hand. But underneath this clumsy disguise, we may easily perceive, says Madame Duclaux, that his figure kept its classic lightness, proportion and elegance. He was one of the Romantic brotherhood, he listened to Victor Hugo; "but another voice inspired him—a voice out of the past, older than Werther or Manfred, a voice of the purest French accent, mocking and gay, yet pregnant with philosophy, full of malice, reason, sincerity, and grace. . . . Despite his pretensions to the realm of romance, Musset, like Lamartine, was, in fact, a love-child of Voltaire's."

On George Sand—Queen of the Romantics as truly as Victor Hugo was the King—Madame Duclaux uses several of the films in her kodak. First, she pictures the "great George" leaning on the arm of Musset, "full of passion, genius, youth and fame." De Musset's comedy, "*On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*" [One does not play with love], is the perfect symbol of "the tragic love and mortal difference which united and divided a prodigal and an idealist." For those champions of Musset who have liked to accuse George Sand of using her love-affairs as "copy," it must have come as an unpleasant surprise recently that Musset not only reproduced one of her letters in his "*Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*," but borrowed from another the dramatic ending to the second act of this comedy.

The kodak of Madame Duclaux is busy with the illegal, but perfectly open wedding journey ("Madame Sand calls on Alfred's mother, asks, and apparently obtains, permission to

travel with the young poet in Italy!"); their separation ("sickness and selfishness having disunited them"); the entrance on the scene of that "ordinary young man," Dr. Pietro Pagello. She writes:

"His commonplaceness is the piquant note of the correspondence before us. This simple, kind-hearted young Venetian is whirled away by his two fantastic companions into the most extraordinary labyrinth of romantic sentiment. George Sand is Musset's 'mother' and Pagello's 'daughter' (both young men were apparently on the verge of twenty-four), 'and thou,' she writes to de Musset, 'thou art the child of us both!' Alfred resigns his claim on his 'cherished brother George' (she is now his brother) to Pagello; and Pagello swears by 'il nostro amore per Alfredo.' Alfredo, meanwhile, tears himself away and returns to Paris under the charge of a Venetian servant, writing at every stage burning letters to Madame Sand—naturally a thousand times dearer since she jilted him."

Only the Romantic period, declares Madame Duclaux, could have produced such a situation, such a set of letters! She concludes:

"Romantic, idealizing, in her mind, regular in her habits as the most assiduous civil servant who ever spent her days between a stool and a desk; prosy, sometimes, with a certain dull, ardent, feminine seriousness; George Sand bored her fastidious and witty lover no less than she infatuated him. The luckless Musset . . . could only suffer, remember, drown memory in absinthe, and awake to suffer again. George Sand—albeit in the second part of their sad love affair she suffered more than he—George Sand was capable of transforming her passion into action; she found in it a principle of moral growth. . . .

"In the dreams of social pity and fraternal aid which animated such men as Fourier, Pierre Leroux and the Saint-Simonians, the great novelist was to find the church and the gospel which she sought. She lived for an ideal of social democracy. . . .

"In exchange for a man, or men (for Chopin followed Musset), the great novelist had discovered humanity. She became the chief apostle of the humanitarian movement in Europe. In Russia, in England, in Germany, no less than in France, the name of George Sand was to be a very shibboleth of generous and liberal ideas. . . . The misguided and passionate young woman of Venice had developed into the kindest, wisest, and most lovable old woman in France."

MR. BROWNELL'S CHALLENGING JUDGMENTS OF NINETEENTH CENTURY WRITERS

"THE first duty of a critic," says George McLean Harper, Professor of English Literature in Princeton University, "is to question the validity of what the world accepts as true, and the propriety of the world's tastes." This thought-provoking dictum will doubtless strike many people as one-sided, but it admirably fits the case of William Crary Brownell, "a professional critic," to quote Professor Harper again, "who has done much to sober our judgments of ourselves, and to make us see the achievements of our best writers in a perspective that may fairly be called cosmopolitan." Mr. Brownell is one of those who sows the seed of discontent. The effect of his criticism upon his readers is to dissolve false security.

Twenty-one years have passed since the publication of his "French Traits," a book which, in spite of its title, applies to America no less than to France, and might be described, indeed, as a defense of France at the expense of America. "If Mr. Brownell," remarks Professor Harper, "has not been pilloried by a patriotic press for his 'French Traits,' he may thank the successful complexity of his style." The interest of this very candid book, for American readers, lies in its war of contrasts. The French, Mr. Brownell argues, have accepted the results of the Revolution. They have staked all on democracy, recognizing and accepting in the democratic principle that never-ceasing change which they feel makes for health and for progress. They have put their faith in reason—contemporary, practical reason—rather than in precedent, as the prime agent in human affairs. But in America, Mr. Brownell feels, our democracy is rather half-hearted and insincere. As Professor Harper sums up his attitude (in *The Atlantic Monthly*):

"Mr. Brownell represents Americans as untrue to their profession of democracy, as inheriting the English empirical habit instead of obeying the dictates of reason, and as suffering from the provincial crudeness that results, in a republic, from hampering the social instinct. Among the preventable causes of our unintelligence and bad manners, there is, he argues, at least this very important one, that our theory of democracy is in large part a pretense.

"We are perhaps painfully conscious of our minor faults. To be told that they are not being

overcome because we have lost faith in the principles of democracy,—that our manners and our art would be more distinguished if equality were in fact, and not merely in half-hearted profession, our political and social ideal,—this is the new and salutary lesson."

Mr. Brownell's second great critical work, "Victorian Prose Masters," was published in 1901, and deals with such figures as Carlyle, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold. His treatment, especially of the first two, is disturbing. Admirers of Carlyle and Ruskin may regard it as unjust.

Carlyle appears to him a man of extraordinary force, self-consciousness and wilfulness. "He did not know what love is." "His mind monopolized his feeling." "It is his thinking, not himself, which is agitated." Mr. Brownell notes in Carlyle "the plebeian antagonism to democracy that leads him to consider the spirit of the time as negligible except as incarnated in the hero." He states further that the two supreme influences of the nineteenth century "found in Carlyle an instinctive and deliberate antagonist: science he neglected, democracy he decried." In consequence, the influence of Carlyle "must be both transitory and incomplete."

Ruskin is also, from Mr. Brownell's point of view, a failure. He is characterized by the "predominance of the emotional sense over the thinking power." He is "a pure sentimentalist." His social and economic teaching is described as futile. Mr. Brownell will not even concede to him any fitness to write about art; "he neither recognized its limitations, nor acquiesced in its office, nor apprehended its distinction."

Matthew Arnold is ranked by Mr. Brownell higher than either Carlyle or Ruskin because "he directed his nature, as well as he directed his work, in accordance with the definite ideal of reason." Arnold's criticism is not impressionistic, not "the irresponsible exercise of the nervous system, however attuned to taste and sensitized by culture." It has behind it a body of doctrine.

Mr. Brownell's theory of criticism, Professor Harper observes, derives from Taine; his manner, in so far as it is not original, from Henry James. Both theory and manner are perhaps most clearly exemplified in his newly

published "American Prose Masters,"* a series of essays which appeared in *Scribner's* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. These studies are well put together and extraordinarily subtle. Under polished surfaces they are characteristically subversive.

The literary work of James Russell Lowell, for instance, is subjected to unflinching and uncompromising analysis. Mr. Brownell will not allow himself to be influenced by the personal charm of Lowell in appraising his intellectual worth. He reaches the conclusion that Lowell was "temperamentally energetic, but reflectively indolent," and that he was ineffective as a critic on this very account, for "the critical temperament is a reflective one." The judgment strikes Professor Harper as sound. "It would be possible, tho ungracious to a rich personality which is yet a living personality," Professor Harper thinks, "to insist upon the unsatisfactory elements of Lowell's essays, their wearying crackle of puns and quotations, their boggling want of composition, their aimless force and ineffectual fire, their purely literary inspiration."

Hawthorne is another idol that Mr. Brownell seems inclined to dethrone. He takes the view that Hawthorne cultivated his fancy at the neglect of his imagination—in other words, that he had no sense of reality. His mysticism was not temperamental, but deliberate and cold-blooded. Being self-centered, he applied the measure of his own tastes to such subjects as painting and sculpture, and history, of which he knew next to nothing. From the influences of culture "he protected himself with signal perversity and success. His imagination was not nurtured, because his mind was not enriched. . . . Hawthorne"—and here is Mr. Brownell's most cruel discovery—"cared nothing for people in life and made extraordinarily little of them in his books. In no other fiction are the characters so little characterized as in his, where in general their *raison d'être* is what they illustrate, not what they are."

Poe is handled even more roughly. The effect of his personality on Mr. Brownell is "always unpleasant." He was fascinated by the false, we are told, and his tales lack substance. Humanity had no real interest for him. Hawthorne, Mr. Brownell would have us believe, was only negatively perverse; he simply did not turn his face toward life. Poe's perversity was acute; he falsified life.

There are qualifying phrases, of course, in all these critiques, and glowing appreciation in some. Yet Mr. Brownell's habitual attitude is derogatory, rather than appreciative. He never allows one to forget the dictum of Professor Harper that "the first duty of a critic is to question the validity of what the world accepts as true."

The American author he comes nearest to endorsing is Henry James. The subtlest element in his essay on Mr. James is his comment on the doctrine of "disinterestedness," of which Mr. James is so distinguished an adept. "It is," remarks Mr. Brownell, "not precise enough to say that Mr. James's mind is essentially critical, and that therefore his attitude is essentially detached. There are two sufficiently distinct varieties of the critical mind, the philosophical and the scientific. Mr. James's is the latter. . . . So far as fiction is a criticism of life, it is so because it exhibits a philosophy of life, in general or in some particular. It is far more the scientific habit of viewing life and its phenomena that Mr. James illustrates." This penetrating statement, Professor Harper comments, goes far to account for Mr. James's aridity, and to justify the very general opinion that his art savors too much of virtuosity. "To be disinterestedly curious—if anybody can be so indeed—is felt not to be an interesting attitude. This is the measure of the immense sacrifice Mr. James makes to his theory."

Mr. Brownell's critical writing, says Professor Harper in concluding, has grave limitations. It is somewhat bloodless. "He rarely appeals to the eye and never to the ear. He has no instinct for metaphor. No writer of his class is so abstruse." Nevertheless, he is a great critic. "If I were asked," Professor Harper continues, "what Mr. Brownell's master trait was, I should reply, a trained desire, perhaps originally an instinct, but now certainly a disciplined instinct, to estimate details with regard to the wholes that they help to constitute; or, in brief, a sense of relative values." The article closes:

"His methods are painstaking in the extreme, and his manner is often recondite and difficult; yet there is nothing esoteric in his aim or in his substance. 'The business of intelligent criticism,' he avows, 'is to be in touch with everything.' And yet he holds fast to these principles, not with the inhuman and almost inconceivable 'disinterestedness' of which we hear so much, but with the very evident patriotic purpose of promoting centrality and urbanity of taste."

* AMERICAN PROSE MASTERS. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Recent Poetry

THERE are three "radical traits" in poetry, according to Professor Woodberry. The first is the presence of emotion; the second, the presence of a *social* emotion, one held in common by many hearts; the third, the presence of *controlled* emotion,—controlled by rhythm, which is "the germ of art in its simplest form." Professor Woodberry elaborates his definition in the first chapter of his new book on "The Inspiration of Poetry" (Macmillan). When one looks upon an old-fashioned revival, we learn, one is looking upon "the fountain of poetry" in play. When one reads about a lynching bee, there again is "the fountain of poetry" to be discerned. Here is the Professor's thesis:

"The first radical trait of poetry throughout is the presence of emotion; and this to so marked a degree that it is characteristically described as madness. Civilized men sometimes forget the immense sphere of emotion in the history of the race. It is still familiar to us in the actions of mobs, in the blind fury or blind panic to which swarms of men are subject. In history we read of such emotion seizing on the people as in the time of the Flagellants, who went about scourging themselves in the streets, or generally in periods of revolutionary enthusiasm. Such emotion is known to us also in orgiastic or devotional dances, in the old-fashioned revivals, and in the fury of battle that possesses every nation when its chiefs have declared war. This is the broad emotional power in the race that is the fountain of poetry."

Now emotion, Professor Woodberry goes on to maintain, "is the life itself; thought is only the means of life." The poet, therefore, is the man who "enters into life more than other men," since he is the man who shares in the greatest degree the emotion of the race and who communicates it to his fellow-men. "From the beginning, about the rude altar of the god, to the days of Goethe, of Leopardi and of Victor Hugo, the poet is the leader in the dance of life; and the phrase by which we name his singularity, the poetic temperament, denotes the primacy of that passion in his blood with which the frame of other men is less richly charged." Anemia, evidently, is no synonym for poetic temperament in Professor Woodberry's opinion. Not the pale cast of thought, but the red blood of rich and deep emotion is the true sign of the genuine poet.

His gonfalon, in other words, is red, not white.

So is that of the revolutionaries, and perhaps there is something more than coincidence in the fact, since poets have ever manifested a strong sympathy with the revolutionary elements of life. Even the gentle Wordsworth was a champion of the French revolutionists, and our own cloistered Whittier and Longfellow raged against the social system that required a civil war for its overturning.

The following poem, inspired by the recent sentence to Siberian exile of a Russian woman who has been a leader of revolution in the stricken land of the Czar, is pronounced by Upton Sinclair "one of the half-dozen greatest poems so far written in America." Mr. Sinclair is himself a poet as well as a novelist; but he has never taken high rank as a critic, and when revolution is sung, his enthusiasm is a matter of course. The poem (first published in the *New York Times*) is indeed a noble one, tho it does not appeal quite as strongly to us as the author's "Frozen Grail."

BRESHKOVSKAYA.

BY ELSA BARKER.

How narrow seems the round of ladies' lives
And ladies' duties in their smiling world,
The day this Titan woman, gray with years,
Goes out across the void to prove her soul!
Brief are the pangs of motherhood, that end
In motherhood's long joy; but she has borne
The age-long travail of a cause that lies
Still-born at last on History's cold lap.
And yet she rests not; yet she will not drink
The cup of peace held to her parching lips
By smug Dishonor's hand. Nay, forth she fares,
Old and alone, on exile's rocky road—
That well-worn road with snows incarnadined
By blood drops from her feet long years ago.

Mother of power, my soul goes out to you
As a strong swimmer goes to meet the sea
Upon whose vastness he is like a leaf.
What are the ends and purposes of song,
Save as a bugle at the lips of Life
To sound reveille to a drowsing world
When some great deed is rising like the sun?
Where are those others whom your deeds inspired
To deeds and words that were themselves a deed?
Those who believe in death have gone with death
To the gray crags of immortality;
Those who believed in life have gone with life
To the red halls of spiritual death.

And you? But what is death or life to you?
Only a weapon in the hand of faith
To cleave a way for beings yet unborn
To a far freedom you will never share!
Freedom of body is an empty shell
Wherein men crawl whose souls are held with
gyves;

For Freedom is a spirit, and she dwells
As often in a jail as on the hills.
In all the world this day there is no soul
Freer than you, Breshkovskaya, as you stand
Facing the future in your narrow cell.
For you are free of self and free of fear,
Those twin-born shades that lie in wait for man
When he steps out upon the wind-blown road
That leads to human greatness and to pain.
Take in your hand once more the pilgrim's staff—
Your delicate hand misshapen from the nights
In Kara's mines; bind on your unbent back,
That long has borne the burdens of the race,
The exile's bundle, and upon your feet
Strap the worn sandals of a tireless faith.

You are too great for pity. After you
We send not sobs, but songs; and all our days
We shall walk bravelier knowing where you are.

Here is another fine poem in praise of a more or less revolutionary figure of our own time and country,—namely, Tom L. Johnson, ex-Mayor of Cleveland. It is found in the *San Francisco Star*.

A MAN IS PASSING.

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

A Man is passing. Hail him, you
Who realize him staunch and strong and true.
He found us dollar-bound and party blind;
He leaves a City with a Civic Mind,
Choosing her conduct with a conscious care,
Selecting one man here, another there
And scorning labels. Craft and Graft and Greed
Ran rampant in our halls and few took heed.
The Public Service and the Public Rights
Were bloody bones for wolf and jackal fights.
Now, even the Corporate Monster licks the hand
Where once he snarled his insolent demand.
Who tamed it? Answer as you will,
But truth is truth and his the credit still.

A Man is passing. Flout him, you
Who would not understand and never knew.
Tranquil in triumph, in defeat the same,
He never asked your praise nor shirked your
blame.

For he, as Captain of the Common Good,
Has earned the right to be misunderstood.
Behold! he raised his hand against his class;
Ay, he forsook the Few and served the Mass.
Year upon year he bore the battle's brunt
And so, the hiss, the cackle and the grunt!

He found us, striving each his selfish part;
He leaves a City with a Civic Heart
Which gives the fortune-fallen a new birth
And reunites him with his Mother Earth,
Which seeks to look beyond the broken law
To find the broken life, and mend its flaw.
A Man is passing. Nay, no demi-god,
But a plain man, close to the common sod
Whence springs the grass of our humanity.

Strong

Is he, but human, therefore sometimes wrong,
Sometimes impatient of the lower throng,
Sometimes unmindful of the formal thong,
But ever with his feet set toward the height
To plant the banner of the Common Right.
And ever with his eye fixed on the goal,
The Vision of a City with a Soul.

And he is fallen? Ay, but mark him well,
He ever rises further than he fell.
A Man is passing. I salute him, then,
In these few words: "He served his fellow
men."

And he is passing. But he comes again.

If woman suffrage is a revolution, then is Richard Le Gallienne also among the bards who are singing in praise of the revolutionaries. One may admire a revolutionist, by the way, without agreeing with his or her views. Mrs. Pankhurst, to whom this poem is "respectfully, admiringly and gratefully dedicated," numbers among her admirers many who do not share in her political desires. The poem was first published in *Harper's Weekly*.

A BALLAD OF WOMAN.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENE.

She bore us in her dreaming womb,
And laughed into the face of Death;
She laughed, in her strange agony,—
To give her little baby breath.

Then, by some holy mystery,
She fed us from her sacred breast,
Soothed us with little birdlike words—
To rest—to rest—to rest—to rest;

Yea, softly fed us with her life,—
Her bosom like the world in May:
Can it be true that men, thus fed,
Feed women—as I hear them say?

Long ere we grew to girl and boy,
She sewed the little things we wore,
And smiled unto herself for joy—
Mysterious Portress of the Door.

Shall she who bore the son of God,
And made the rose of Sappho's song,
She who saved France, and beat the drum
Of freedom, bear this vulgar wrong?

I wonder if such men as these
Had once a sister with blue eyes,
Kind as the soothing hand of God,
And as the quiet heaven wise.

I wonder if they ever saw
A soldier lying on a bed
On some lone battle-field, and watched
Some holy woman bind his head.

I wonder if they ever walked,
Lost in a black and weary land,
And suddenly a flower came
And took them softly by the hand.

I wonder if they ever heard
The silver scream, in some gray morn,
High in a lit and listening tower,
Because a man-child then was born.

I wonder if they ever saw
A woman's hair, or in her eye
Read the eternal mystery—
Or ever saw a woman die.

I wonder, when all friends had gone,—
The gay companions, the brave men—
If in some fragile girl they found
Their only stay and comrade then.

She who thus went through flaming hell
To make us, put into our clay
All that there is of heaven, shall she—
Mother and sister, wife and fay,—

Have no part in the world she made—
Serf of the rainbow, vassal flower—
Save knitting in the afternoon,
And rocking cradles, hour by hour!

The name Wendell Phillips Stafford is a new one to us, but he has just published a volume of verse entitled "Dorian Days" (Macmillan), in which is a short poem that is ranked by a reviewer in the *St. Louis Mirror* (no mean authority on such matters) with Henley's "Captain of My Soul" and John Burroughs's "Waiting." Here it is:

ATHENS AND SPARTA.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD.

Athens reclined, but Sparta sat
To take the cup.
Deliberating, Athens sat;
Sparta stood up.

In speaking, Athens made a show
Of word and wit.
Spartan debate was Yes and No:
That settled it.

Athens, when all was vainly fought,
Fled from the field.
Sparta brought home or else was brought
Upon a shield.

The Attic pen was wielded well;
The world has read.
What Lacedaemon had to tell,
His right arm said.

Something the Spartan missed, but gained
The power reserved
That lets the crown pass unobtained,
Not undeserved.

It is seldom that a volume of poetry issues from the presses of this country in which a higher level of poetic achievement is found than in Mr. Walsh's "The Prison-Ships and Other Poems" (Sherman French & Co.). Mr. Walsh is one of the born singers and there is just enough of the scholastic note in his verse to accentuate the spontaneity of his thought and the music of his utterance. This is a fair sample of his quality:

LITTLE PATHWAYS.

By THOMAS WALSH.

Not by the highways and the streets, dear friend,
Where kings and merchants and their minions
wend,

But by the little pathways let us go
Lone ways that only humble footsteps know.
No dawdling feet upon the world's parade
Made yonder tracks that wind across the glade,
Where slyly, from the flooded haunts of men,
Life trickles back into the wilds again.
See, here anon and there the ways divide,
Some to the brook and some to the pasture side,
Glancing sweet invitation as they turn
To draw us with them through the beds of fern.
For each, tho lowly in its crude design,
Leads somewhere—*somewhere*, mystery benign;
And where the trail seems beaten hard and brown
Perchance the woodsmen turn from out the town;
And where yon slender course but seems to stray
Some meadow lies or else the secret way
A timid lover hastens to his sweet.
Ah, look, another half o'er-grown we meet,
But still memorial of old travellers.
'Twas death, perchance, or fault, alas, of hers.
If now the grass has crept its footprints o'er;
Perchance it led to home—a home no more.
'Tis ours, old friend, to treasure signs like these
Wherein are written rarer histories
Than chronicles of kings and empires tell;
For on the scrolling of the hill and dell
Life with a finger delicate and sure
Sets for our eyes its heart's own signature.
Soft to these hollow footways steal the leaves
When autumn turns to threaten; winter heaves

His warning breath of snowflakes earliest here;
 Each in its little pulse reports the year.
 Here when the golden dulcimers of spring
 Strike to the forest chords' awakening,
 Here are the primal leaf and grasses stirred
 In answer with *Amens* of brook and bird.
 Thus sweetly intimate with tender moods
 Our pathways greet us from the solitudes;
 Here from the past such fond reminders flow
 As bid the future its vast claims forego,
 Tho by yon paths that by the thicket wind
 The scythe of Time may other harvest find,
 Tho Life exult as in its proudest veins
 And Empires course,—where now are mountain
 rains.

We are taken more by the poetic conception of the verses that follow than by their technical execution, tho that is not bad. We copy from the *Springfield Republican*:

UNDER A STREET LAMP.

BY MARY ALLEN.

Held from the dim exterior night,
 Cloistered in this small circle's light,
 I wait, and watch, and idly dream,
 While shadows in procession pass
 From dark to dark; each shadow has
 A white and certain face,

That looks beyond my narrow ken,
 Vanishes, nor returns again.
 Their wistful eyes encounter mine
 One instant, as they flit, and flit,
 Away from me, and unto it
 Toward which they strive and roam.

Sometimes I think they challenge me
 The end of their pursuit to see;
 And smile toward love, or sternly hate,
 Or, seeing God, endure to climb
 The rugged, painful steps of time
 With patient, ceaseless feet.

For steadily they sweep away
 Into the void; I only stay,
 And wonder at the thronging shapes,
 Asking again, and yet again,
 If these be souls, or only men,
 Who follow so their fate.—

If I alone am left to see
 A dead world's final destiny,
 If these must swing forever more
 Around my little plank of light,
 Ghosts, seeking through eternal night
 The lost, sweet things of life.

James Stephens may not be a new poet, but he is new to us, and his note has something markedly individual in it. You never know, when starting with him on a train of thought,

just where you are going to get off, he brings you up with such queer twists and turns. His volume, "Insurrections," hails from Dublin, coming by way of Macmillan. Here is one of the best, tho not one of the quaintest, things in it:

THE SHELL.

BY JAMES STEPHENS.

And then I pressed the shell
 Close to my ear
 And listened well,
 And straightway like a bell
 Came low and clear
 The slow, sad murmur of far distant seas,
 Whipped by an icy breeze
 Upon a shore
 Wind-swept and desolate.
 It was a sunless strand that never bore
 The footprint of a man,
 Nor felt the weight
 Since time began
 Of any human quality or stir
 Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.
 And in the hush of waters was the sound
 Of pebbles rolling round,
 For ever rolling with a hollow sound.
 And bubbling sea-weeds as the waters go
 Swish to and fro
 Their long, cold tentacles of slimy gray.
 There was no day,
 Nor ever came a night
 Setting the stars alight
 To wonder at the moon:
 Was twilight only and the frightened croon,
 Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind
 And waves that journeyed blind—
 And then I loosed my ear—O, it was sweet
 To hear a cart go jolting down the street.

Here is a dainty poem that is nearly lost in one of the pages of screaming type of the *New York American*.

A LOVELY VIOLINIST

BY JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

No wonder that the wooden shell
 Finds tongue responsive to the spell
 Cast by the thrill of her caress—
 The witchery of loveliness!
 No wonder that a spirit sings,
 Enchanted, through its vibrant strings!

To rest upon her shoulder white,
 To feel the soft, inspired light
 Of eyes that match the fairest night:
 To be so near her ivory throat,
 With arms so exquisite around,
 Would give to passion's fullest note
 The finest miracle of sound.

No doubt the beauteous wizard can
 Play thus upon the heart of man;
 Fill it with chords more luring than
 Were piped for wood-nymphs by old Pan;
 Deftly draw from it every strain
 Of love and hate, rapture and pain!

It is a joy to find a perfect poem, no matter how slight it may be or how hackneyed the theme. What could be finer of its kind than this of Mr. Hooker's, which we take from *Hampton's Magazine*?

AMULETS: A SONG.

BY BRIAN HOOKER.

Out of the dark, your eyes
 Beckoning far and fair,
 Under whose laughter gleams
 A witchery of dreams,
 A fantasy of prayer—
 Making new hopes arise
 Out of the dark . . . your eyes!

Out of the storm, your voice
 Bidding the sea be still—
 Warm with the kindly mirth
 And honesty of earth;
 Rousing my strength to will,
 And struggle, and rejoice
 Out of the storm . . . your voice!

Out of the world, your heart
 Waiting to call me home:
 A beautiful calm place
 Wherein to hide my face
 Awhile from flame and foam,
 Feeling all pain depart
 Out of the world . . . your heart!

The Easter tide always bears on its breast many flowers of poesy, most of them born to die in a night. Here, however, is a splendid bloom that is well worth preserving. It appeared in *Collier's*:

RESURRECTION.

BY ANGELA MORGAN.

Lo! Mid the splendor of eternal spaces
 Pierced by the smile of God,
 I looked last night upon celestial faces,
 The singing ethers trod.
 World upon world in rhythmic measure wheeling,
 Millions of blazing suns like censers swung,
 When down the lanes of light a Voice came pealing,
 Upon my ear its clarion message flung:
 "Today is Resurrection! Look not hence
 To some far distant trumpet call, to sound

That hour when, as the spirit's recompense,
 Man's body shall be summoned from the ground.
 O feeble souls bound close with superstition,
 O blind and halt and deaf that will not hear,
 There is no other miracle fruition
 Than thrills the Cosmos NOW from sphere to sphere.

"Earth at this hour is shaken with the passion
 Of Resurrection fire.
 Stupendous forces move and mold and fashion
 Unto God's great desire.
 The only death is death in man's perception;
 The only grave is grave of blinded eyes.
 Creation's marvel mocks at man's deception—
 It is man's *mind* that from its tomb must rise!
 To-day is Resurrection! Take the word.
 Cry it aloud to all the waiting earth.
 To-day is Resurrection! Thou hast heard.
 Man must arise unto a nobler birth.
 'Tis human thought alone is dead and sleeping.
 From orb to orb God's world flames wide awake,
 From vast to vast dynamic tides are sweeping—
 God's not to blame that man will not partake.

"Earth is no fated orb flung out to nourish
 An aimless, empty vast,
 Aloof, alone, its little while to flourish,
 Robbed of its fire at last.
 In all God's scheme there is no separation.
 There is no Yonder and there is no Void.
 One Lightning Presence runs through all Creation,
 Links earth and star and sun and asteroid.
 The spur that speeds Orion on his way
 Thrills in man's fingers. Every impetus
 Of star and sun is ours. Or night or day
 The torch that lights the Pleiades lights us.
 Arcturus' ecstasy and man's may mingle.
 One goal unites and beckons to us all.
 From stone to star no destiny is single—
 All are embraced within one Cosmic Call.

"Waken, O world, if ye would glimpse the wonder
 Of God's great Primal Plan.
 Open, O ears, if ye would hear the thunder
 Hurlled from the heights to man.
 How long shall Christ's high message be rejected?
 Two thousand years have passed since it was told.
 Must One again be born and resurrected
 Ere man shall grasp the secret, ages old?
 What, then, the miracle of Easter Day?
 What meant the riven tomb, the hidden Might
 That conquered death and rolled the stone away
 And brought Christ's body back to mortal sight?
 This! That throughout the worlds One Life,
 unbroken,
 Rushes and flames in an unending vow.
 Death cannot be and never has been spoken—
 God and Immortal life are *here and now!*"

Recent Fiction and the Critics

THE unrest of woman in this period of stress and transition is pictured in Mr. Thurston's portrayal* of a tragic attempt at emancipation by a girl destined not to liberty but to wifehood. "Sally Bishop," opines *The Bookman*, "belongs to

much the same category as SALLY BISHOP Theodore Dreiser's 'Sister Carrie' and Frank Danby's 'Heart of a Child.' It happens to be a better piece of work than either of them." Sally, like "Ann Veronica," finds the parental roof too low and the domestic wall too constricted to encompass her dreams. She secures a place in an office and belabors the typewriter in her effort to conquer the world. But the world conquers her, in the conventional fashion, through the instrumentality of a man. Her room-mate, a sexless female dabbling in art, recapitulates the sum and substance of her defeat.

"I know what sort you are and I fancy I know just the type of man whom you'd fall in love with, as you've fallen in love with this Mr. Traill. He's hard—he can bend you—he can break you—he can crush you to dust, and there'll still be some wind or other that would blow your ashes to his feet. He's all man—man that's got the brute in him, too—and you're all woman, woman that's got the mating instinct in her, and will go like the lioness across the miles of desert, without food and without water, when once she hears the song of sex in the hungry throat of her mate."

Traill has an incurable prejudice against matrimony. She gives herself to him trustingly, purely. Sally is Traill's wife at heart, but in circumstance merely his mistress. The inevitable happens; he is borne away on life's eddies, leaving her heart-broken, and, of course, without an annuity. A cup of poison accelerates the end. In its bare outlines, remarks Mrs. Peattie in the *Chicago Tribune*, the story seems commonplace enough, but the truth is there is nothing commonplace about it. "Sally has a symbolic significance. She is a bit of flotsam swept along by the woman movement of the twentieth century. Her little, ineffective snatch at liberty, ending in the most ancient and persistent form of slavery, is pro-

foundly touching." It is well nigh ludicrous to think, Mr. Thurston somewhere reflects, that Sally Bishop—quiet, virtuous, chaste Sally Bishop, the opposite of a revolutionary—is one in the ranks of a great army who are marching, they scarcely know whither, to a command they have scarcely heard, strained to a mighty endurance in a cause they scarcely understand. She seems too young to be of service, too frail to bear the hardships of the way. "How," he asks, "can she stand out against the forced marches, the weary, sleepless camping at night?"

"There are going to be many in this great campaign who will drop exhausted from the ranks—many who, under cover of night, when the sentinel is drowsy at his post, will slip into the darkness, weary of the fatigue, regardless of the consequences—a deserter from the cause that is so ill understood. . . . In the present position of women it is the army of nature that has begun to move. Not the mere rising of a rebellious faction, but the entire unconquerable force of humanity, whose whole existence is threatened by the invading power of population. It makes no matter that such as Sally will never reap the benefit; it counts not at all that she will never touch the spoil. The lines must be filled up. When she falls there will be others to take her place. The bugle has sounded in the hearts of thousands of women of her type, and they have had to obey its thrilling call."

Mr. Thurston's fidelity to life is unquestioned. His characters, Mr. Percival Pollard thinks, are more real than the marionettes we meet in the flesh. "Salute," he exhorts us in *Town Topics*, "Sally Bishop, a real woman, and Jack Traill, a real man. . . . As far apart as the sexes themselves; she frail, fair, chaste by nature, by grace, by all design of flesh and blood and divinity; he hard, something of the beast, innocent of finesse, selfish, dominant, and yet, up to a certain point, likeable."

"The war between intrinsic good and the good of the conventions and creeds has seldom been waged so closely as in Mr. Thurston's book. If your interpretation of goodness, of purity, of chastity, is patterned upon what you have found in dictionaries, in other men's creeds or other people's books, you are likely to have a bitter time with yourself if you ever come to read 'Sally Bishop.' If, on the other hand, you know life, if you know true metal from base, if your opinions

* SALLY BISHOP. By E. Temple Thurston. Mitchell Kennerly.

are not cut-and-dried upon formulas devised by others, I promise you profit from this book. There blows in it the breath of real life, of real men and real women."

The Boston *Transcript* sheds tears over Mr. Thurston's non-moral acceptance of things, but admits the truthfulness of his picture. Mr. Hackett, in the Chicago *Evening Post*, is

inclined to censure the sententiousness of the author, yet is forced to declare that, with all its faults, "Sally Bishop" is an admirable and moving story. "If," he concludes, "as seems likely, it is the mere product of a novice, then we have in Mr. Thurston a Balzacian novelist whose future work will assuredly have to be taken seriously."

THE author of this novel,* Mrs. E. L. Voynich, may not be one of the great writers of fiction, but her literary quality is uncommonly individual and insistent. The great Homeric themes are beyond her grasp, but she is strangely at home in the Chamber of Hor-

AN INTERRUPTED
FRIENDSHIP

rors of human psychology. The difference between Mrs. Voynich and Thackeray is the difference between Verlaine and Victor Hugo. She is often distressingly subtle, grandly simple never. Her books, like "Jack Raymond" and "The Gadfly," are birds of strange feather in our literary poultry yard. "The Gadfly," remarks Edwin Markham, in the New York *American*, was a book importunate and unforgettable; touched, like the Brontë novels, with the careless care, the inimitable creative stroke that we call genius. Hundreds of clever novels we have—the work of talent building to scale and model—novels that will live a pleasant midget dance of popularity and then pass back to the paper mill. A few, however, like the Voynich novels, hew out new dimensions and become types themselves. They approach the Balzac cycle, Mr. Markham asserts, and remain as permanent authentic casts of life, like "L'Accord" of Meunier; while others are shelved in dust and desuetude like the Rogers group "Going to the Parson." Mrs. Voynich's latest book, he admits, is not pleasant reading. "Her stories disclose a living creature moving by a complex central law of being, altho in regions darkened and despairing. They touch on springs of character that make one twinge, as when the naked nerve is touched; they reveal new possibilities of living and loving and suffering."

"'An Interrupted Friendship' is full of the mystery and intrigue and cross purposes of 'The Gadfly.' Many people walk its crowded pages. Strange things happen. We sweep from France

to South America; we touch England and Italy. We meet high and low; nobodies and nobles, and always with a Shakespearian acumen. Mrs. Voynich seems to read authoritatively the heart of savage and savant, of servant and of served.

"It is not till you are nearly through the book that you discover that it is really a sequel to 'The Gadfly,' carrying this Lucifer-Israfil being on to his tragic death."

The new story, we are told by the *Brooklyn Eagle*, takes up the strange years of self exile that were supposed to have elapsed between the first and second parts of the earlier book. Friendships and the longing for friendships form the several strands woven into the theme of this unusual novel.

"There is first the devotion between Rene and his crippled sister, a friendship of the highest order, that sends the spirited, impetuous young Frenchman off to South America to earn enough money to give his sister-chum a great surgeon's treatment and try to win back her health. Then there is the long and useless effort of the Marquis to win in spite of his years of repressed emotion and lack of worldly intercourse, the full friendship and trust of his high-strung son Rene. Finally there is the instant fascination, vigorously suppressed and fought against by Rene, when he meets the gashed and shattered Rivarez—"The Gadfly"—in South America, and takes him on, half in pity and quite in defiance of his hard business sense, as interpreter for his scientific expedition. This fascination, combined for months with a distrust worthy of origin in such bitterness and disillusion as its object has had to endure, develops into a firm and unquestioning friendship between the two men, which bids fair to make up to 'The Gadfly' for his years of hardship. Rene learns during a night when Rivarez is delirious, much of his secret horrors and the explanation of his peculiar manners and attitude toward life, and this but makes him the more gentle—in fact, it kills the last of the suspicion that has tried to hold back the measure of his love for the man.

"The expedition at an end, Rene triumphantly takes his new friend to his beloved sister, never once realizing that she is jealous of his affection. Marguerite, tho at first passionate and jealous, soon succumbs to the charm of Rivarez, the

* AN INTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP. By Mrs. E. L. Voynich. Macmillan Company.

beauty of the soul which he so flippantly tries to hide and deny, and they two and Rene enter upon a three-cornered friendship as beautiful and sincere as any to be found in fiction."

But Mrs. Voynich, the reviewer goes on to say, with her usual pessimism, is not content to let this friendship go on. Marguerite, falling in love with "The Gadfly," surmises the secret of his suffering. He believes himself betrayed, breaks off his ties with Rene, and resumes the wild fighting career depicted in the earlier book, to meet a tragic and miserable end in the secret vaults of the Vatican. The author, we are told, "deals with souls and intellects, instead of bodies, and she seems des-

tined in every book to shock the fine sensibilities of conventional minds."

The book is marred, in the *Bookman's* opinion, by a catastrophe where the novelist's need, not fate, intervenes with the course of events. The *Rochester Post* deplors the lack of coordination, but concedes the author's originality and her almost uncanny power of observation. Few novels, thinks the *Saturday Review of Books*, begin better than Mrs. Voynich's novel, but it is unequal and disappointing. To one unfamiliar with the author's earlier book—her masterpiece—much of "An Interrupted Friendship" seems almost incomprehensible.

THAT is a remarkable book* by the woman who disguises her identity under the pen name of Pierre de Coulevain. Her anonymity is strictly preserved, but we are familiar at least with her literary antecedents. She is author of

ON THE BRANCH to be the best full-length portrait of John Bull ever printed. "Pierre de Coulevain" is no retailer of highly seasoned literary viands. Her present book, we are told in the New York *Herald*, was not written as was "L'Abbé Constantin" for the express purpose of providing literature for young French girls, but as part of a recent and significant movement among French writers to get away from the sex-complications which have been the very backbone of Gallic fiction for the last half century.

"To read the opening chapters is to imagine exciting complications to come; and yet, altho disappointed in this respect, the reader is led on to the very last chapter by an interest very different from that aroused in the first. There is no denouement of any sort, no 'supreme moment,' no hysteria; only the records of a few years of steadily increasing happiness and content. But, simple as it is in theme and treatment, it is quite easy to understand its great success in France and to predict a like popularity for it in this country. There is not one of its chapters that does not carry with it a quiet, powerful appeal to every woman who has lived and suffered."

The heroine, Mme. de Myères, tells her story in the first person, beginning when she is well past middle age. Since her husband's death, she has abandoned her home and lives in hotels—"on the branch," as she calls it. Her married

life was extremely happy until, the very day of her husband's death, she discovers that he has been carrying on a liaison with her kinswoman and intimate friend and that the latter's son is his child. Her emotions are depicted in a passage of "memorable intensity." "This revelation," she writes, "roused a sort of whirlwind in my brain. I rushed toward M. de Myères in a transport of madness and I shook his dead body, exclaiming: 'You have deceived me, then; you have deceived me!' Letting the rigid corpse fall down again I stepped back, horrified at my own sacrilege."

"For a few seconds I gazed at my husband with that curiosity which is always felt for criminals. He had betrayed me; he belonged to another. A wave of anger went through all my being and I made a movement forward, feeling a desire to kill this dead man! The desire to kill a dead man—you cannot imagine what that is like. . . . Before leaving M. de Myères I bent down again over him quite close and I said to him between my clenched teeth: 'I will never, never forgive you; do you understand?' No, he did not understand; he was beyond my reach, beyond my vengeance."

She travels, writes books and endeavors to live a life of self-absorption. Finally, however, she comes to learn the truth of Maeterlinck's definition, "Evil is the good we do not understand." "How," remarks the *Globe*, "she gradually softens her heart against her wrong is most subtly and finely revealed."

The reviewers print excerpts from "Pierre de Coulevain's" book, but are chary of voicing their own opinions, perhaps because of the author's disregard for the critics. "In our country," she says, speaking of France, "real criticism no longer exists. In America it does not yet exist." Her tolerance for alien peo-

* ON THE BRANCH. By Pierre de Coulevain. E. P. Dutton & Company.

ples and customs astonishes in one of her race. She speaks admiringly of the American woman with twelve grandchildren who goes to Japan to see the cherries bloom. French women, she tells us, "are still entirely absorbed by man and maternity. . . . God grant that there may be some day in France grandmothers capable of going like courageous bees to seek afar beautiful sights and impressions—in a word, to get honey for the grandchildren."

The book is shot through with whimsical reflections and acute observations. French, English and American life, remarks John Vance Cheney, in the *New York American*, is studied after the trenchant manner of the author's race, and the optimistic fluidity of expression is heightened by a personal element really so attractive, be the search for it in French, English or American writers.

THE TESTING OF THI-TAM: A LOVE STORY

Ye who have tears for the sorrows of true lovers, prepare to shed them now. This is an exquisite little tale of the rice fields of Annam. It is told with consummate art by Myriam Harry, in *Le Petit Journal*, Paris, and is translated for us by Helen E. Meyer. It is as pure and sweet as the story of Romeo and Juliet, and hangs like a new and dainty miniature in the gallery of literature.

IN THE rice swamps the young rice was springing as far as eye could see. Far and near, the swamps were translucent sheets of all the delicate and changing tones of tender green. Where the sprouts had not yet pierced the ground, the spongy land lay like a bed of amber. Off toward the west, where the water shone between the stems of the young plants, beryl changed to jasper, and when the water, rippled by the wind, stirred the rice ears, the swamp shimmered like a veil of China crape. All that translucent color gave to the mournful land of Annam, to the black and shiny earth worn by time and furrowed by tillage, the aspect of smiling youth, a look seen there never but in the Spring.

In the country of Tau-Doc, the rice plains were of a living green. The labor of the preparation had begun to give returns. While the old ones lay in their straw, resting from their work, the young ones ran away to watch the fields and protect them from the farmers' enemies, the birds, which stripped the fields of rice, and the birds' drivers, the demons of the swamps and rivers.

Perched on bamboo scaffoldings, the miradors—platforms railed in like galleries, reached only by ladders—stood one hundred feet apart in the rice fields. On the miradors, keeping guard over the growing rice, live the watchers of the fields, exiled from their villages and from their people until the time of harvest; provisioned for their exile with tea, rice, dried fish, a straw sleeping-mat and a head-bolster of porcelain.

Once installed on the airy platform, no guard can descend from his cage above the growing grain until released at harvest-time by the harvesters; first, because to tread the fields is to crush the growing plants; second, because, like the Spartans, the Annamites test their endurance and discipline their strength. In that land young lovers are sent to watch the fields, each to his own watchhold, each alone, to note the mysteries of Spring, to watch the growing rice, and to await deliverance.

When the lovers are set free, if no footprints are found in the wet ground, nor any crushed or trampled shoots, then the names of the two strong in endurance are inscribed on the scrolls of Virtue, the tablet of the Pagoda; and the gov-

ernment of the village pays for their marriage feast.

Thi-Tam, the girl, and Nay, the boy, had been friends from early childhood. Thi-Tam was sixteen years old. To celebrate Nay's eighteenth birthday, the lovers had announced their betrothal to the venerable spirits of the dead before the Altar of the Ancestors, and agreed to marry immediately after the harvest. Then the Elders had appointed them to the test of virtue.

Thi-Tam loved Nay. She was fond and very timid. The thought of the six weeks' separation filled her with terror. Alone, far from Nay, beset by the birds by day and the fiends by night!

. . . She mounted the ladder of her mirador with a bursting heart.

The Elders had permitted the young lover, Nay, to carry Thi-Tam's provisions up the ladder, and to bid farewell to his beloved unseen by man. So, for one moment, they stood together and, dumb from grief, brushed foreheads. Each in turn breathed with timid modesty the saffroned cheek of the other; then the stripling went down the ladder, crossed the rice swamp, and ascended to his own platform.

Until then Thi-Tam had lived in her father's house near the house where Nay lived. She had never been long away from Nay. She leaned over the railing of her mirador, and her sorrowful eyes watched Nay as he picked his way across the swamp, climbed his ladder and appeared upon the platform looking like a small toadstool under his umbrella hat.

To forget her grief, Thi-Tam set out her charcoal brazier, arranged the little teabowls in their saucers, and laid side by side the needle-like spears of lacquered wood with which she ate her rice, grain by grain. Last of all, she placed her god—pale goddess of the moon and of true lovers—on the altar.

Night was falling. Thi-Tam drank the milk of the coconut opened by Nay for her first supper in the mirador, lighted the fish-bladder lantern and hung it, fastened at the end of a long pole, far out over the railing; hung at the end of another pole a basket full of rice cakes and gilt papers, her offering to the devil and his imps; then, leaning on the railing, she looked across the shadowy rice fields to the mirador of her beloved.

As she looked, she saw Nay's lantern rise, then slowly descend toward the dark field; and she knew that Nay had taken that way to salute her and to say "Good night."

Her sad heart thrilled. She raised and lowered her own lantern to return his greeting. Then she addressed her *tchin-tschins* to her goddess, lay down on her mat and, homesick and afraid, fell asleep with her little neck on the porcelain bolster and the starlight on her shining hair.

But she awoke at once. Under the mirador the rice field was alive, and around her, in the air, floated black shadows. In the swamp the bullfrog croaked his warning of coming death; and the gilt papers, scorned by all the devils, danced like flies on the light wind.

Thi-Tam shuddered. The latent life around her terrified her. Suddenly, through the vaporous wastes, she heard soft sighing; music as plaintive as the mewing of a young kitten, coming, like a whisper, on the wind—Nay's love-song—the prayer of his reed flute. She knew it! All her life since childhood, lying in the calm security of her father's house, she had heard it through her dreams. "Nay," she murmured, "you are playing to me!" She arose from her mat and leaned on the railing. The swamp shone in the moonlight like polished jade. The red light swinging from Nay's mirador was, to her fond mind, an ardent heart, set in silver space to speak to her of love.

Seizing her three-stringed lute, she pulled the strings and sang a song so sorrowful that the bass notes were like sobs. Thus, every night, until a month had passed, Thi-Tam and Nay exchanged sweet salutations, and the water oozing through the riceland sighed as it lapped the growing stalks. All day, to scare away the birds, the lovers flew their kites. Nay's kite flew toward Thi-Tam and Thi-Tam's kite flew toward Nay.

Sometimes the pennants of the two kites tangled, and then the kites fell on the crape-like carpet of the swamp.

In the beginning of the second month of their separation, Thi-Tam's fears increased. She could not eat her rice cakes. Her store of tea still filled the little jar. In the night, even when she heard the tender mewing of Nay's flute, dark terror filled her mind.

Below the mirador, in the swampy field, the devil prowled with his imps, and between the bamboo stilts of the mirador the spirits of the swamps made moan.

Under the black sky the black rice fields lay like a lake of death; and far away amid the shadows Nay's mirador loomed like a marabout, holding her, forbidding her, with eye of flame, to think of Nay. She wept, and called to her beloved, and hid her head. Despite her fear she would have run down the ladder and crossed the swamp to answer the appealing flute; but the honorable pride of the daughters of Annam held her a tormented prisoner. What would the Elders say when they came to set her free should they find her footprints in the spongy ground? Surely, then they would not write her name on the tablet of the Pagoda!

One night the fever ascended from the swamp in a shroud of mist; it seized Thi-Tam with icy hands; it scorched her cheeks with burning kisses.

When day dawned Thi-Tam had barely strength

enough to send out her kite. She raised it with her weak hands, and the wind caught it. It fluttered an instant, then fell, and lay upon the springing rice.

The stars were out, but Thi-Tam could not answer the flute player. She could do nothing but strike one note on the groaning string of the bass. That night passed in terror and in fever.

With the dawn the wind rose. It howled in the rice fields, and the fragile mirador rocked like a ship at sea. At night the wind fell; the bullfrogs croaked afar and near, and above the mirador the bats flew in black clouds—a night of horror.

Thi-Tam was too weak to rise from her mat. With hearing sharpened by fear she listened. The swamp was full of voices—the *knell of death*. She shuddered. To die without one word of farewell to her beloved! . . . Never to breathe his saffron cheek again!

But suddenly her heart thrilled. It seemed to her that she was winged, a spirit, in the bright, clear air, flying upward, called by sweet music. Around her all was light and perfume. The air vibrated with mysterious melody. The goddess of the moon and of true lovers looked down from her altar smiling upon Thi-Tam. White as the frost, the moon descended—not with the moon's face, but with the face of Nay. Closer, still closer, until the dark eyes looked in her eyes and the fond mouth brushed her burning cheek.

Thi-Tam closed her eyes; and, as her soul ascended to the stars, she heard behind her, in the world of shadows, marvelous music, the *voices of the rice fields chanting her marriage song*.

That day the notables and the Elders of the village looked out upon the rice fields and saw that the rice was ripe for the harvest. So they went to the miradors to set the prisoners free.

They found Thi-Tam lying on her straw mat dead, covered as with a pall by a silken kite—Nay's kite. Painted upon the kite was, life-like, the face of Nay; and the face with the dark, fond eyes, and the mouth, smiling with the smile of a true lover, lay like a living face, close to the face of the dead.

When Nay, looking like a little toadstool under his umbrella-hat, ran sobbing up the ladder to greet the dead, he told his story. On that last night, when he saw no light swinging from the mirador, he sent out a messenger, a kite, bearing his image, to tell his love to his beloved, to protect her from the night birds, and when day dawned to protect her from the sun.

All the people of the village flocked to the mirador to do reverence to the steadfast maiden, and the Elders wrote her name on the tablet of the Pagoda.

Nay obtained permission to bury his beloved beneath her mirador. He bound the flute, the lute, and the kite that had been Thi-Tam's to his kite, the bearer of his last message and witness to the mystic union.

And, so united, the two kites and the two lutes rest like a canopy on the stilt-like perches of the mirador of the dead. In the Springtime, when the wind whispers in the rice growing for the harvest, and when, in Winter, it rustles the dry reeds, the flute murmurs to the lute, and in the black earth, where the seeds lie beneath the sighing water, Thi-Tam lies and listens.

THE MAN WE DIDN'T HANG—BY JOAQUIN MILLER

This is not fiction, but fact. It is an incident in the early life of "the poet of the Sierras," and is told by him in the course of an extended Introduction to a new and "final" edition of his poems, in six volumes, now in course of publication in San Francisco (The Whitaker & Ray Company). There is no effort to give the incidents an artistic setting, but the story is rich in unwrought material. In brief compass we get a graphic picture of placer mining in the early forties, an averted lynching, an improvised wedding and the dim unconscious dawning of a new poetic career.

THE wheels of the covered wagon in which I had been born and bred were whirling and whirling, and I must be off. Many were going. Boys, men, and even whole families were off, or about to get off, for the newly found mines out toward the south of us, on the very edge of dreaded California, and I must be one of them.

Left alone, I rode to where I found a party from Oregon trying to arrange to open a placer mine in a deep wooded gulch down on the Klamath river. There were twenty-seven of them.

Each man had a horse, blanket, pick, shovel and pan, a tin cup, a sheath knife, and a gun, pistols, and plenty of ammunition. They were fairly well equipped, as equipments went in those days, with mule loads of beans, bacon, coffee, sugar and flour. They had chosen their foreman, their moderator, everything but that most important person, the cook. I said timidly to the preacher, who was moderator: "Will you let me cook and come in as a partner? I used to help mother cook!"

"But, my boy, you will have to get up long before daylight. You will have to brown and grind and make the coffee. You will have to cook the beans and bacon, get the wood and water, weigh and keep the gold dust and bags of gold, and stick right in camp all the time."

"I'll do it. Please let me try it."

There was a consultation. The preacher was on my side, and it was finally agreed that if I would stick to it I could come in as full partner; but that if I did not stick close to my contract I would have to lose not only the place, but my share of gold. I made but one proviso: I would stick to it until they could get a better cook. I tried to believe I was happy; but I was very miserable thinking about my parents and I did not sleep.

We had no coffee mill, and I had to pound up the tough coffee, after browning it in a frying pan, with the poll of my hatchet on a stone; had to use a piece of my buckskin coat—the tail of it, if you please—to pound it in.

I fried the beans brown to a turn, my flapjacks were pronounced perfect, and I was in a new world. I tried to feel that I was going to get on.

In a very few days the men, working all the time from sun to sun and often by the great camp fires till late at night, had hewn out sluices

for washing and were soon shoveling in gold, gold and gold, from the deep bed rock of the narrow little gulch with great trees hanging over head.

We "cleaned up" every Saturday evening. The gold was set aside by the pile of provisions and saddles till Sunday morning, when the foreman dried it, weighed it, and divided it evenly among the twenty-eight of the camp. The men always left their bags under the head of their beds or by the roots of the trees where they slept.

Finally one Sunday there came, along with others, a bright appearing and well-dressed man with an English sailor accent and hair parted in the middle. He sang most melodiously and with great zest. The preacher liked him, had a talk with him, and, finding he was foot-loose and looking for a place, asked him to stay with us and help cook till he could do better.

He had the broadest toed shoes I ever saw on any man's foot. They were almost if not quite new. The second day I asked him where he got them. He said San Francisco. Remembering how the Oregonians disliked the Californians, especially the convict and San Francisco sort, I advised him not to mention San Francisco, as we all had an idea it was a very bad place.

That night, or rather early next morning, I felt him get up. I saw him, or at least I felt I saw him, go down on tiptoe to the sluices with his big-toed shoes in his left hand. I felt about, got hold of a ramrod and poked the nearest sleeper, pointing down toward the sluices. Some men followed and found the man, deafened by the rush of water, picking up the nuggets in the tail of the sluice and filling the big toes of his San Francisco shoes.

They quietly led him up, putting his shoes where they always sat at the gold pan, and then tied him to a tree and went back to bed.

I got up and got breakfast and then the men got up, heard the ugly story as they washed and ate, and got ready in a very few minutes to try the man for his life. It was a sad case. I pitied him with all my heart, but knew that by every rule of miner's law and equity the man must hang.

They tried him, found him guilty, and sentenced him to hang that night at "early candle light," as the preacher put it. A big oak tree stood, broad-boughed and stately, on the further

bank, only a few steps from where the men were at work. He, in a dazed and helpless way, confessed he came from San Francisco, a crime in the eyes of Oregonians to begin with. And he hopelessly admitted that he had got big-toed shoes made on purpose to plunder miners.

They took him over to the big tree, tied him securely, marked off the grave and set him to digging. I was told to help him dig his grave and not let him get away. The foreman said gruffly: "Kid, there's going to be a hanging at early candle lighten! A hanging of some sort, sure. All the miners round about here know, and all are a-coming to a hangin'. So if he is not here we must hang some one else. See?"

I went over to help the dazed, dumb sailor man, with his hair parted in the middle, and when we had dug down a few feet he sat down on the edge, wiped his sweating face, and took out a small newspaper. It was named, "The Matrimonial Noose."

He explained that a party of many convict men and women had come up from Australia and that some of the party had put in the long days of that voyage printing this paper. He read some very startling personals from the women of the party setting forth their merits and their charms. There was not one, with but a single exception, who did not boast her beauty, virtue, youth, or something of that sort.

This one exception was that of a woman who wanted to get out into the gold mines and go to work. The man said she was already over in Yreka, a big town only a day or so distant, and was a good cook.

I took the paper, told the man to keep on digging, and went down to the foreman with it. I left half a dozen heads huddled together over that personal, reading and re-reading it. Of course they must hang the man; but as I, their cook, was already half dead, what could they do? Why not one of them go and get the woman?

They took the terrified, half dead and helpless convict over to dinner and asked him all sorts of questions. No, the woman was not a bad woman, only not pretty. That was the only fault he could be persuaded to admit.

So it was settled that Long Dan, or Daniel Long, as he was afterwards known, set out to bring her, if he could. We would build her a cabin. The wretched man with his grave only half dug had been told that if his story about the woman was true and Dan could bring her, he would have to help her cook. He meekly agreed that he would prefer this to being hung.

I can now see that they had no intention of hanging the man at all. They set him to filling up his grave and to cutting cabin logs close by so that they could throw up a cabin.

The logs being cut they put them in place at once, covering the cabin with cedar slats, from which they had made the sluices. Then the preacher, who would marry them if they wanted

to be or would be married, said we must have a reception; songs and a march around, a sort of religious procession around the cabin with torches. And would the man we did not hang help?

Would he! With a gasp, a breath that must have reached away down to the heels of the big-toed shoes, he fairly danced with delight at the idea and began singing this chorus:

"For a woman she can do more with a man
Than a king and his whole arm-ee!"

And then the preacher asked me to make the song with that chorus at the end of each verse, to show the woman how truly important she must be in a camp of so many men and not one single woman! And this was my first offense in the line of song.

I did not know anything at all about poetry, but I was full of the Bible and Bible themes, so I first took up Samson:

Now, Samson he was a mighty strong man,
A mighty strong man was he;
But he lost his hair and he lost his eyes,
And also his liber-tee!
For a woman she can do more with a man
Than a king and his whole arm-ee!

Then I took up Daniel in the lion's den; then I took up King David and Uriah's wife, and so on. Then I concluded with the following lines about that wisest of all men:

Now, Solomon he was a mighty wise man,
A mighty wise man was he;
Ay, Solomon he had 700 wives,
And also a dyspep-see.
For a woman she can do more with a man
Than a king and his whole arm-ee!

You should have heard this chorus as the twenty-seven men, led by the preacher and the man we didn't hang, marched around that cabin and held high their blazing pitch-pine torches. What a rehearsal!

She came! Dan smuggled her into the cabin and, with a full heart, got back and around to the preacher and whispered that they were already engaged, and now, since the cabin was all ready, they wanted to be married right off.

Then Dan led her forth, and they were married by torchlight, and then the boys all went to bed, to let the poor, honest woman, who had come so far to work, have a good night's rest. I did not see her till next morning. But I am frank to say that she had been bravely honest about her looks. She was the plainest woman I had ever seen. At least, this was my feeling at first glance. But she grew to be prettier every day as she rested, and got up great big good dinners out of almost nothing.

Humor of Life

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

A young thing had a heart that ached, her honey-boy having taken his affections elsewhere, and her father recently shut himself up with her to reason with her.

"That honey-boy averaged spending fifty cents a week on you," he said; "here's a dollar a week to take his place. Every time he called he cleaned out the refrigerator; your mother will see to it that your brothers do this in future. He kept you up late at nights; your baby sister is cross, and hereafter you will let the baby do this for you. He took possession of the most comfortable rocker on the porch; when you look at that rocker in future it will not be empty, bringing the pang to your heart that your silly novels tell about—it will be occupied by the man who paid for it, and that's me. Your mother and I stayed by you through colic and teething, and are going to get you through this if we have to take turns spanking you. Now take your eyes off the moon and look at the dust around you."—*Exchange*.

WHY, INDEED.

It is related of the president of a famous college that at one time he allowed his wife to persuade him of the uselessness of fire insurance on household goods, and he allowed his policy to lapse. But better judgment asserting itself, he finally renewed his insurance. The same day a fire in his wife's rooms destroyed some of her dresses, which the professor enjoyed as a good joke.

In due time the president of the insurance company wrote President Blank this letter:

"DEAR MR. BLANK:

"We enclose check for \$500, paying your fire claim under our policy B 6007.

"I note in passing upon these papers that the policy went into effect at noon, December 10, and the fire did not occur until 3 P. M.

"Why the delay?"—*Circle Magazine*.

WHY SHE PREFERRED WALKING.

An alert little five-year-old was taking a walk in a city park with her mother for the first time, and when they arrived at the boat landing where the swan boats were waiting for passengers little Elsie pulled away and declared very vigorously that she did not want to go, and as her mother urged her she broke into tears.

This sudden fear was so unusual that her mother could not understand it until she heard the boatman's call:

"Come along, come along—ride clear around the pond—only five cents for ladies and gents—children thrown in!"—*Exchange*.

ONE OF THE NEW STREETS.

"Bjllkwzp Street!" cried the conductor.

The modest little man touched his elbow.

"Excuse me," he apologized, "but I'm a little hard of hearing, and I confess that I wasn't giving you my undivided attention as I should. Would it be too much to ask you to repeat the name of the street?"

"Bllwjzpz Street!" growled the conductor, with a savage glare.

"Oh, thank you so much!" said the modest passenger, gratefully. "I wasn't quite sure whether you said Jllkzwpb Street or Kwpzjlpb Street. I get off at Willson. Will you ring the bell?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

HOW SHE ESCAPED.

Pauline, who had been attending school for almost two weeks, was telling of the misbehavior of some of her little classmates. At her mother's question as to whether it had ever been necessary for the teacher to speak to her, Pauline answered quickly, "Oh, no, mama." Then, "She had to speak to all the class but me, this afternoon." "Why, what did she say?" "Oh, she said, 'Now, children, we'll all wait until Pauline is in order.'"—*Exchange*.

SATISFIED.

Small Charlotte, not yet four years old, was gifted with so vivid an imagination that her mother began to be troubled by her fairy-tales and felt it time to talk seriously to her upon the beauty of truthfulness. Not sure of the impression she had made, she closed with the warning that God could not love a child who spoke untruthfully and would not want her in heaven.

Charlotte considered a moment and then said:

"Well, I've been to Chicago once and to the theater twice, and I don't s'pose I can expect to go everywhere."—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE DOLPHIN.

The teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits.

"And, children," she said impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring."

"Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"—*Everybody's*.

THE BRITISH VIEW, TOO.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by a kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a kaiser?"

"Please, ma'am, a kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth."—*Everybody's*.

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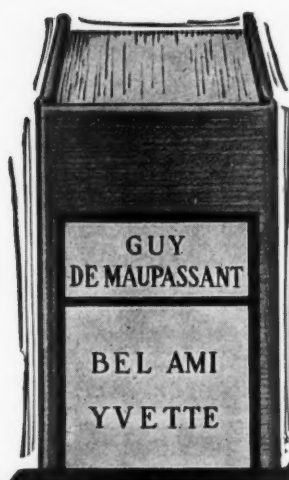
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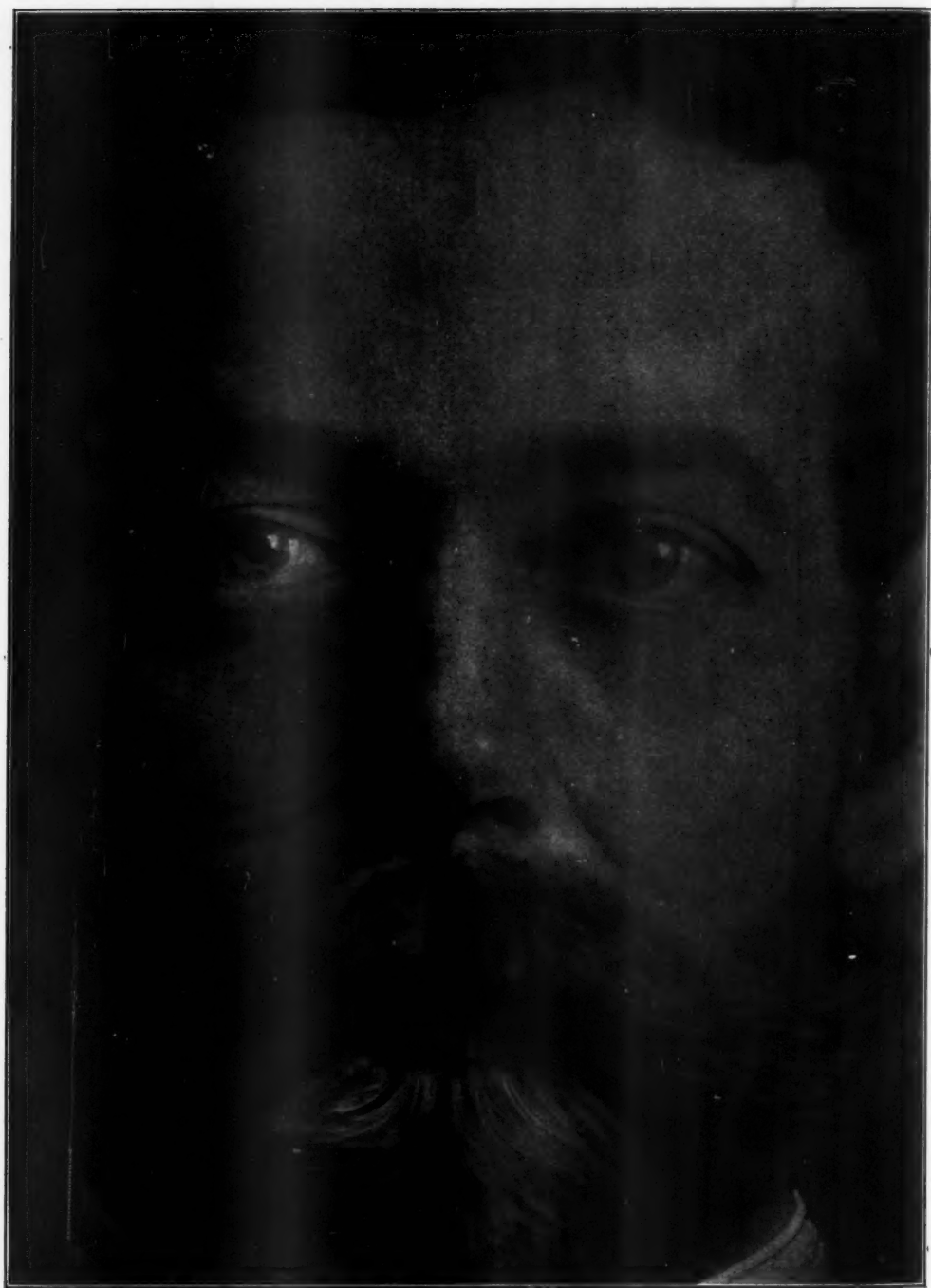
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